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THE GIFT OF
Dr. Warren Lombard

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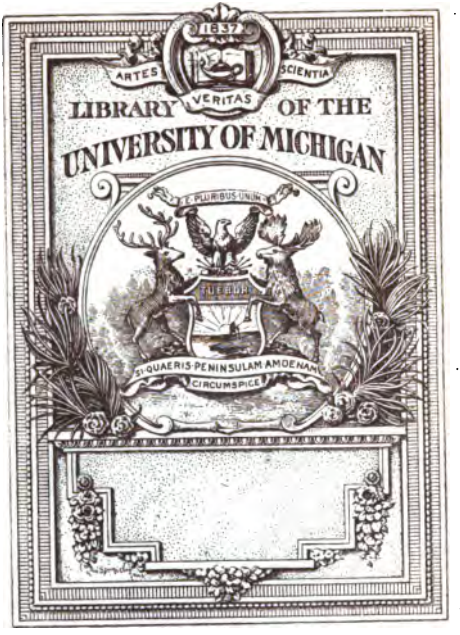

THE GIFT OF
Dr. Warren Lombard

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" ' Onwards ! Exist while all around
Is perishing : in this thy home—
Where all thy forefathers have found
A tomb—for thee there is no tomb ;"
Ever, ever.'—VOL. V., *page* 179.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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1854.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S
POCKET MISCELLANY.

A TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD.

I HAD a conference with Sir Joseph Yorke one afternoon at Portsmouth, shortly after receiving a rather extraordinary commission from the comptroller of the Coast-Guard and the secretary of the Admiralty, and had no sooner made him acquainted with its chief features, the plan of action sketched out, and the kind of person I stood chiefly in need of to successfully carry into effect the instructions of my superiors, than he exclaimed: 'Warneford, I know the very man that will suit you: Tom Davis, one of the cleverest fellows in his way I ever met with—cool as steel, and sober, too, except when off duty, as a water-cask. A native, moreover, I verily believe, of the very place you mention—certainly of Devonshire. We shall find or hear of him, I daresay, somewhere about Common-Hard. Let us after him at once. He was my cockswain for a long time, but has been many months out of a berth, and is of course hard aground; so that I shall serve him as well as you.'

We had not far to go. The very first street we turned into presented an amusingly characteristic scene. About

fifteen men, belonging to an Austrian vessel of war then in the harbour, had taken advantage of being on shore to procure themselves a supply of fresh fish, as every one of them had two or three suspended from his right-hand forefinger. They were walking, unaccompanied by an officer as far as I saw, quietly and steadily, in single-file, along the edge of the pavement, towards the harbour: when it is added that they wore braces, stocks round their necks—perhaps this was a part of shore *dress*—small gold rings in their ears, and had that drilled, half-military carriage which distinguishes the levies of the maritime conscriptions of continental states, the contrast they offered to the rolling gait, the loose array, the slack apparel, the tipsy, boisterous fun, and altogether devil-may-care aspect of a party of British men-of-war's-men ashore under similar circumstances, was certainly a very striking one. This was clearly the opinion of a smart, athletic English seaman, who chanced to meet the foreigners; and instantly swinging himself off the pavement into the gutter, contemplated them as they passed with such a half-drunken yet intense look, made up of astonishment, contempt, disdain, as it is possible to conceive. He remained dumb till the last had gone by, and then slowly turning on his heel, breathed out his pent-up compassion and surprise in one emphatic exclamation: 'Well, I'm ——!'

We had approached so closely, that the coarse participle which concluded the sentence was uttered almost directly in Sir Joseph's face, a circumstance which brought the sailor suddenly up in some dismay.

'You *will* be, Tom Davis,' exclaimed the admiral, sternly enough, but for the merry twinkle of his eyes—'you *will* be, depend upon it, if you don't shake off the disgraceful habit you are giving way to. What right have you to grin and sneer at those respectable foreign A Bs, I should like to know? I am sure you couldn't toe a line of kerbstone, at this moment, as straight as they are doing it. And how would *you* look, I wonder, strapped up in stays and braces, your nose cocked into

the air by a throat-collar, and with rings in your ears! —eh?'

'But *aint* they lubbers, your honour?' replied Davis, quickly recovered from his momentary confusion. 'Only just look at that long, wall-sided'——

'Hold your tongue, sir! I have recommended you to this gentleman for a particular service; though, if he were to judge of your general conduct by present appearances, he would certainly have nothing to do with you.'

Davis mumbled out something about having nothing else to do but drink to drown care; and as I knew from Sir Joseph, that, like hundreds of other seamen I have known, he could resolutely abstain from liquor when it was necessary to do so, and as I altogether greatly liked his aspect, especially his keen, resolute, honest look, we soon came to an understanding, and it was agreed that he should call on me early the following morning for precise instructions.

The duty to be performed had been necessitated by the following circumstances:—It had come to the knowledge of the Customs' authorities, that vast quantities of goods, silks, lace, and gloves especially, were constantly smuggled into England, chiefly along the coast of Devonshire, by a skilfully organised agency, possessed of resources so great as to baffle all ordinary means of repression. The rendezvous of the local agents of this formidable confederacy, the head-quarters of which were without question in London, was supposed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, the charming Devonshire village on the little River Sid, which issues into the sea near the beautiful bay contiguous to the Dorset line of coast. There was no blame attributed to the Preventive Service attached to the locality, either ashore or afloat; but it was deemed necessary that the cunning and novel expedients had recourse to in order to defraud the national revenue, should be met, and, if possible, defeated, by similar devices exerted in its defence. For this purpose, I had the honour of being

selected. All doubtful as well as reliable information in possession of the authorities was placed in my hands, and the general course of action indicated, but still leaving me a large discretionary margin; and it was ordered that no lack of means should stand in the way of the successful accomplishment of the mission with which I was intrusted.

At my interview the next morning with Davis, I was glad to find that his natural intelligence, his quick mother-wit, was as strongly marked as his fine seaman-like qualities. He was a native of Plymouth, and known by several persons about Sidmouth as a prime sailor, though just then out of luck. It was not long, either, before I discovered that he, like most of us, had his El Dorado, with its attendant houri, in shadowy perspective. In other words, that a fishing-bark of some fifteen tons burden—a cottage on the Devonshire coast, with scarlet-bean or other runners climbing up its front, and festooning an arbour, in which a pipe might now and then be sweetly smoked—a black-eyed damsel, at service in Tynemouth, to light and cheer it, with 'toddlin' wee things' in the distance—were the dreams he had indulged in, though but faintly of late—dreams that, as we talked and planned, assumed the colour of realities; for the reward to him, if successful, would be large. I was not sorry that he had this additional incentive to exertion; for the enterprise, I neither attempted to conceal from myself nor from him, was a perilous one.

It was at length determined that Davis should set off at once—not by coach, as that would by no means accord with the character of a distressed mariner, but on his ten toes—to Sidmouth, hang about there, and let it be well understood that he was in want of employment, and not particular to a shade of what kind, so it was a paying one. He was unknown to any of the crew of the *Rose*, and we agreed that he should remain so; and that, in fact, no person whatever, except myself and Sir Joseph Yorke, was to know that he and I were in correspondence with each other. Tom started off in high spirits; and a week

afterwards, a large lugger-boat we had captured some time before—but now so entirely transmogrified by paint and fresh old sails, that her former owners could not have recognised her—was despatched in charge of four trusty men to a near point on the Dorset coast, with the ostensible object of fishing there. Ten more reliable seamen were sent off in five separate parties, and took up their abodes at various inland places within easy reach of each other, under strict orders to as much as possible avoid observation. This done, I started for London, booked myself by the *Eclipse* Devonshire coach as Lieutenant Robert—a compromise, by the way, between my unconquerable dislike to the assumption of a feigned name and the intimation of the desirableness of doing so, I had received at head-quarters—and was duly set down at the 'Lord Exmouth' roadside inn, about four miles out of Sidmouth on the London road.

Tom Davis had arrived some days before, and although he would not risk even a wink as I passed him, was, I soon found, getting on very well indeed. The manner in which our correspondence was carried on soon gave rise to a rumour, that I was engaged in a clandestine correspondence with a lady of the neighbourhood—an imputation, by the by, which did not in the slightest degree damage me with the fair folk of the inn and tiny neighbourhood. Davis received a number of folded sheets of paper—envelopes were unknown in those days—directed in my sister Jane's handwriting to 'Lieutenant Robert, Exmouth Inn, near Sidmouth;' together with a small lady's seal, bearing the motto, 'Toujours à vous;' words which I overheard one of the ushers at a neighbouring school render, at the instance of the curious barmaid, into, 'All days to you!' These sheets were filled up by Davis—who wrote a tolerable hand, though his spelling was somewhat Devonian—and slily posted in the night.

The memoranda with which I had been officially furnished, stated that one Silas Hartley, residing at Trafalgar Cottage, a few miles from Sidmouth, had exhibited great zeal in aid of the Preventive Service, although

as yet attended by unsuccessful results only. One step especially, advised by him, had proved very unfortunate. Suspicion had been vaguely entertained by an officer of the Coast-Guard—how suggested it was not said—of Mr Denbigh, the occupier of Bauvale House, a handsome place about five miles east of Sidmouth, and something more than a mile and a half inland. These dim, and, as it proved, unfounded surmises, were strengthened by Silas Hartley's half-hints; and at last the officer was hastily awakened early in the morning by Silas, with the information, that a cargo of goods had been run just previously, and that he had himself seen the last loaded cart enter the court-yard of Bauvale House. This statement, corroborated by a country labourer, was fully credited: an entrance was forced, and the place ransacked from roof to cellar without the slightest article or evidence being found to palliate, much less to justify, the unwarrantable intrusion. The result was, that an action for compensation in damages had been brought by Mr Denbigh, and was now pending. Mr Denbigh was understood to be a person of large fortune, had qualified, or was about to qualify, as a county magistrate, and bore an excellent character in the neighbourhood. Still, Silas Hartley's good faith in the matter did not appear to be doubted, notwithstanding he had in this instance been so egregiously mistaken, and I had been directed to communicate with him. The conclusion I came to, after inquiry and examining the locality, was, that the injurious suspicion entertained of Mr Denbigh had its chief foundation in the evident adaptability of Bauvale House for a smuggler's depôt. It has, I believe, been long since pulled down; but somewhere about thirty years ago, it stood amidst a thick wood, was certainly less than two miles inland, and led to from a long line of coast by half-a-dozen foot and cart-ruts, through a considerable extent of which even horsemen would be concealed by the high banks and the generally woody and uneven nature of the ground. And, after all, might not Silas Hartley be himself connected with the smuggling confederacy—employed to throw dust in the

eyes of the preventive officers, and shield the real offenders, by diverting attention from them to innocent persons? It struck me as very likely to be so, and with this impression strong in my mind, I called at Trafalgar Cottage about noon one day.

The door was suddenly opened—violently jerked back, as it were, upon its grating hinges—by a gaunt, herculean figure, with a strongly-marked countenance, flaming at the moment with a fierce and angry light, unequalled in its intensity by any painting I have ever seen. I stepped back, as if physically struck. Silas Hartley, for it was he, forcibly mollifying his rugged aspect, and with an attempt at a smile, mocked by his quivering, ashy lips and burning eyes, said quickly: 'Don't be alarmed, Lieutenant Warneford—Oh, I know you very well! I am but just come in; and we'—he jerked his head in the direction of a woman, young apparently, rocking herself to and fro in a wooden-seated chair, and with her face buried in her apron, sobbing violently—'and we have been terribly put out by the refusal of a scoundrel to redeem'——

'Father! father!' screamed the female, dropping the apron from her face, and starting up with hands raised in a warning, imploring attitude. I now saw that she was young and comely. 'Father!'

'Ay, ay, girl; I know, I understand. I was saying we had been disturbed, sir, by the refusal of a—a—well, hard words, to be sure, neither break bones nor butter parsnips—by the refusal of a person to redeem a—a debt solemnly promised to be discharged; and you, Mr Warneford, caught us just in the flurry of it: that's all.'

I had no difficulty, on involuntarily glancing round the apartment, to understand how keenly a delay of expected payment must be felt there. Still——

'Poor, very poor, aint we?' fiercely broke out Silas Hartley, who had partially comprehended my look, and speaking with a kind of exultant bitterness. 'Miserably poor! Bare walls, rough floor, cold hearth, are to you signs of misery, wretchedness! Ah! young man, if you once knew what real misery'——

'Father! father!' again broke in the weeping girl.

'To be sure, to be sure—right, girl,' rejoined Hartley, checking himself—'right: I am not quite mad yet.' There was silence for a minute or two; and then the strong-willed man, having thoroughly subdued himself, as far at least as outward appearance went, turned calmly towards me, handed a chair, seated himself, and said in bland tones, as startling by contrast as his previous fury: 'And now, Lieutenant Warneford, we will, if you please, talk about the smugglers.'

The scene I had just witnessed had so entirely capsized all my previous notions and suspicions of the man, and set me so completely adrift as to his position and purposes, that I listened with but slight attention or interest to his rambling talk. All that he said, I had heard or read before; and feeling that, for some motive or other, he was endeavouring, very clumsily—for his thoughts were not with his speech—to bamboozle me, I rose to leave, at the same moment that the young woman, with a modest courtesy, passed into an inner room. Hartley's back was towards me as he closed the door after her, and I said carelessly: 'I am going to call upon your great neighbour, Mr Denbigh, who'——

There was a fragment of looking-glass jammed between three nails on the wall in front of Hartley as he stood. As the word Denbigh passed my lips, he became instantly bolt upright, involuntarily or mechanically, as it were; and a section of the same face that had met me at the door, glared for a passing moment from the broken mirror. I stopped suddenly, but he did not look round, and presently stooped to tie one of his shoe-strings. By the time he turned towards me, his face was calm again. And here I may remark, that it had struck me several times, during his incoherent talk about smuggling, that his countenance, when fiercely quiet, so to speak, was that of a man condemned to death, or some other tremendous and inevitable penalty, undeserved, it might be, but certainly bitterly rebelled against.

'You are going to call on Squire Denbigh, are you?'

said he. 'Well, a very nice man is Squire Denbigh.' The deadliness of hate concentrated in the tone of these words could only be appreciated by the hearer of them.

'No friend of yours, I perceive. Well, good-by. I wish you well.'

'Good-day, sir,' he replied, grasping my extended hand. 'Nay, sir, excuse me; it is kind of you, and we are, it is true, poor; but this cannot be.'

'You are a seaman, I see that plainly enough, and should not scruple at a trifling gift from one.'

'True, I know the colour of blue water, but cannot for all that accept alms, even from you, Lieutenant Warneford.'

I said no more; the door gently closed behind me, and I went my way. I felt a good deal puzzled—discomfited would perhaps be the better word; for I had hoped for a very different result from the visit. There was evidently some mystery about the man, and I hated mysteries, especially such as appeared to foreshadow a sinister catastrophe, too many of which had already fallen in my way; and as Silas Hartley's griefs could not be in anywise connected with the special business I had in hand, I resolved to think no more, or, at all events, as little as possible, on the subject.

I found Mr Denbigh at home; and having sent in my name, I was at once admitted. Here, again, was a very different man from what I expected. Mr Denbigh was a shortish, sour, eager-eyed man of some fifty years of age, already stooping in his gait, and with no character in his face save that of remorseless greed and relentless cunning. He was seated in an apartment, half dining-room, half library, the furniture of which, though costly enough, appeared to have been taken hap-hazard from a furniture-store, so little did the articles harmonise with each other. My ostensible business was to solicit the favour of shooting over a portion of his property. This was readily granted; and indeed his liberality in such matters was the chief reason, I found, of his local popularity.

'There is also, Lieutenant Robert,' said Mr Denbigh, 'a fine trout-stream on the estate, in which you are very welcome to fish.'

'It is late in the year for trout-fishing,' I answered with some surprise.

'Ah, true! it may be,' rejoined Mr Denbigh, slightly colouring; 'but I do not much interest myself—not of late years, at least—in these things.'

Odd! thought I. Here is a country squire confoundedly out of his latitude in the country! I was, I perceived, painfully taxing his politeness, as the impatient fumbling of his fingers amongst a number of papers on the table before him plainly indicated; and I at once took leave. The door opened as I moved towards it, and a young man hastily entered with some papers in his hand. He was rather a good-looking person, save for a certain cowed, dejected expression, discernible at a glance.

'Will it be necessary, sir'—— he began.

'How dare you!' sternly, almost passionately interrupted Mr Denbigh—'how dare you intrude here unsummoned, especially when I am, as now, engaged?'

The young man looked very frightened, and I, bowing hurriedly, hastened out of the room and the house.

I had not been fortunate in either of my visits; and my temper, by the time I reached the 'Lord Exmouth,' was a good deal ruffled by a consciousness that I was making lee rather than headway in the business intrusted to me. Happily, Tom Davis, it was soon apparent, was sailing right before the wind to the desired haven. The rollicking humour of the man, his strong but always controllable love of alcoholic potations, his well-known poverty, together with his reputation as a first-rate seaman, had quickly pointed him out as likely to prove both an able and willing instrument in the hands of the contrabandists. Golding, one of their agents, sounded him on the matter; and Tom gradually yielded, with coy reluctance, to his seductive overtures; and overcome by the glittering bait, finally agreed to take service with Golding's employers, whoever they might be—a knowledge

still carefully hidden from him. Tom subsequently informed me, that it was necessary something should be done to increase Golding's confidence in his stanchness, and that he was casting about for some means of effecting that essential purpose. A sudden thought and an uncalculated chance enabled him speedily to do so, and in a way, too, that took me for the moment thoroughly aback. I was strolling listlessly about in the vicinity of Bauvale House, when my eye lighted upon a group of three persons at a considerable distance, whom a nearer approach discovered to be Hartley, Davis, and Golding. They did not heed me till I was just passing them, and then Silas Hartley, slightly touching his hat, said: 'Good-day, Mr Robert.' 'Good-day,' I replied. Tom, who was unconcernedly turning away, stopped short, looked me hard in the face, as if to perfectly assure himself that he was right, and then said, with an iron impudence that almost lifted me off my feet: 'Mr Roberts, did you say? Why, this gentleman is Lieutenant Warneford, of His Majesty's Preventive Service.'

'Warneford!' exclaimed Golding. 'What! the commander of the *Rose* revenue-cutter!'

'The very identical fluke!' rejoined Tom, with the coolness of an iceberg. 'I have seen him at Portsmouth scores of times. He's come here, no doubt, to try and put salt upon some of our tails.'

The insolent merriment which followed this sally sent the hot blood to the very tips of my ears. 'You impudent rascal!' I began—'I have a mind to'——

'Easy, easy,' broke in Davis: 'that quarter-deck lingo is very well in its place, but it won't do here.'

The fellow's sneering laugh was again echoed by his companions, and then they, at his suggestion, walked away. They had not gone half-a-dozen yards, when Tom turned round, favoured me with a 'sight,' as it is termed—that is, he extended his outspread hands, joined at the thumbs, and projected from the tip of his nose towards me, under cover of which mocking gesture he contrived to squint me a look that instantly converted the angry

astonishment I felt into gleeful admiration of Tom's quickness of resource and imperturbable cunning. Nothing could have been devised so likely to stamp Tom's trustworthiness in his employers' eyes; whilst, as matters were turning, the further concealment of my real name was of the slightest possible importance. I was still laughing at Tom's device, when I was startled by a new and queer incident. Opening up by a rather sharp turn an avenue of the coppice, whom should I come suddenly upon but a pair of unfortunate lovers, as it appeared, passionately weeping and lamenting—the lady especially—in each other's arms! A few words I unintentionally caught: 'He will not, cannot violate his promise this time; be sure he will not, dear Mary,' said the gentleman.

'There is no trust—no faith to be placed in him!' sobbed the female. 'None'——

At this moment, they both caught sight of me, and I of them; and great was my surprise to discover in them the young man I had seen at Bauvale House and Silas Hartley's daughter! Simultaneously with me, a stout, thick-set man, whom I recognised as the servant that had opened the door of Mr Denbigh's mansion, appeared upon the scene. He was the first to speak: 'You have been missed, Mr Richard,' he said sternly and abruptly, 'and must instantly come in.'

'Yes—yes,' stammered the young man: the same terrified look that I had before observed darkening his countenance. 'I am coming.'

He imprinted two or three passionate kisses on the young woman's forehead, and then hurriedly followed his summoner. Mary Hartley also hastened quickly homewards, sobbing as she fleetly sped along.

So, thought I, the cause of the grief I witnessed at Trafalgar Cottage is a mere contrariety or mischance in love. I am glad of it; for I feared it had a deeper, a more incurable source. The young man is doubtless a dependent relative of the gentleman he stands in such awe of, and the unequal match is very properly forbidden. Bah! Time has a balm for all such sorrows.

The next day, I received a letter from Davis, stating that he was in high favour with Golding, and that a great stroke was contemplated, which would not, however, he thought, be adventured upon as long as I remained in the neighbourhood. This I had partly foreseen; and I departed the same evening ostensibly for London, but really, as I advised Tom, for Poole, in Dorset. The second day after my arrival there, Davis wrote me that his hopes were verified, and that he and five others were about to set out immediately for St Malo, France, to assist in taking charge of two large boat-loads of costly goods. More than this, he did not at present know; but he advised that, as postal communication was very slow between France and England, I should at once proceed in the luggar-boat to Jersey. He would direct his letter to the post-office there, and means could no doubt be thus contrived of intercepting and capturing the contrabandist expedition. I promptly adopted Tom's advice in its essentials. The boat was despatched to Jersey with four men only in her, who were to let it be surmised that they were brandy and tobacco purchasers. The rest of the seamen went, some from Plymouth, others from Southampton, with orders to be apparently unknown to each other, and in want of berths. I went singly from Weymouth. I had not the slightest doubt that our friends had agents in that island; and the tidings that Lieutenant Warneford, with a powerful crew, was lurking about there, would no question have speedily reached St Malo, and capsized the entire plan. Hence these precautions.

I lodged at the Union Hotel in the Royal Square, under my assumed name of Robert, and exactly at the end of one slow dragging week, received the welcome signal from Davis. The boats, like our large luggers, were all prepared, and the precise time of departure determined on. One Tom commanded: they would, he said, touch at Guernsey, in order to take on board one Maître Perchard, who, for some reason or other, did not trust himself in St Malo. This Perchard was, it seemed, a chief person in the confederacy; but, as it was said, he had been frequently

and lately in Devonshire and other parts of England on these expeditions, it would not be advisable that I should land at Guernsey, but quietly await them in the roads.

So far, so good; still, there was a much more important object to be obtained than the mere capture of the two boats, valuable as the booty might be—namely, the discovery and conviction of the principals, and this, from Tom's letter, appeared to be as far off as ever. However, great progress had at all events been made; and at early dawn I left St Helier's harbour with a light leading wind, and arrived in about five hours off Guernsey, all but four of us carefully concealed from observation.

About two o'clock we sighted the two boats, easily recognisable by Davis's description, and an hour afterwards they were lying-to off Guernsey, in wait for Maître Perchard. He came on board without delay, and the voyage was continued, we leading at about a mile ahead without apparently incurring the slightest suspicion. The affair, as far as the two luggers went, was now as good as settled; still, I determined, in order to avoid unnecessary blood-shedding, to defer the attack till night had fallen: indeed, but that such a continued hanging on by them would certainly have excited suspicion, I should have preferred waiting till they were close in with the Devonshire shore.

There was a light breeze, a gently-heaving swell, and just sufficient starlight to distinguish objects of any size three or four hundred yards off, when our boat, quietly helped by a couple of sweeps, stole gradually up in the wake of that I had seen Maître Perchard go on board of. We were unnoticed for some time; but at length I observed a bustle on board the smuggler, and I briefly bade the men be ready. A moment after, a tall, stout figure hailed us from the smuggler's stern-sheets, and angrily demanded if we knew where we were steering to! I thought I knew the voice, but there was no time for a second thought on the matter. 'Give way, men!' I shouted: half-a-dozen sweeps, as I spoke, dropped into the water; in another minute, we were alongside our

opponent; there was a wild tumult, a brief struggle, and the first boat was ours. The captives were hastily secured; and then returning with ten of the men to our own boat, we made after the other, which, having taken the alarm, was making off with sweep and sail. They had no chance in speed with us, and, thanks to Tom Davis's precaution, none in fight either. Half-a-dozen pistols, the charges of which had been carefully withdrawn, were snapped in our faces, the holders were knocked or thrown down, and the capture was complete. I shook hands heartily with Tom, and congratulated him on his coolness and success—a proceeding which of course elicited a roar of execration from the entrapped and defeated smugglers who witnessed it. The boats were now brought together, and prompted by recollection of the huge fellow's voice who hailed us, I took a lantern from one of the men, stepped to where Maître Perchard was lying, threw the light upon his grim features, and, as I suspected, discovered that he was—Silas Hartley! I did not reply to the fierce scowl which sat upon his features. In about ten minutes, all the smugglers, save Hartley, were secured on board His Majesty's boat, under the charge of four seamen, and in another would have been on their way to Plymouth jail, when I was informed that Silas Hartley wished to have speech of me before the boat left with the prisoners.

'What have you to say, Mr Hartley?' I asked. He had become, I perceived, quite calm, and seemingly resigned.

'This: I know what your chief aim is, and that without me it cannot be accomplished. Tom Davis, clever as he is, cannot help you.'

'Be it so: what then?'

'It will take some time for us to come to an understanding, and minutes are now precious. Do you first order that the long blue fur coats and glazed hats of four of the French prisoners be exchanged for the jackets and caps of four of your own crew. That done, get the boats under-way as quickly as possible.'

There could be no harm in complying with this

intimation. I gave the necessary orders, and in a few minutes the prisoners were off, and we steering for Sidmouth.

Silas Hartley was unbound, I took the helm; he seated himself beside me, as he insisted on speaking in whispers only, out of earshot of the men.

'Davis knows nothing,' said he, 'of who are his employers, save Golding: I do. They are wealthy men, and Denbigh is their well-paid, confidential agent.'

'Ah! Then the story you told the officer was true?'

'Literally so; yes. There were thousands of pounds' worth of smuggled goods in Bauvale House when it was searched; but it was done to mislead of course.'

'Where or how could the goods have been hidden?'

'Very curiously. There is a deep round well in one of the cellars of the building, constructed no doubt when Bauvale House was a place of strength. It is now perfectly dry. The goods are thrown into it, a waterproof tub, exactly fitting the well, is then lowered down, filled with water; and no one suspects, after letting down an empty bucket and drawing it up full, that silks and laces are concealed beneath.'

'A famous contrivance, upon my word!'

'Yes; but you will not penetrate there with these goods, nor procure any evidence of Denbigh's and his confederates' complicity without my assistance. Till my voice is heard in the jargon agreed upon, the gates of his court-yard will not, depend upon it, be opened. He trusts no other, and that because I am hopelessly in the villain's power.'

'Hopelessly in his power! How then'——

'Hearken, Lieutenant Warneford, to a brief, sad tale, and then say if you will help me. You have noticed a young man of about twenty-five years of age at Bauvale House?'

'Yes; and I have also noticed that he is a lover of Mary Hartley.'

'A lover! yes, truly, in one sense they are lovers: they are brother and sister!'

'Brother and sister?'

'Yes. That young man is never permitted to be five minutes out of the sight of either Denbigh or one of his partners, Barnes, who usually acts as servant. The reason is this,' continued Silas Hartley, so hurriedly as scarcely to be intelligible: 'my son, Richard, was given up for a time to wild courses: he became acquainted with Denbigh, who, with others in London, is, or was, proprietor of a "hell" there. Richard was there entrapped, and ruined. I supplied him as long as I could. Finally, as they say, he forged upon Bingley to a considerable amount, and they have the fatal document still in their possession. It has made me their slave, and till within the last half-hour, there seemed no hope of escape from the dreadful bondage.—You do not answer!' he continued. 'It is well, perhaps, you should not, till all is told. The mad act was, I know, committed in a moment of intoxication, delirium—delirium purposely excited by Denbigh's agents. You know the penalty of forgery in this country, and must, I think, now understand me? Often, often has the callous villain promised me my son's deliverance as the reward of a successful run, and always refused to redeem his promise. He has sworn to do so if I succeed in this venture. He would, I doubt not, have violated that pledge also.—Still you do not speak! Look you, sir, we are not so poor as you may believe—nay, nay, I could not mean that: we have enough, I meant to say, had we but twelve hours' start, to reach America. You see how you may help us in this fearful strait. But twelve hours' start for him, not me: I care not for myself; and he, sir, is not, alas! technically, but really innocent as yourself of the deed, for he was insane, mad when he committed it!'

Silas Hartley's hand pressed my arm with a gripe of steel, and his flaming eyes shone into mine with terrible intensity. I did not speak for many seconds—indeed I could not. At last I rose, and placing the tiller in his hand, said: 'You, Mr Hartley, know our course best. Should I, by your means, succeed in unkennelling this

nest of rascals, I do not see that I shall have any right to detain your son.'

The father's suspended breath burst forth almost in a scream as I ceased to speak, followed by a few brief, choking sobs. I went forward; and when I returned some minutes afterwards, his usual impassibility had returned, but there was a light in his eye I had never seen there before.

As we approached the coast, the usual signals were made, under Hartley's direction, and favourably answered by lights on the shore. A false alarm had, he told me, succeeded; and the preventive officers were on the look-out miles distant from the contemplated point of landing.

'Only four seamen, and they Frenchmen,' said Hartley as the decisive moment approached, 'will be allowed to enter Bauvale House with me. It is time, therefore, that you don these coats and hats.'

Tom Davis, I, and two seamen, did so; and nothing more was said, except a caution to the three men not to speak if questioned.

The run was completely successful. Four large carts were in attendance, the goods were speedily placed in them, and away we went, with the four carters—nine in all—towards Bauvale House. We halted within about 200 yards of the gate, where Hartley dismounted, went up, gave a peculiar whistle, and communicated with some one inside. The doors were immediately thrown open, and in we drove. The cellar opened on the court-yard, and the carts uptipped their loads into its mouth. We followed close upon Hartley's heels. The obscurity of the place, lighted only by two candles, one carried by Mr Denbigh, and the other by Barnes, greatly favoured us. The packages were tumbled into the well; the tub was lowered, twenty or thirty buckets of water were thrown in, and all was complete. Denbigh was all the time chuckling with delight. 'Shew these men into the kitchen, Maître Perchard,' he said, as he and Barnes walked away. 'And let them have some refreshment. This is a

capital night's work. And then do you come and receive their wages.'

We followed Hartley in the dark, holding by each other's coats, to the kitchen. He left us for a moment or so, and then returned with a candle. His face was white as paper, but lustrous with exultation and triumph. We put our shoes off at his whispered request, and followed stealthily his footsteps. He opened the dining-room door, passed in, but did not close it, and we could hear distinctly all that passed where we stood, just outside.

'There is the money,' said Denbigh's shrill voice, tossing at the same time, as we heard, a heavy purse on the table—'with an extra five sovereigns for yourself.'

'Yes, yes,' said Hartley; 'but my son's release, so often solemnly promised me'——

'For God's sake, gentlemen, do not deceive us this time!' said the meek, subdued voice of the son. 'You know well that in intention I was innocent as a child.'

A brutal laugh was the answer. 'Innocent here, innocent there,' mocked the savage tones of Barnes, 'has nothing to do with it. We cannot part with you yet awhile.'

An exulting shout burst irrepressibly from the excited father. 'Hear the accursed traitors! Hear them, Lieutenant Warneford!—hear them, Davis!—hear them, my friends! They cannot part with him yet awhile—ha! ha! ha!'

The suddenness of this unexpected stroke was terrible, and Denbigh and Barnes looked more, as we entered, like startled ghosts than living beings. The men instantly, at a gesture from me, proceeded to secure and bind them. I looked hard at Silas Hartley: he comprehended my meaning, whispered hastily to his son, who instantly hurried out of the room. This broke Denbigh's trance of terror. 'Stop that man, Lieutenant Warneford!' he screamed. 'Arrest him: he is a felon!'

'What man?'

'He who has just run off—Richard Hartley. He is a felon—a forger, I tell you, and I can prove it!'

'Possibly; but I have no authority to detain felons. You can prefer the charge hereafter.'

'But in the meantime he will escape!' shouted the miserably vindictive man, and then stamped and howled with baffled rage. There was, however, no help for it. The two prisoners were secured in the house for the night, and late the following evening, lodged in Exeter jail. A formidable conspiracy was effectually broken up, and enormous penalties were liquidated, out of court, by parties against whom legal proofs of complicity were obtained.

The Hartleys, both father and son—for Silas quietly slipped off unnoticed in the confusion—*did* escape to the United States. I often heard of them as thriving there. In 1840, the sister, then a Mrs Boydon, informed me of her father's death, since which I have received no tidings concerning them. I made a clean breast of the whole matter to the authorities, and can at least very confidently say, that the course I had taken with respect to young Hartley was not *disapproved* of. Tom Davis, I must not omit to state, has still got his fishing-vessel, his cottage, his houri, much plumper than she was thirty years ago—and lots of bairns, three of whom are taller, but not, I think, better or braver men than their father.

ADVENTURE ON THE ST LAWRENCE.

THE following narrative of a remarkable adventure on the St Lawrence, appeared a number of years ago in a Liverpool newspaper, where it was vouched for as true in every particular:—

'On the 22d of April 1810, our party set sail in a large schooner from Fort George, or Niagara Town, in Upper Canada, and in two days crossed Lake Ontario to Kingston, at the head of the river St Lawrence, distant from Niagara about 200 miles. Here we hired

an American barge — a large flat-bottomed boat — to carry us to Montreal, a further distance of 200 miles: then set out from Kingston on the 28th of April, and arrived the same evening at Osdenburgh, a distance of 75 miles. The following evening we arrived at Cornwall; and the succeeding night, at Pointe du Lac, on Lake St Francis: here our bargemen obtained our permission to return up the river: and we embarked in another barge, deeply laden with potashes, passengers, and luggage. Above Montreal, for nearly 100 miles, the river St Lawrence is interrupted in its course by rapids, which are occasioned by the river being confined within comparatively narrow, shallow, rocky channels: through these it rushes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm. Many people prefer these rapids, for grandeur of appearance, to the Falls of Niagara: they are from half a mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots. On the 30th of April, we arrived at the village of the Cedars; immediately below which are three sets of very dangerous rapids—the Cedars, the Split-Rock, and the Cascades—distant from each other about one mile. On the morning of the 1st of May, we set out from the Cedars; the barge very deep and very leaky; the captain, a daring, rash man, refused to take a pilot. After we passed the Cedar Rapid, not without danger, the captain called for some rum, swearing at the same time with horrid impiety that all the powers could not steer the barge better than he did. Soon after this we entered the Split-Rock Rapids by a wrong channel, and found ourselves advancing rapidly towards a dreadful watery precipice, down which we went. The barge slightly grazed her bottom against the rock, and the fall was so great as nearly to take away the breath. We here took in a great deal of water, which was mostly baled out again before we hurried on to what the Canadians call the *grand bouillie*, or great boiling. In approaching this place, the captain let go the helm, saying: "Now for it! here we fill!" The barge was almost immediately overwhelmed in the midst of immense

foaming breakers, which rushed over the bows, carrying away planks, oars, &c. About half a minute elapsed between the filling and going down of the barge, during which I had sufficient presence of mind to strip off my three coats, and was loosening my suspenders, when the barge sank, and I found myself floating in the midst of people, baggage, &c. Each man caught hold of something; one of the crew caught hold of me, and kept me down under water; but, contrary to my expectations, let me go again. On rising to the surface, I got hold of a trunk, on which two other men were then holding. Just at this spot where the Split-Rock Rapids terminate, the bank of the river is well inhabited, and we could see women on shore, running about, much agitated. A canoe put off, and picked up three of our number, who had gained the bottom of the barge, which had upset and got rid of its cargo: these they landed on an island. The canoe put off again, and was approaching near to where I was, with two others, holding on by the trunk; when, terrified with the vicinity of the Cascades, to which we were approaching, it put back, notwithstanding my exhortations in French and English, to induce the two men on board to advance. The bad hold which one man had of the trunk to which we were adhering, subjected him to constant immersion; and in order to escape his seizing hold of me, I let go the trunk, and in conjunction with another man, got hold of the boom—which, with the gaff, sails, &c. had been detached from the mast, to make room for the cargo—and floated off. I had just time to grasp this boom, when we were hurried into the Cascades: in these I was instantly buried, and nearly suffocated. On rising to the surface, I found one of my hands still on the boom, and my companion also adhering to the gaff. Shortly after descending the Cascades, I perceived the barge, bottom upwards, floating near me. I succeeded in getting to it, and held by a crack in one end of it: the violence of the water, and the falling out of the casks of ashes, had quite wrecked it. For a long time, I contented myself with this hold, not daring to

endeavour to get upon the bottom, which I at length effected; and from this, my new situation, I called out to my companion, who still preserved his hold of the gaff. He shook his head; and when the waves suffered me to look up again, he was gone. He made no attempt to come near me, being unable or unwilling to let go his hold, and trust himself to the waves, which were then rolling over his head.

'The Cascades are a kind of fall or rapid descent in the river, over a rocky channel below: going down is called by the French *sauter* — to leap or shove the Cascades. For two miles below, the channel continues in uproar, just like a storm at sea; and I was frequently nearly washed off the barge by the waves which rolled over it. I now entertained no hope whatever of escaping; and although I continued to exert myself to hold on, such was the state to which I was reduced by cold, that I wished only for speedy death, and frequently thought of giving up the contest as useless. I felt as if compressed into the size of a monkey; my hands appeared diminished in size one-half; and I certainly should—after I became very cold and much exhausted—have fallen asleep, but for the waves that were passing over me, which obliged me to attend to my situation. I had never descended the St Lawrence before; but I knew there were more rapids ahead—perhaps another set of the Cascades—but, at all events, the La Chine Rapids, whose situation I did not exactly know. I was in hourly expectation of these putting an end to me, and often fancied some points of ice, extending from the shore, to be the head of foaming rapids. At one of the moments in which the succession of waves permitted me to look up, I saw, at a distance, a canoe, with four men, coming towards me, and waited in confidence to hear the sound of their paddles; but in this I was disappointed: the men, as I afterwards learned, were Indians—genuine descendants of the Tatars—who, happening to fall in with one of the passengers' trunks, picked it up, and returned to the shore for the purpose of pillaging it, leaving, as they

since acknowledged, the man on the boat to his fate. Indeed, I am certain I should have had more to fear from their avarice than to hope from their humanity; and it is more than probable that my life would have been taken, to secure them in the possession of my watch and several half-eagles which I had about me. The accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning; in the course of some hours, as the day advanced, the sun grew warmer, the wind blew from the south, and the water became calmer. I got upon my knees, and found myself in the small lake St Louis, about three to five miles wide: with some difficulty, I got upon my feet, but was soon convinced, by cramps and spasms in all my sinews, that I was quite incapable of swimming any distance, and I was then two miles from the shore. I was now going, with wind and current, to destruction; and cold, hungry, and fatigued, was obliged again to sit down in the water to rest, when an extraordinary circumstance greatly relieved me. On examining the wreck, to see if it were possible to detach any part of it to steer by, I perceived something loose, entangled in a fork of the wreck, and so carried along: this I found to be a small trunk, bottom upwards, which, with some difficulty, I dragged up upon the barge. After near an hour's work, in which I broke my penknife, whilst trying to cut out the lock, I made a hole in the top, and, to my great satisfaction, drew out a bottle of rum, a cold tongue, some cheese, and a bag full of bread, cakes, &c. all wet. Of these I made a seasonable, though very moderate use; and the trunk answered the purpose of a chair to sit upon, elevated above the surface of the water.

'After in vain endeavouring to steer the wreck, or direct its course to the shore, and having made every signal—with my waistcoat, &c.—in my power, to the several headlands which I had passed, I fancied I was driving into a bay, which, however, soon proved to be the termination of the lake, and the opening of the river, the current of which was carrying me rapidly along. I passed several small uninhabited islands; but the banks

of the river appearing to be covered with houses, I again renewed my signals, with my waistcoat and a shirt, which I took out of the trunk, hoping, as the river narrowed, they might be perceived. The distance was too great. The velocity with which I was going convinced me of my near approach to the dreadful rapids of La Chine. Night was drawing on; my destruction appeared certain, but did not disturb me very much: the idea of death had lost its novelty, and had become quite familiar. I really felt more provoked at having escaped so long to be finally sacrificed, than alarmed at the prospect. Finding signals in vain, I now set up a cry or howl, such as I thought best calculated to carry to a distance, and, being favoured by the wind, it did, although at above a mile distant, reach the ears of some people on shore. At last I perceived a boat rowing towards me, which, being very small and white-bottomed, I had for some time taken for a fowl with a white breast; and I was taken off the barge by Captain Johnstone, after being ten hours on the water. I found myself at the village of La Chine, twenty-one miles below where the accident happened, having been driven by the winding of the current a much greater distance. I received no other injury than bruised knees and breast, with a slight cold. The accident took some hold of my imagination, and for seven or eight succeeding nights, in my dreams, I was engaged in the dangers of the Cascades, and surrounded by drowning men, &c. My escape was owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances. I happened to catch hold of various articles of support, and to exchange each article for another just at the right time. Nothing but the boom could have carried me down the Cascades without injury, and nothing but the barge could have saved me below them. I was also fortunate in having the whole day: had the accident happened one hour later, I should have arrived opposite the village of La Chine after dark, and, of course, would have been destroyed in the rapids below, to which I was rapidly advancing. The trunk which furnished me with provisions and a resting-place above

the water, I have every reason to think was necessary to save my life; without it, I must have passed the whole time in the water, and have been exhausted with cold and hunger. When the people on shore saw our boat take the wrong channel, they predicted our destruction: the floating luggage, by supporting us for a time, enabled them to make an exertion to save us; but as it was not supposed possible to survive the passage of the Cascades, no further exertions were thought of, nor, indeed, could they well have been made.

'It was at this very place that General Ambert's brigade of 300 men, coming to attack Canada, was lost: the French at Montreal received the first intelligence of the invasion, by the dead bodies floating past the town. The pilot who conducted their first *bateau*, committing—it is said intentionally—the same error that we did, ran for the wrong channel, and the other *bateaux* following close, all were involved in the same destruction. The whole party with which I was, escaped: four left the barge at the Cedar village above the rapids, and went to Montreal by land; two more were saved by the canoe; the barge's crew, all accustomed to labour, were lost; of the eight men who passed down the Cascades, none but myself escaped, or were seen again; nor, indeed, was it possible for any one, without my extraordinary luck, and the aid of the barge, to which they must have been very close, to have escaped; the other men must have been drowned immediately on entering the Cascades. The trunks, &c. to which they adhered, and the heavy greatcoats which they had on, very probably helped to overwhelm them; but they must have gone at all events: swimming in such a current of broken stormy waves was impossible; still, I think my knowing how to swim, kept me more collected, and rendered me more willing to part with one article of support to gain a better: those who could not swim would naturally cling to whatever hold they first got; and, of course, many had very bad ones. The captain passed me above the Cascades on a sack of woollen clothes, which were doubtless soon saturated and sunk.'

AN EAST INDIAN STORY.

About two years before my arrival at Bombay, a Lieutenant Bellarmine had disappeared in a mysterious way, which left it uncertain whether he had fallen in a skirmish with a body of Pindarees, or if, as was reported on some unascertained authority, he had joined these wild depredators, and remained willingly in some of their fastnesses. His previous habits gave a sort of colour to this strange story, for he was known to be a rash, thoughtless lad, distinguished for his bravery, but continually involved in all sorts of quarrels and debt. He was on this account out of favour with most of the superior officers, but was, notwithstanding, a good deal liked in society, from the frank, generous tone of his conversation, and a certain rattling, agreeable merriment, which used to thaw the stiffness of Bombay hospitality into involuntary good-humour. To these qualities he probably owed his union with a very amiable woman, whom his irregularities and ultimate disappearance left at the presidency in a state little short of distraction. His own fate only gave rise to wonder and curiosity, but that of his wife excited universal commiseration. Had there been authentic accounts of the death of her husband, her situation would have been much less distressing; for she could then have embarked at once for England, where, though her friends were poor (as was reported), her allowance as an officer's widow would at least have placed her above want. In her present situation, she was pitied and respected by every one. No aid that she could have wished for was awanting, but she uniformly declined every attention, except that of one or two friends—relations, it was understood, of her husband. It was at the residence of one of these gentlemen that I first saw her.

During the dry season, the English inhabitants of Bombay generally quit their houses within the confined

walls and streets of the town, and betake themselves to temporary residences erected on a small green plain between the fortification and the sea. Some of these annual edifices are spacious erections, with a court-yard, stables, kitchen, huts for servants, &c. all constructed of poles and the woody reeds of the country; the dwelling-places being made tight by a coat of clay-plaster. Another set of residences consist of large tents, which are generally occupied by gentlemen of the military service, and whose clean, white appearance, as they stand scattered over the green, with the black servants moving about among them, and the horses, or sometimes a camel, picketed in front, give peculiar animation to the scene. It is best enjoyed from the opposite rising-ground on the Bombay esplanade, where the sea in the distance, and the back-ground of the little island of Colabba, studded with palm-trees, are added to the picture. I had been out one evening with a military friend, of the name of Malloch, on this walk, and had lingered till long after sunset, enjoying the coolness of the sea-breeze. The tents still glittered white in the starlight, and we were sauntering along slowly, sometimes stopping to mark the figures that were in motion about the little camp, and once or twice to gaze on a group or two of dancers in front of some of the tents. One party who seemed to enjoy the exercise with much animation had two flute-players, whose music gave them an additional attraction. The scene altogether was uncommonly pleasing; but Malloch, whose attention was fixed entirely on the music and dancing, after gazing till his enthusiasm was kindled, suddenly called out: 'It is Eastlake's tent, I declare: let us join them. There is a lady there just now whom I have long wished to see.'

'We may go, I daresay,' said I, knowing how difficult it would be to keep back my impetuous companion, and aware that we could meet with nothing but the kindest reception from my gallant friend and his hospitable lady.

We accordingly paced downwards across the esplanade, and, leaping the rail by which it is surrounded, soon found

ourselves approaching the dancers. The vivacity of the scene was greatly heightened, as we drew near and could distinguish the appearance and even the voices of some of the party; but I began at the same time to feel the awkwardness of intrusion, and wished I had been less ready in yielding to my flighty companion. Just in time to save us from embarrassment, we met my friend Major Eastlake, who had himself come out so far from the tent in order to enjoy the scene at a little distance. He immediately invited us to join the party; and as we accompanied him thither, he mentioned that he had received directions to take the command of a detachment ordered to embark in a day or two for Ahmednuggur, and that some of his friends had come to bid him adieu on that occasion.

When we joined the company, each of us found several acquaintances; and Malloch was very soon engaged with the dancing and music, being himself an admirable performer on the flute. After some time, he began to look round for a partner; and passing by the ladies who were nearest, he went to address himself to one who sat by herself—with some appearance of being neglected—in a corner of the veranda. I observed that his first motion towards her was noticed by Major Eastlake with a kind of displeased surprise, and that he made a step, as if to arrest my companion's intention: he was, however, too late; Malloch, with his usual impetuosity, having already approached and requested the honour of her hand. The lady only replied by a slight shake of her head, and a motion of dissent. At the same moment, Major Eastlake came up, and said to her, with a peculiar manner, which Malloch ought certainly to have felt as a rebuke: 'This is my *friend*, Mr Malloch, madam: Mrs Bellarmine does not dance, Mr Malloch.' Malloch, who of course knew the history of the young lady, seemed hurt at his own forwardness, and answered by a respectful bow, begging pardon for his intrusion, but hoping that Mrs Bellarmine would not be offended. The lady only answered by a very slight inclination of her head, and a melancholy

smile, while Major Eastlake listened to every word with obvious impatience. Malloch was at length led away, and immediately came to the seat next mine.

'What a lovely creature!' he said: 'she is more beautiful than ever.'

'More beautiful than ever!' I replied: 'you have seen Mrs Bellarmine before, then?'

'Years ago,' answered he. 'I saw her before she had any thoughts of coming to India, or being left in this deserted state, by the fool whom she married. I wish you could be introduced to her.'

'Not if it were to drive me mad, as it appears to have done you, Malloch,' I said. 'You should have respected her seclusion from the company; and I hope you will recollect how highly she is regarded by Major Eastlake and his lady.'

'Oh, she does not need their recommendation to me: but I am acquainted with Mrs Eastlake: the major is a stiff old boy, but he is going in a day or two, and I shall then have a better introduction than his.'

As he was speaking, I observed Major Eastlake's attention directed towards me, and a slight motion intimated his wish that I would make my way to him. I was soon by his side; and after a few words on indifferent matters, he said: 'I notice that your acquaintance is inclined to direct his attention towards our poor friend Mrs Bellarmine. I know that anything of that kind—particularly from a volatile person like Malloch—is disagreeable and inconvenient to her; and I therefore take the liberty of imposing on you the task of guardian, which no one else can undertake so well without the risk of offending your friend, or of being officious to Mrs Bellarmine.' I bowed, as to one whose good opinion I highly valued, and he immediately turned and introduced me to the lady. She looked up, and I think I never beheld a face of more engaging loveliness: she was dark-haired and dark-eyed, with something of the usual paleness of English ladies who have resided a few years in India; but her complexion had a purity and brightness which I have

seldom seen equalled; and her fine regular features, though marked with settled melancholy, responded with quiet intelligence to everything she deigned to notice in conversation. I entered into discourse with her for a few minutes, and found her a remarkable exception to most of our Oriental dames, who are generally brimming over with all manner of gossip about matters of precedency at balls, scandal at private parties, the debts and embarrassments of acquaintances, and all the other knick-knackeries of their limited society. She either did not know, or did not speak of these matters; and I was thrown upon literary conversation, in order to say something. She answered here with intelligence; and I soon found that she lived in a secluded land of poetry and imagination, which is but little trod by Oriental ladies. Her sorrow and retirement had blunted her relish for society, but had not destroyed her mind. All her tastes, however, seemed of a serious character: Cowper, Beattie, Graham, and Montgomery, supplied her with the richest, and most beautiful allusions; but of the fierce, mistrustful, and irregular Byron, she did not seem to recognise a line. The readiness with which she appreciated my remarks, and the overflowing yet delicately selected stores of her own memory, made me no longer wonder at the deference with which she was regarded by the few friends to whom she allowed herself to be known.

As we were departing, Major Eastlake said to me: 'You will not now wonder at the interest we take in Mrs Bellarmine. Her situation is rendered more painful by the conflicting rumours which are continually brought concerning her husband, to whom she is sincerely and devotedly attached; for, notwithstanding his follies, he knew and respected her value. Her distress, I really believe, arises chiefly from the imputations which have been cast on his honour. For myself, I give no credit to them. I know that poor Henry was rash and imprudent; but he was a soldier-like spirit, and could never have turned renegade. My new situation will soon give me the power of making effectual inquiries concerning

his fate. If he is alive, I shall certainly find means to reach him; and if he has fallen honourably, it shall be ascertained. In the meantime, I beg again to repeat my charge, for I have heard and seen enough of Mr Malloch to fear that he is capable of causing uneasiness.' He took leave of me with these words, and I did not see him again before he embarked.

His precautions, however, rather accelerated what he feared. Malloch was piqued at the notice bestowed upon me; and he had not boasted in vain of his acquaintance with Mrs Eastlake, who by no means took the same interest in the fate of Lieutenant Bellarmine as did her husband the major; and firmly believing him to be dead, she had even great pleasure in the prospect of managing a new match for his widow. Malloch had even the art to render my visits somewhat less acceptable to this lady than they were wont, so that I had but few opportunities of learning what was going on. Once or twice when I called, Mrs Bellarmine spoke to me with feelings of the deepest regard concerning her husband, without seeming once to have had her confidence in him shaken; and she mentioned, that if Major Eastlake ascertained anything concerning him, he would write first to me on the subject. I alluded once to the circumstance which Malloch had mentioned—that he had met her in England. 'Captain Malloch is Mrs Eastlake's guest here,' she said, 'and I can do nothing that is rude to him; but at no period, either in England or in India, have I seen reason to consider him a man of delicacy or honour.' She said no more, and the subject was not again alluded to.

One day, when I had called at the house, something led me into the garden, and I was assisting the *malee* (native gardener) to train up some Oriental jessamine on the end wall of a back veranda. Mrs Bellarmine had entered this part of the house in the meanwhile, and Captain Malloch, who had also arrived, joined her there. All this I gathered from conjecture; but being separated from them only by a slight partition, not in very good repair, I was apprised of their presence by the sound of

well-known voices. I could not escape from hearing the following fragments of their conversation:—

'My dear Mrs Bellarmine, how often have I repeated, that your image has never once been absent from my mind since I first saw you at Greenside!'

'I was then a governess in the family of your relation, Mr Malloch; and your attentions were at that time neither more agreeable nor more honourable to me than they are now. I beg you may desist from language to which I dare not, and will not listen.'

'Dare not! How often have I told you that Bellarmine will never return? He was a man I never esteemed, were it for nothing but his conduct to you; but I must say that he died as a soldier should.'

'How have *you* obtained this information, Mr Malloch?'

'I know more about Bellarmine than you suppose. I was in the same district with him at the time of the skirmish where he fell; and it was a foolish joke of mine —though it was never known—that gave rise to the absurd rumour about his having joined the enemy.'

'Good God!' exclaimed Mrs Bellarmine; and then, suddenly restraining herself, she said: 'perhaps your present story is a joke also?'

'My dear Mrs Bellarmine, if you doubt my word, look at that letter which I have received from a sergeant who was on the field with him.'

There was silence for a few minutes, only that I heard a deep sigh from the female speaker, and, in a moment after, a shriek, and then a sound, as if some one had fallen down.

I hurried round to the front door, but before I could gain admission, there was a crowd of servants collected in the veranda, and Mrs Eastlake was busy chafing the temples of her friend, who lay in a swoon. Captain Malloch was standing at the opposite end of the veranda, leaning against one of its pillars, and gazing with a strange and gloomy earnestness at the scene before him. I saluted him with a manner in which, I fancy, he must

have seen something of my present feelings, for his return was distant and haughty. It was now verging to night, and Mrs Bellarmine was removed into an inner room, where there were lights. Malloch and I were left together, but no conversation passed; and in a short time a message was brought to us, that the lady was better. I proceeded to the apartment where she was; Captain Malloch, as I observed, lingering behind, and not appearing resolved what to do.

Just as I was departing, one of my servants who had followed me thither came up, and put into my hand a letter which a *peon* (runner) had brought to my house. I took it, and went into the room where the two ladies were sitting. Mrs Bellarmine was pale, but collected, and said that she was quite recovered. Her attention seemed attracted by the unopened letter which I held in my hand; and on looking at it myself, I perceived that it was in the handwriting of Major Eastlake. It would not be easy to describe the anxiety which the whole party now felt as to its contents: to Mrs Bellarmine's agitated mind, they seemed to hold the cup of life or death. I broke the seal. The letter was short, but full of interest:—

'My dear Sir—I am glad to say that I have obtained sure intelligence concerning our poor friend Henry: his honour is as untainted as the snow. He was made prisoner by the Pindarees, and is now confined in one of their hill-forts, where I have found means of communicating with him. I cannot as yet attempt his release, but he shall be restored to us. You may have heard that Malloch had a command in this district at the time of the skirmish; and it now appears that it was owing to some treachery or cowardice on his part that Henry's party was entrapped and surrounded by the banditti. These things will now be brought to light, as well as some mean forgeries which have been attempted of late, and of which a sergeant here has given an account. I am,' &c.

I had read so far before perceiving that Malloch had by this time followed me into the room, and had heard

part of the letter: at the last words, I was alarmed by seeing him at once dart out of the apartment with a look of distraction. I heard his footsteps running across the garden, but remained in a kind of mute astonishment, both at the suddenness of his action, and at the contents of the letter. I had hardly stood a minute in this state, when Bappoo, one of the servants, came running into the apartment with a look of terror, and cried: 'Sahib! Sahib! Mr Malloch has thrown himself into the sea!' The house where Mrs Eastlake lived—she had now removed into the town—was just within the ramparts, on that side where they run into the bay; and a leap from the parapet-wall at high-water was certain death, except to the best swimmers. If the dreadful announcement was correct, there was, in the present darkness, no chance of recovering Malloch.

I rushed, however, to the spot which the man had pointed out; and as soon as I got on the wall, I sprang to the top of the parapet to look down. The waters were tossing and weltering against the bottom of the fortifications, where I could distinguish nothing in the darkness but the indistinct heaving of a stormy sea, and the white foam which broke in white patches on the tops of its endless waves. To think that a fellow-creature was struggling in such an abyss, perhaps within reach of my aid—if his pride or remorse would allow him to call for it—was dreadful. As we were standing gazing in this anxiety, I heard one of the natives present—for several had now assembled—say to another, in his native tongue: 'I see the fool sitting on a stone!' My eye lighted at the moment on the object he had observed, which was certainly something white—the colour of the military undress worn by Malloch—and having the appearance of a human figure seated on a rock; but whether it was this, or merely an illusion caused by the foam which broke there, the darkness rendered it difficult to say. I called, however, for a ladder, with the intention of descending; and while the men were fetching it, I could not but picture to myself the extraordinary

state of Malloch's thoughts — if it were he — which thus kept him fixed on a rock in an agony between suicide and the terror of dying—the ridicule of surviving, and the disgrace of such a death. At this moment, we were joined by another person, who had been approaching along the ramparts. He was a tall, soldierly-looking man, in a dark military greatcoat, and was followed by a black servant. I was not aware of his presence, till informed by a kind of whispered intimation from an attendant. As soon as the stranger saw that he was observed, he asked what was the matter. I mentioned that a gentleman had thrown himself from the parapet, and pointed to the figure which we saw.

'Why does not some one go down to him?' he asked.

'A ladder will be brought directly,' I answered.

'A ladder! it will never do to wait for that. Mohammed, give me your turban; or tie your turban and girdle together, and give me the end of them.'

A rope was soon made of the long turbans and girdles of the natives, which was held fast by these people; while the stranger, throwing off his greatcoat, slid down the wall, and dashed into the sea. We lost sight of him instantly in the tumult of waves and the darkness, and could not tell what was to be the event. In the meantime, I inquired at the servant who his master was?

'It is Mr Bellarmine, sir—arrived from Chunder.'

I had not time to recover from the astonishment caused by this stunning intimation, when I saw him emerge from the water on the little rock; and two figures were immediately seen standing together, and, after a little time, apparently struggling with each other. This, in other circumstances, was only what was to be expected, as Malloch, in his frenzy, might refuse to be saved; but if they should recognise each other in such a situation, what would be the event? The ladder had been now brought; so that, taking a rope in one hand, I hurried down the wall, and swam to the spot so often mentioned. As I approached, the water shallowed a little, and I could stand upon my feet, in which situation I could hear and

see what passed. Bellarmine was endeavouring to persuade Malloch to be saved; while the latter only answered by furious imprecations and oaths; at times saying: 'Is it the dead come alive?—or what are you? I am mad—mad—mad—to meet Bellarmine swimming about in the sea! Get you gone, sir—I never hurt you. It is false—false.' Bellarmine, who did not appear to recognise him, continued struggling to drag him towards the landing-place; and in the meantime I came up, and got the rope fastened round his waist and shoulders. With the assistance of the men pulling on the top of the parapet, we now guided him through the water; and though it looks a little grotesque, had him dragged up the wall like a bundle of wet rags. I prevailed on Bellarmine to ascend before me, and we were both safe landed in a few minutes. Malloch was lying on the grass of the ramparts, and seemed to all appearance either dead or in a swoon.

'Who is he? and what has caused this?' asked Mr Bellarmine.

Before I could get time to answer, a sergeant's wife, who attended as a nurse in Major Eastlake's family, interposed: 'Oh, it is Captain Malloch, sir; and he drowned himself, because he was jilted by that creature Mrs Bellarmine. I hope she may get a worse yet, now that her thriftless husband is dead, as Captain Malloch told me himself.'

The astonishment of Bellarmine at this abrupt intelligence cannot be conceived. He looked at me for explanation, which I gave him with the more awkwardness, that I had felt Malloch's pulse in the meantime, and perceived that he was only feigning insensibility, in order to escape being questioned. His odd situation may be conceived, in being thus tied down to hear the account which I had to give Bellarmine of his conduct.

The meeting which immediately took place between the long-lost Bellarmine and his wife cannot be described. This amiable and ill-used lady, in now recovering her beloved husband, felt herself fully rewarded for her constancy and affection. On an explanation being made by

Bellarmine, it appeared he was the bearer of documents which freed him from every shadow of blame. He was also able, in consequence of information which he had collected during his imprisonment among the Pindarees, to render services to government, which led to his speedy promotion. As for the wretched Malloch, the designer of so much evil, and whose infamous schemes had, in reality, proved ultimately beneficial to his victim, he was shunned by all who knew him; and shortly after, obtaining leave of absence, he departed to Europe, there to hide his shame, and to escape the ridicule of his various misadventures.

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

THE institution of the Knights of Malta was one of greater importance and utility in its day than is generally imagined. However slight may be the merit accruing from the Crusades for the recovery of the Holy Land, they are entitled to share in it largely; but they have higher claims, of a much later date, upon the gratitude of the Christian world. Almost by the unaided exertions of this band of brothers, the Ottoman power was held in check, and its extension materially impeded, on the eastern coasts of Europe. This was a great service to the whole of that continent. The knights of Malta effected, on the bosom of the Mediterranean, what John Sobieski effected on the plains of Austria; and their names should be embalmed along with his in the memory of Christendom.

Towards the middle of the eleventh century, when the Holy Land was entirely in the power of the Mohammedans, the Egyptian caliph, Monstaser-Billah, was induced to permit the erection of a Christian chapel in the city of Jerusalem, with two hospitals, one of them dedicated to St John the Almoner. These were intended for the relief

of the numerous pilgrims who then visited Palestine from all Christian countries. After Godfrey of Bouillon conquered the Holy City in 1099, the Hospital of St John became a place of great note as an establishment for healing the wounded and the sick, and was converted by Gerard, its rector, from a secular to a religious institution. He, with his brothers and sisters of charity, formally abjured the world, and assumed as their dress a black gown, having on the left breast a white cross. At the same time, a number of illustrious crusaders, burning with pious zeal, entered the body; and Godfrey of Bouillon endowed it with lands in Brabant. His example was speedily followed by other princes and barons of Europe, until the order grew wealthy, and founded many new houses both in Asia and Europe. The next step was the conjunction of the military with the religious character. Raymond du Puis succeeded to the rectorship; and having been a brave soldier in his day, he was induced by the reiterated attacks made on the Christians at their first settlement in the East, to propose to his companions—most of them old soldiers like himself—to join the profession of arms to their other duties. The summons sounded like a trumpet in the ears of the veterans, and Raymond du Puis became the first Grand-master of the Order of the Knights-Hospitallers of St John. Three classes were established in the order—that of the Knights, who were required, at first at least, to prove a noble extraction; that of Chaplains, who were non-military; and that of Half-Knights, or Serving-Brothers, who were not of high birth, and whose duties lay both in the hospital and the field. The establishment of *commanderies*, as the houses were called, in different countries, rendered it proper to establish divisions called Languages in the order—as one for England, one for Germany, and so on. These were at first seven, and finally nine in number. Noble youths from all Europe soon swelled the order of the Hospitallers into a numerous force, and one of great strength, in times when a single mounted knight, cased in armour, was a match for half-a-dozen of the ordinary soldiery. Their

wealth also enabled them to hire large bodies of mercenaries to aid in their enterprises; and their European houses, or commanderies, served as depôts, whence auxiliaries were continually drafted to the wars.

This formidable body remained in Palestine during the entire period of its occupation, complete or partial, by the Latin Christians, witnessing the whole of the nine crusades, rendered necessary by the inveterate determination of the Mohammedans to recover their lost possessions. During all this time, they existed but to fight, having scarcely one month of perfect repose; and in fight they exhibited the most desperate valour on all occasions, though the abstemiousness of their rules was relaxed by degrees. They remained in the Holy Land after kings and barons had all yielded up the cause in despair. At length, in the year 1291, the Sultan Saladin drove them from their last stronghold of St John d'Acre, and compelled them to take refuge in Cyprus, then under a Latin King. They there summoned all their commanderies to send members and supplies, and were soon enabled once more to establish themselves as a powerful naval as well as military body. Their views were to harass the Mohammedans of Syria and Egypt by sea. One expedition more they made against the Saracens of Jerusalem; but they found both that city and the other fortresses of the country to be in so ruinous a state, that the approach of the Egyptian sultan forced them to fly to their ships. It was immediately after this step that Fulk de Villaret, twenty-fourth grand-master of the order, seeing the hopelessness of any secure settlement of it on lands not its own, projected a great and important conquest—that of the Island of Rhodes. Rhodes is about 120 miles in circumference, and close on the coast of Asia Minor. It was at this time nominally a possession of the Greek emperor, Andronicus, but in reality was in the power of Saracenic pirates, mixed with Greeks of the same stamp. Fulk de Villaret gathered his war-galleys, and made a bold descent on the isle. The resistance was obstinate, and years elapsed ere the knights succeeded in planting the standard of the

white cross on the walls of Rhodes. But they persisted in the siege till they made it their own.

The fate of the Knights-Templars, almost at this very moment, shewed the importance and necessity of such a fixed settlement. Returning to its European commanderies, this wealthy order, the rival of that of the Hospitallers in fame and power, became soon a subject of jealousy and avaricious envy to the monarchs of the time, and especially to Philip of France. In concert with the pope, that sovereign, under colour of forged charges of criminality, wrested its property from the order, and subjected its members to imprisonment, tortures, and death. Other countries also abolished the order, but without the same accompanying barbarities. Philip of France was partly disappointed, for the pope forced him to accede to a general edict, giving the Templar possessions to the Knights of St John.

The latter body was greatly increased in power by these accessions, and it became more common than ever for the younger nobility of Europe to enter the order of the Hospitallers. Riches brought with it augmented luxury and many evils, but the knights were still kept in high military condition. A new race of the followers of Mohammed appeared against them. *Othman* (the Bone-Breaker), who gave a permanent name to the Turkish nation, possessed, with a tribe of Turkomauns, the region of Asia Minor adjoining Rhodes. He attacked the knights in their city; but, though one of the most tried and renowned warriors of his race, he failed to make the slightest impression on them. Similar assaults were renewed in more alarming shapes in the course of the years immediately succeeding. Betwixt the year 1310, when the order settled at Rhodes, and the year 1453, when the Turks took Constantinople, and founded a new empire, the Knights of St John fought many great battles, by sea and land, with the two Mohammedan powers in their neighbourhood—the Egyptian and Turkish. It is amazing to reflect, that this comparatively small body of men should not only have foiled so many efforts made by

these powerful sovereignties to reduce them and take their stronghold, but should have even obtained possession of Cos and other Greek islands, captured Smyrna, and held it for a long period, and made various expeditions against Syria and other places, as if possessed of the population and resources of a strong and warlike nation. They proved an unextractible thorn in the sides of the foes of Christianity.

Our space will only permit of a mere sketch being given of the career of the order; but we may allude specially to one event, the most important in its annals. The hour came at length for the fall of Rhodes, after the knights had held it for more than 200 years. Solyman the Magnificent resolved at any price to oust them from their stronghold. We quote from Sutherland's history of the order, in the passage that follows. In June 1522, 'a signal from Mount St Stephen intimated to the Rhodians that the Turkish fleet was in sight. Countless sails studded the Lycian Strait; and tumult and wailing instantly rose from every quarter of the city. The gates were formally shut, and public prayers were offered up in the churches, imploring Heaven to grant the victory to the champions of the Cross. This done, the whole population hurried to the ramparts and towers, to behold the terrible armament that threatened them with destruction. Four hundred sail swept past the mouth of the haven with the pomp and circumstance of a triumphal pageant; and on board this mighty fleet were 140,000 soldiers, exclusive of 60,000 serfs, torn from the forests of the Danube, to serve as pioneers.' Six hundred knights, with less than 5000 regular troops, and a comparatively weak body of citizens and peasants, formed the whole force prepared to oppose this immense armament, the leader of which, Solyman, in person, told his troops that he had come to Rhodes, 'to conquer or die.' For upwards of three months, the most awful scenes of carnage took place daily, after the siege had begun. For one man who fell among the knights, twenty fell among the Turks; but even this proportion was ruinous to the former. In one

assault, 15,000 Turks were slain. By degrees, every one of the ramparts of Rhodes was in ruins; yet still the knights and their grand-master, a venerable old man, were unconquerable. They filled the breaches with their mailed bodies. Frequently Solyman half resolved to give up the struggle, and frequently he threatened his officers with death for their want of success. He proposed various capitulations, and by capitulation was the siege finally closed. The knights were unvanquished, but Rhodes was untenable. Twelve days were given them to embark their property; and on the 1st of January 1523, the remnant of the Rhodian Christians went on board their galleys, a homeless band. Before that departure, Solyman, who had in him great points of character, sought an interview with L'Isle Adam, the grand-master. 'For a time the two warriors eyed each other with piercing glances. The venerable and majestic port of the grand-master won the admiration of the youthful despot, and he magnanimously requested his interpreter to console the Christian chief with the assurance, that even the bravest of men were liable to become the sport of fortune. He invited him, at the same time, to embrace the Mohammedan faith, and enter his service, since the Christian princes, who had abandoned him in his extremity, did not merit the alliance of so redoubted a chief; and, by way of a bribe, promised to advance him to the highest dignities in his empire, and make him one of his chosen counsellors. The grand-master answered, that were he to dishonour his gray hairs by becoming a traitor and renegade, he would only shew how unworthy he was of the high opinion which his conqueror entertained of him; and that he would far rather retire into obscurity, or part with life itself, than be accounted a recreant and apostate by his own people. Solyman dismissed the venerable knight with honour; and said to Achmet Pacha, who was in attendance: "It is not without regret that I drive this unfortunate old man, full of sorrow, from his home."'

The Knights of St John had still their commanderies,

rich and powerful, over Europe, though Henry VIII., about this very time, abolished the order in England. But their importance was yet sufficient to procure for them the cession of the island of Malta, where their numbers were soon recruited. Removed in some measure, however, from the sphere of Turkish and Egyptian operations, the knights came now into hostility with new enemies of their faith. The African coasts swarmed at this time, as they also did at a much later date, with pirates, who filled their coffers with gold, and their dungeons with captives, from the European states. In concert with the Emperor Charles, the Knights of Malta undertook a great expedition against the two Barbarossas, the most famous pirates of the day, who had gained sovereign power in Algiers and Tunis by expelling the rightful princes. Tunis and Goletta were conquered on this occasion, chiefly by the dauntless valour of the Knights of St John, and the rightful governments were re-established. But in a future expedition, the order lost a great force before Algiers, and a garrison of theirs was expelled with vast loss from Tripoli.

For the next half century, the knights waged incessant war with the piratical Mohammedans, both of Africa and the Turco-Grecian islands. The importance of their services to European commerce was fully shewn by the renewed attempts of the Ottoman Porte to suppress them. In 1565, one great attempt was made by 30,000 Turks on the island. The assault of the small fort of St Elmo will shew the bravery of the knights in a fair light:—'At daybreak on the 16th of June, the Turkish galleys commenced a furious cannonade against the seaward rampart; and at the same time the land-batteries shattered into ruin the still remaining fortifications. This done, the Osmanlis entered the ditch to the sound of their proud but barbarous music; and, at the discharge of a signal-gun, rushed impetuously to the assault, covered by 4000 arquebusiers and cross-bowmen, who, from their post in the trenches, shot down every Christian soldier who shewed himself in the breach. Behind that deadly gap

stood the knights and their scant battalion, armed with pikes and spontoons, and forming, as it were, a living wall. Between every three soldiers stood a knight, the better to sustain the courage of those who had nothing of chivalrous renown to uphold them. In vain did the Turks dash themselves on this impenetrable phalanx. When swords and pikes were broken, the Christian soldiers grappled with their antagonists, and terminated the death-struggle with their daggers. The burning hoops were of eminent service in this combat; and the cries of the wretches whom they begirt, added greatly to the horror of the fight. It was a cheering circumstance to the defenders of the fort, that the conflict was maintained under the eyes of their friends in the Bourg, who, they feared, had begun to doubt their bravery. Amid the thunder of the artillery, and the groans of the dying, their ears were gladdened at intervals by encouraging shouts wafted across the haven from the distant ramparts; and the guns of Forts St Angelo and St Michael played incessantly, and with considerable effect, on the Turkish lines. At the end of six hours, the knights, covered with wounds, and blistered by the scorching rays of the sun, had the consolation to hear a retreat sounded from the enemy's trenches; and the Turks reluctantly retired, leaving behind them 2000 dead.' When the *last* defender fell, the Turks became masters of St Elmo. But they were ultimately driven from the island, with a loss of 25,000 men.

The order was congratulated by all Europe on this occasion. For the next century, it continued to maintain maritime combats of lesser note, chiefly in contest with the African pirates. But its utility and its wealth gradually departed. The other powers of Europe became owners of great fleets, which reduced the galleys of St John to total insignificance; and there being no longer occasion for their services, the possessions of the knights slipped by degrees from their grasp. Besides, islands could no longer be wrested even from Mohammedans, or expeditions made against them: treaties and alliances bound both parties to peace. At length, in the time of the sixty-

ninth grand-master, Bonaparte appeared before Valetta, the Maltese capital, and, after a feeble show of opposition, took possession of the island. The inhabitants seem to have been utterly tired of the rule of the knights; and the latter ceded Malta to the French, by a treaty which bound them at once to quit the isle. They received petty annuities in lieu of this their ancient possession.

The British expelled the French; but the knights returned to Malta no more. An attempt at the re-establishment of the order was made by Paul of Russia, which ended in nothing. Thus fell the renowned brotherhood of the Knights-Hospitallers of St John. The extent of their possessions at one time, as well as those of the Templars, is shewn by the numberless places, in Britain and elsewhere, to which they have permanently given names.

THE DIVINING-ROD.

THERE formerly prevailed, and still to some extent prevails, a superstitious notion, that the position of minerals and hidden springs of water, and even stolen property, and the guilt of criminals, might be discovered by the use of a succulent elastic twig, which has thence received the name of the *Divining-Rod*. In the progress of knowledge, the use of this instrument as an aid to the inquiries of justice has been abandoned; but it is still employed in America, and other parts of the world, for the discovery of metals and water. More than one English writer has spoken highly of the esteem in which it has been held by the miners of Britain. In France, as lately as 1781, a volume was published, 'detailing six hundred experiments, made with all possible attention and circumspection, to ascertain the facts attributed to the divining-rod; by which is unfolded their resemblance to the admirable and uniform laws of electricity and magnetism.' In America, there

are many decided friends of the divining-rod, and the public journals of that country not unfrequently contain letters of respectable correspondents, stoutly maintaining its pretensions to truth and utility. It is also to America that we are indebted for the first attempt we are aware of to explain the phenomena which have given rise to the superstition. We allude to an article in a number of Professor Silliman's *American Journal of Science*, which we shall abridge for the instruction, and, we trust, the entertainment also, of our readers.

Those wishing to have a divining-rod, usually take a forked branch of any tree whose bark is smooth, and whose fibre is very elastic. The witch-hazel is in the highest esteem, not merely for its potent name, but also for the convenient size and ready forks of its plenteous branches, and the uncommon elasticity of its fibre. The peach and the cherry are often used. The limbs of the fork should be eighteen inches, or two feet in length, and of the diameter of a pipe-stem. When used, it is grasped at the extremity of each limb by the hands, the palms being turned upwards, and the fingers inwards, to the body. The rod is held loosely in this manner, until the diviner begins to apprehend the action of the hidden influence, when he tightens his grasp, and the limbs of the rod become bent from their middle to their lower extremities outward. The diviner, holding the twig carefully in this fashion, moves onward with a slow and creeping step. In due time, the head of the fork turns downwards, and, coming to point perpendicularly to the earth, is supposed to mark the site of the fountain or ore.

The action of the rod, under these circumstances, is a fact plain to the vision of every beholder. Those who hold it are oftentimes men in whose hands life, property, and reputation, might be intrusted; and no doubt they are wholly unconscious of the power which excites the action of the rod, and are themselves the greatest dupes to their art. Nor is this superstitious belief confined to the illiterate. It is by no means unusual for men of learning, in want of fountains for domestic use, to call for

the demonstrations of the divining-rod, and occasionally to acknowledge its success. While the diviner is prosecuting his search, the rod discovers its sensibility by the motion of the point from its vertical position downwards, through the arc of a semicircle, until it rests perpendicular to the earth, when the desired spot is considered as found. This motion, so far from being intended by the holder of the rod, is said to be made in opposition to the closest grasp his hands can give; so much so, that the green bark is generally ruptured, as it is fairly wrung from the rod in the contest between the force which bears the point of the rod down, and the pinching grasp of the diviner to prevent that motion. But the rod does not exhibit this mysterious action in the hands of every man. It is only with a few charmed individuals that it is supposed to move, not only involuntarily, but contrary to their best efforts. These few are of no peculiar age, constitution, or habits, to distinguish them from their fellow-men; though it may be observed, that no females have been known to possess the gift.

Diviners pretend to no change in their feelings during the action of the rod, and attribute the whole to the attracting influence of something unseen. The art is highly valued in the southern and western states of America, where water is neither abundant, in general, nor pure. Here the water-hunter obtains celebrity. He is sent for to a great distance, and performs wonders, with praiseworthy modesty, and for a moderate compensation. If he endeavour to extend his art to the discovery of metals, however, he is generally looked upon with some suspicion, notwithstanding a common belief that his ability equals his pretensions. This he turns to account, by declaring, when his rod fails to discover water, that the counteracting presence of some mineral must have caused his want of success.

The true secret of this remarkable delusion is explained in the following manner, by the American writer:—'In the year 1821, he visited the residence of a respectable farmer in Ohio, where he happened to notice a new well,

at rather an inconvenient distance from the house. On inquiring into the reason, his friend informed him that it had been selected by the divining-rod, and was but seven or eight feet deep; a circumstance somewhat rare, and a triumphant witness to the powers of the rod. It had been discovered by a respectable man, a regular professor of the art. The curiosity of the visitor was excited, and on learning that the rod marked perfectly well in the hands of one of the farmer's sons, he obtained leave to try some experiments with him. The boy was about twelve years of age, and was by no means disinclined to the task, being not a little proud of his supposed gifts. Divining-rods were prepared from every shrub and tree in the forest, and the grass-plot in which the new well was situated, was selected as the scene of trial, because there the discoverer of the spring had already traced out three distinct veins of water. After the visitor had endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to make the rod exhibit its singular movement in his own hands, he directed the boy to try whether it would take any notice of a swift brook which ran on one side of the enclosure. The boy, after repeated trials in various ways, declared himself sensible of some motion in the rod, but thought the attraction of the brook far inferior to that of a hidden vein of water. The three veins of water formerly indicated, were next traced by the boy over the space of an acre, and their whole course marked behind him on the light turf with a stick. During the process, the young diviner was repeatedly asked, if he was sure he was going on correctly, and constantly answered in the affirmative. This done,' says the writer, 'I blindfolded him so that he could not see, took him lightly by the elbow, and led him away from the furrow marking the vein of water on which the new well had been sunk. After a few steps, I turned with him, requesting him to hold up the rod for discovery. I guided him back, but he chose the time of every step. The rod began to turn, and when, having finished its circuit, it turned perpendicular to the earth, he stopped. "Do you mean that the rod points exactly to the vein of water?"

"Yes," he replied. And indeed it did: with his eyes he could not have pointed it out more correctly.

'This was demonstration. Conviction could neither be resisted nor avoided. The sight of the new well had prepossessed me in favour of the divining-rod. The experiment with the lad had been conducted fairly, and its result was irresistibly conclusive. It must convince every one; and to obtain a collection of facts which would put the question at rest for ever, I continued the experiment.' But, alas! for the reputation of the divining-rod. The blindfolded boy was led from one place to another, and failed incessantly to discover the traces of his lately-discovered springs. The rod pointed often enough, and every time it did so, the place was marked; but though the experiment was persisted in till the whole grass-plot became figured with black spots, the courses of the original three veins were never once lighted upon. This speedily settled the matter in the mind of the boy's companion. The illusion of the fountains, and of all attraction under ground, vanished at once. The motion of the rod remained still a mystery, but it must be accounted for in some other way. 'In all my experiments with diviners since,' continues the writer, 'I have found them very shy of a blinder. No diviner has proved so traitorous to his own self-respect as to test the skill of the rod by depriving it of the light of his own eyes. One whose age and respectability obliged me to pay him deference, was pleased with the suggestion of trying the rod over running water above ground. Across a neighbouring stream, a huge tree had been prostrated, its capacious trunk serving as a firm pathway over the swift waters. On this the good man crossed the brook, holding the divining-rod properly in his hands. As he came over the water, the point of the rod began to turn, but did not reach the end of its motion until he had fairly crossed the stream, and stepped on the opposite bank. In repeating the experiment, his own motions and those of the rod were better timed together. His conclusion, carefully drawn, was, that the rod was affected by running-water

above ground, but not so much as by water under ground. He held the rod with peculiar spirit, and an air of determination. Hoping to catch his lively manner, I took a rod, as I stood on the bank of the rivulet, and tried my own hands again. I moved neither hand nor foot, but the rod commenced its action; neither could I restrain it. He who has held the Leyden jar in one hand, while, for the first time in his life, he received its electric charge with the other, will recognise the sensation which communicated itself to the heart, when I felt the limbs of that rod crawling round, and saw the point turning down, in spite of every effort my clenched hands could make to restrain it. To my great satisfaction, without moving from the spot, I found the bark start and wring off from the limbs of the rod in the contest, just as the diviner often shews, to convince himself and his employer of the discovered fountain. It was manifest that the force moving the divining-rod is unconsciously applied by the *hands of the diviner*, and that the great art in holding the rod consists in holding it spiritedly. A smooth bark and a moist hand appeared to have a substantial connection with divining, and from that day till this, the rod has never failed to move in my hands, nor in the hands of those I instruct.

'Take the rod in the diviner's manner, and it is evident that the bent limbs of the rod are equivalent to two boughs tied together at one extremity; and, when bent outwards, they exert a force in opposite directions upon the point at which they are united. Held thus, the forces are equal and opposite, and no motion is produced. Keep the arms steady, but turn the hands on the wrists inward an almost imperceptible degree, and the point of the rod will be constrained to move. If the limbs of the rod be clenched very tightly, so that they cannot turn, the bark will burst and wring off, and the rod will shiver and break under the action of the opposing forces. The greater the effort made in clenching the rod, the shorter is the bend of the limbs, and the greater the amount of opposing forces meeting in one point; and the more unconsciously,

also, do the hands incline to turn to their natural position on the wrists. And this gives true ground for the diviner's declaration, that the more powerful his efforts are to restrain the rod, the more powerful are its efforts to move.'

This seems to be the true secret of an absurd superstition, prevalent amongst an intelligent community, by which the performer, and those who place confidence in his art, are equally deceived. The practice is followed by so many persons of respectable character, that it would be unjust to attribute fraud to them, and we must conclude that they are themselves in total ignorance of the truth. Any one may convince himself that the writer above quoted is correct in his solution of the mystery of the divining-rod, by simply tying together two large goose-quills at the tips, and using them in the same manner as the diviner uses his rod. Two pieces of whalebone will answer the same purpose; and, indeed, the American Journal informs us that a professional gentleman, a most excellent man, and a well-known diviner, not many years deceased, commonly used a fork of whalebone as a divining-rod.

There is another curious circumstance connected with this subject, which is, that the water-hunter not only pretends to determine the site of a fountain by his instrument, but also to discover the depth at which it is to be found. Having ascertained the supposed site of the water, he retires slowly to a little distance, and advances again cautiously towards the spot. The moment the rod begins to move, he stands still and marks the place. He repeats his examination in the same way in every direction around the discovered spring, and makes it appear that the rod is affected on every side within a circle of a certain extent. The diameter of this circle is exactly double the depth of the water. Suppose the depth of the well to be seven, then the diameter of the circle within which the rod is moved, will be fourteen feet; but, strange to say, if the water lies seven-times-seven feet below the surface, then the rod will point within a circle seven times larger;

or, in other words, the attraction *increases* with the distance!

The American writer concludes thus: 'The pretensions of diviners are worthless. The art of finding fountains and minerals with a succulent twig is a cheat upon those who practise it, an offence to reason and common-sense, an art abhorrent to the laws of nature, and deserving of universal reprobation.'

A PILGRIMAGE TO BALCARRES.

THE merit of the ballad of *Auld Robin Gray* has been acknowledged by learned and unlearned, high and low. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as 'that real pastoral which is worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phillis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downwards.' Mr Hazlitt says: 'The effect of reading this old ballad is as if all our hopes and fears hung upon the last fibre of the heart, and we felt that giving way. What silence, what loneliness, what leisure for grief and despair!

"My father pressed me sair,
My mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face
Till my heart was like to break."

The irksomeness of the situations, the sense of painful dependence, is excessive; and yet the sentiment of deep-rooted, patient affection triumphs over all, and is the only impression that remains.' To these testimonies add the tears of the multitudes who have heard it warbled in succession by a Billington, a Stephens, and a Wilson, and it will appear that scarcely any composition of the last hundred years has been more entirely successful than this.

I had long desired to make a pilgrimage to the scene of the birth and early years of the authoress of this much admired ditty, and an opportunity at length occurred

about the close of August 1843. A brilliant morning—alas! only too brilliant, as it proved—saw me making my way by a provincial coach through a somewhat out-of-the-way part of Fife, towards the ancient house of Balcarres, near which I was set down early in the forenoon. It was gratifying to find the place worthy of a poet, and of an ancient and noble family. Seated on the southern slope of the county, about three miles from the coast, it commands a view of great extent and beauty, including nearly the whole expanse of the Firth of Forth and the opposite Lothians. Among the objects which the eye takes in by a short sweep are the 'sea-rock immense' of the Bass, the undulating range of the Lammermoor Hills, and royal Edinburgh, the lofty terraces of which, though above twenty miles off, can here be seen gleaming like an illumination under the reflection of the evening sun. The house was formerly a plain old mansion, possessed of little attraction beyond its commanding position in the midst of a park full of old wood; but of late years it has been altered and decorated into a very fair example of what is, I believe, called the Tudor style of architecture, the principal part of the interior being, however, left in its original state. A little to the eastward are 'Balcarres Craig' and 'Den'—objects which add more picturesque beauty to the landscape than all that twenty 'Capability Browns' could confer. Such is Balcarres, once the seat of the line of earls taking their title from it, of one of whom our authoress was a daughter, but now belonging by purchase to a younger branch of the family, while the main line is settled at Haigh Hall, in Lancashire. I could have sauntered half a day with pleasure among the woods and cliffs, but was soon admonished by a heavy shower to seek the interior of the mansion.

The kind intervention of a friend of the proprietor enabled me, in his own absence, to see all that was to be seen there under the auspices of the servants. But, before proceeding further, it seems necessary that I should state some of those particulars respecting the authoress of *Auld Robin Gray*, on which the interest of the place, in

the eye of an ordinary individual, may be said to depend. A common *Peerage* would describe Lady Anne Lindsay as the eldest daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres. It would tell how she was born in 1750, became the wife of Andrew Barnard, Esq., and died in Berkeley Square, London, in 1825, without children, and then it would consider its duty at an end. To one who has some feeling for old names and events, something more is needed. It seems worthy of notice, for instance, that Lady Anne's father fought for the Chevalier at Sheriffmuir, and that her grandfather was the leading political person on James's side in Scotland at the Revolution. Her mother died in 1820, and it is curious to consider how that old lady linked the present generation to one which we cannot but consider as remote. Her aunt by marriage was the wife of the Earl of Argyle, executed in 1685. The parents of our poetess had married when the one was sixty and the other under twenty, and they had eleven children, eight of whom were sons—'a family of soldiers,' as General Stewart of Garth has described them, and distinguished by their gallant conduct in every quarter of the world. It fell to the lot of the mother to rear her numerous progeny with straitened means, and she performed the duty with a prudence, skill, and high feeling, which left nothing to be desired. Anne, in her girlish days, lived much with her grandmother, Lady Dalrymple of Castleton, in Edinburgh, where she enjoyed the society then graced by a circle of authors who have even since had scarcely a parallel in Scotland. It must not be supposed that Lady Anne was one of those ordinary persons who are sometimes found to strike out one good piece, while every other effort, if they make any at all, is mediocre. Her memoirs and letters, of which some specimens have been printed, shew that she was an unusually clever and acute person, who, had her modesty permitted, or her destiny demanded, might have graced any walk in elegant literature. It was at the close of the year 1771, when left solitary at Balcarres, in consequence of her

sister Lady Margaret Fordyce's marriage, that she composed the ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*, the name of which she took from the cow-herd at the home-farm—a simple swain, of whom I now found there is no tradition left. A friend of the family, Sophy Johnstone by name, an eccentric masculine person, a sort of rough version of Diana Vernon, was in the custom of singing a certain homely song about a silly bridegroom—a favourite subject of ridicule to our Doric muse—the air of which had a great charm for Lady Anne. 'I longed,' says her ladyship, 'to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear—I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes—I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, sister Anne!" said the little Elizabeth [Elizabeth was at this time only eight years old]. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed.' The public very soon obtained possession of the composition; it got into collections of songs; it was the rage for several years; but the authoress never claimed or acknowledged it, conceiving that a literary reputation would only make her an object of jealousy to her friends. But the honours of the song were not yet exhausted. Not only was the present superior air composed for it by a worthy clergyman—Mr Leeves of Wrington—but 'it had a romance composed to it by a man of eminence; was the subject of a play, of an opera, and of a pantomime; was sung by the united armies in America, acted by Punch, and danced by dogs in the street.' The authorship and even the age of the song were, meanwhile, a mystery to the public. Many thought it a production of days gone by, though this a matter-of-fact Edinburgh *writer* disputed, on the ground

that, in old times in Scotland, where the pound was only twenty-pence, no one would have thought of making a crown into such a sum by a sea-voyage. A few suspected Lady Anne Lindsay, and I found, on conversing with old people at Balcarres, that, in that district, no doubt on the point was ever entertained. To arrive at an authoritative conclusion, the Antiquarian Society commissioned their secretary to make inquiry of Lady Anne herself, who, feeling offended by the way in which he put his questions, dismissed him unsatisfied. Finally, a gentleman advertised a reward of twenty guineas to any one who should ascertain the point beyond dispute; a plan which also failed. It is rather remarkable that Lady Anne retained her secret above fifty years, only disclosing it to Sir Walter Scott in 1823, in consequence of his quoting in the *Pirate* a verse of a second part of *Auld Robin Gray*, which her ladyship had written some years after the first, but which had the usual bad fate of sequels and continuations.

I may now enter Balcarres House, and, taking the gentle reader along with me, endeavour to make him participate in the pleasure which I had in inspecting it. I shall not, however, detain him with Colonel Lindsay's handsome new drawing-room and library, though from the window of the latter there is one of the most beautiful peeps of wood-confined landscape—disclosing Kilconquhar church and lake—which I have ever anywhere seen. The dining-room is metal more attractive, for it is old, and characteristic of old times, even to the furniture. It is, however, chiefly curious for a ceiling of decorative stucco-work in compartments, presenting in the centre the arms of James I. of Great Britain—and thus indicating its age as between 1603 and 1625—while, in others, the busts of four heroes of antiquity appear in high relief, mailed and helmeted, with their names inscribed thus: DAVID REX—HECTOR TRO.—JOSVE DUX—ALEXAND. REX. How often has the company of this banquet-hall been changed, excepting these ancient effigies only! How often has our playful poetess sat under them!

Familiar must they have been to the eyes of all her predecessors, back to the very first Lord Balcarres, so created at the coronation of King Charles in Holyrood. And there they still are, likely to look down on many future scions of the gentle-natured race of Balcarres, who, in their turn, must pass away, leaving still these eternal guests sole-remaining. I was most earnest, as may be supposed, in my inquiries for the chambers which the tradition of the house connected more particularly with Lady Anne, and was led to a long winding or *turnpike*-stair, which ascends from the original, but now superseded entrance-hall, and gives access to all the older portion of the mansion. Two flights of this stair conduct us to a floor in which there is a moderate-sized bedroom, usually called Oliver Cromwell's Room, from his having once occupied it, and which now appears remarkable only for the great thickness of wall disclosed by the opening of its single window. This, according to the best accounts, was the apartment of the authoress of *Robin Gray*, but probably only was so when she revisited the house in later life, during the proprietorship of her brother; for in one of her letters she speaks of having had a more elevated retreat in her younger days—in the same staircase, however—being thus lodged appropriately for an intellectual labourer—

'Where Contemplation roosted near the sky.'

'Residing,' she says, 'in the solitude of the country, without other sources of entertainment than what I could draw from myself, I used to mount up to *my little closet in the high winding staircase*, which commanded the sea, the lake, the rock, the birds, the beach, and with my pen in my hand, and a few envelopes of old letters—which too often vanished afterwards—scribble away poetically and in prose, till I made myself an artificial happiness.' Unluckily, amidst the alterations of the house, this sanctum of our poetess has been destroyed.

Having seen all that was pointed out to observation within doors, I was next led to the wood-screened ruins

of a chapel near the house, which the family use as a place of interment. A deep gloom and silence rest on this building, the walls of which are mantled with ivy, while two or three narrow lanceolated window-spaces seem formed expressly as haunts for melancholy night-birds. In the interior, the sod shews a few mounds, betokening sepulture at no remote date; and in particular two, which lie along in one line, and are more notable than the rest. A plain stone informs us that the upper grave contains the remains of Mrs Anne Murray Keith, in whom some readers will be prepared to recognise the Mrs Bethune Baliol of Scott, though that fancy portraiture fails, I am assured, to realise the singular intelligence, spirit, and grace of the old lady's character. Mrs Keith and the dowager-countess of Balcarres (mother of Lady Anne) being the children of twin-sisters, lived together for many years in the greatest harmony, calling each other playfully husband and wife. Time saw them at length deposited together in this spot, having died within little more than two years of each other, both at an advanced age. The grave of Anne Keith certainly adds about six feet of classic ground to the already hallowed precincts of Balcarres. She from whom our modern Ariosto derived the bases of many of his most romantic fictions—in her own phrase, she 'knew her ain groats among other folks' kail'—the sister of the elegant Ambassador Keith—accomplished up to the intellectual level of some of the best minds of her time—was no ordinary person. It is worth while to extract the description that has been given of her personal appearance in another novel, in which she prominently figures under the appellation of Mrs Sydney Hume:—

'A lady of benign and motherly aspect, whom want of height could not rob of dignity, though it was tempered with a benevolence and cordiality quite calculated to put a stranger at once at his ease. But as a stranger she evidently did not intend to regard me—she walked up with an air of the most winning frankness, and, with the loveliest smile that ever graced the lip of age, held out her hand to me.

'I was so struck by her serene and benevolent aspect, and the maternal kindness of her reception, that I could have almost revived the fashion of her day, and kissed the hand I held, I believe, a moment longer than courtesy demanded. I looked, I am sure, with more than civil earnestness in her face, and with more than ordinary admiration on the beautiful curls of the finest *ivory* (not silver) which were ranged in an order younger locks might have studied with advantage, round her open commanding brow—under a cap whose mingled taste and simplicity rendered it the meetest covering ever ancient lady's head was crowned withal. The upper part of the face beneath it—the lofty brow, and a nose which must have been somewhat too strong for feminine beauty—spoke an intellect of no common order, and certainly inspired, when vice or folly came athwart her path, a good deal of uncomfortable awe. But the large, mild blue eye—the most intelligent I ever remember seeing of so peculiarly light a shade—and a mouth around which smiles of good-humour and genuine enjoyment usually mantled, softened the manlier conformation of the other features; and, joined to the pale, though not sickly hue of the once delicately fair skin, gave altogether an aspect at once feminine and interesting to Mrs Sydney Hume.' *

It is greatly to be lamented—though I am perhaps too much of an enthusiast on such points—that Lady Anne was not placed for her last repose in a scene associated with the history of her beautiful ballad. The course of life bore her far from Balcarres. Having, in 1793, married Mr Barnard, son of the bishop of Limerick, she accompanied her husband to the Cape of Good Hope, to which he had the appointment of secretary; and there Lady Anne spent nine years. Afterwards she dwelt in London till the close of her days, only once or twice revisiting the scenes of her youth. A relative has stated a few particulars about her, which may be read with interest. The journals of her voyage to the Cape, and of

* *Probation: a Tale.* By the author of *Selwyn in Search of a Daughter.*

her residence there, and excursions into the interior of the country, illustrated with drawings and sketches of the scenes described, are preserved among the family manuscripts. 'To the family taste, as she called it, of "spinning from the brain in the sanctum of the closet, leaving to posterity to value the web or not, as it pleased," Lady Anne owed the chief amusement of a serene, placid, and contented old age, prolonged, like that of several of her family, beyond the threescore-and-ten usually allotted to human life, but enlivened to the close by the proverbial cheerfulness of the "light Lindsays," and unimpaired vigour of mind and imagination. Her stores of anecdote on all subjects and all persons, her rich fancy, original thought, and ever ready wit, rendered her conversation delightful to the last; while the kindness of her heart—a very fountain of tenderness and love—always overflowing, and her sincere but unostentatious piety, divested that wit of keenness that might have wounded: it flashed, but it was summer lightning.' *

We have a delightful picture of her latter life from her own pen, with a short prose essay, which, while possessed of independent merits, as illustrating an important truth in the economy of human life, has an additional interest as the composition of one known only for one happy poetical effort. 'And now,' she says, 'having for the present closed all that it is necessary to say of kings and courts, I return to the haunts of my heart, like the traveller who has been long away, gleaning from other countries what may amuse the dear circle at home; grieving with tenderness over chasms in that circle never to be supplied, but grateful for what remains of friendship and affection still on earth to cheer the evening of life.

'Of my sister's society I have all that I can in reason expect from the avocations which, as a mother and a grandmother to four families, multiply themselves upon her every day. My brothers rally round me with kindness, when business calls them to town; but it is in the

* I here quote from a privately printed book, *Lives of the Lindsays.* By Lord Lindsay. Wigan. 1840.

affection of my two nephews I find the tenderness so unusual in young men! which is ever ready to fly to be my prop and support when I feel a want of it. . . . . All is liberty and equality here, untaxed by restraint: it is granted by them to me, and by me to them: even their wives permit me to steal into my own den (my drawing-room of forty feet long, surrounded with papers and drawings), and employ myself all the morning, without thinking themselves ill-used by my absence; but never do I refuse the tête-à-tête, which has a useful purpose in view, to any one: I make no selfish monopoly of my time to Anne Barnard, but lay aside the page, in which perhaps my whole heart is engaged, to listen to the anxiety of some other person, though the idea occupying my pen vanishes with the moment, perhaps never to return; and this, at times, I really feel an act of virtue, anxious as I am to finish the labours of the mind while it possesses a part of its powers, though the strength of the body does not always prop it up.

"Oh! blest retirement, friend to life's decline!"

how little am I disposed to change thee for the bustle of this busy town! how I should be throwing away the little portion of life that remains, to seek abroad for the contentment, which at my time of life is best found at home! My friends press me to go out to amuse myself, but I should go without any interest beyond the charm of getting home again; by the side of my fire, I have got into the habit of living in other days with those I loved, reflecting on the past, hoping in the future, and sometimes looking back with a sorrowful retrospect where I fear I may have erred:—together with these mental employments, I have various sources of amusement; I compile and arrange my memorandums of past observations and events; I retouch some sketches, and form new ones from souvenirs taken on the spot: sometimes I employ an artist to finish these, but all is first traced accurately with my own pencil, so impossible do I find it to get any one to enter exactly into the spirit of my

subject. With such entertainment for my mornings, and a house full of nephews and nieces, together with the near connections of my dear Barnard, all tenderly attached to me, I have great—great reason to bless God, who, in taking much from me, has left me so much!

'Talking of occupation—amongst my "vagrant scraps," where thoughts are marked down in order to introduce them here (which I generally forget to do), I find a page on this subject, which seems addressed to contemporaries, who will, I think, understand it.

'*Occupation.*—When living by myself, which I do not a little, I fancy I make discoveries in human nature, which, I daresay, are (to use a vulgar phrase) only mares' nests, but I make hobby-horses of them, on which I gallop off with much alacrity.

'When people say of others who are advancing in life —namely, growing old and ugly—that they are cross, that nothing pleases them, that they are crabbed, and that they have lost their relish for the world, it is all nearly true, with a little alteration. They are crossed, nobody is pleased with them, they find things go backwards —namely, crabbed—and that the world has lost its relish for them; the young and gay find themselves in no affinity with them, and contemporaries are angry when they look in the face of fifty or sixty—it is a sort of mirror which reflects their own wrinkled visages. While gay and pretty contemporaries involuntarily dress themselves in smiles to meet us, conversation is full of openness, good-will, and confidence; but draw the veil of thirty years over the same person, and the manners of every creature will be changed. Where lies the blame? nowhere; the complaint is cutaneous, belonging to the skin only: but let no one suppose himself in fault for this. I have heard a poor old desponder say: "I am grown quite stupid and good for nothing;" but were it possible to remove the veil I have alluded to, and see the rosebuds and lilies where they were before, the effects they would produce on the beholder would soon reanimate the manner, and, with his new skin, Richard

would be himself again—for minds do not grow old or wear out, except by the effects of the body on them.

'But to be serious. When alone, I am not above five-and-twenty. I can entertain myself with a succession of inventions, which would be more effective if they were fewer; I forget that I am sixty-eight, and if, by chance, I see myself in the glass looking very abominable—I do not care.

'What is the moral of this?—That, as far as my poor experience goes—and 'tis said that we must all be fools or physicians at forty—occupation is the best nostrum in the great laboratory of human life for pains, cares, mortifications, and ennui: it amuses in sickness, it lightens the distress of circumstances, it acts as a gentle opiate to ill-requited love, it is a solace to the heart when a fellow-creature can be benefited by our exertions, and even in sorrow—even when the heart is sinking under the load of grief—if we can feel it a duty to bear up, we find it an Atlas to the human mind, giving it strength to support what might otherwise crush it.

'But to treasure up the power of occupying ourselves in a manner to interest us in old age, we must begin, my dear young friends, by occupying ourselves in youth, by cultivating some talent, some taste to which our mind leads us, which may amuse our solitary hours as we advance in life—and, if it has a useful tendency, so much the better—never should the day pass in which a young person ought not to endeavour to make some step forward to improvement; if we do so in youth, the taste will not depart from us in old age, and, instead of giving up the point of happiness, if we make it our aim to keep our minds awake to a sense of our duties, it will serve us in good stead, although Providence may not have gifted us with imagination or ingenuity. The independence of having your amusements within yourselves, my dear friends, will render you beloved and looked up to; the same independence in old age will prevent your ever feeling yourselves a burden on society. Rich in your own resources, you will ask no subscriptions from others, but

gladly afford a share of what little it may be in your power to bestow.'

With this delightful picture of happy old age, I must close my 'Pilgrimage to Balcarres,' from which I only hope the reader may derive one-tenth of the pleasure which it was the means of giving to myself.

REGENERATION OF PARTS IN ANIMALS.

THERE is a power in nature for replacing or reproducing parts which have been injured or lost. It is least conspicuous in the higher animals, and increases as we descend to the lowest. Even in man, however, it exists to a considerable extent. When a bone in our bodies is broken, and the parts separated so as to leave an interval less than an inch, the two broken ends will throw out matter, and fill up the space with new bone. In the case of a dislocation, which is allowed to remain unreduced, a new joint is usually formed, in all respects resembling that put out of use. Even when a whole bone has been destroyed by disease, nature generally contrives to make a new one in its place. The new bony matter is thrown out, sometimes within, and sometimes around the dead shaft; and when the latter has been removed, the new structure gradually assumes the regular form, and all the attachments of muscles, ligaments, &c., become as complete as before. This power of nature is most apt to be shewn in young persons; and it appears that some individuals have it in a much greater degree than others. A very curious example is recorded by Mr White in his work on the *Regeneration of Animal and Vegetable Substances*, 1785. 'A child, born a few years ago to a lady of rank, had two thumbs upon one hand, or rather a thumb double from the first joint, the outer one less than the other, each having a perfect nail. When he was about three years old, I was desired to take off the

lesser one, which I did; but to my great astonishment, it grew again, and along with it the nail. The family afterwards went to reside in London, where his father shewed it to Mr William Bromfield, surgeon to the queen's household, who said he supposed Mr White, being afraid of damaging the joint, had not taken it wholly out; but he would dissect it entirely, and then it would not return. He accordingly executed the plan he had described with great dexterity, and turned the ball fairly out of the socket; notwithstanding this, it grew again, and a fresh nail was formed, and the thumb remained in this state.'

In fishes this reproductive power is chiefly shewn in the fins, which are sometimes replaced after being lost by accident or disease. The teeth of sharks and other fishes are also renewed with the utmost facility when broken off. The power is more energetic in reptiles, and especially in the order to which the frog and toad belong (*batrachia*). In the salamander, for example, new legs with perfect bones, nerves, muscles, &c., are reproduced after the loss or severe injury of the original ones; and in the Triton, a perfect eye has been formed, to replace one which has been removed. In the true lizards, the tail, when lost, appears to be restored; the new part contains no perfect vertebræ, however, but merely a cartilaginous column, like that of the lowest fishes.

In the articulata, the regenerative power is very considerable. The spider and other arachnida (including the scorpion) may lose their legs with impunity, for new ones will grow to replace the old. So it is also with their brethren the crustacea. When the crab, lobster, or crayfish happens to have a limb or claw lopped off, a new one grows in its place. They frequently meet with such losses in the course of the strange operation of throwing off their shell, which they do periodically; and when such an accident takes place, kind nature never fails to repair it. The second articulation from the body is the part at which the fracture most frequently occurs,

and is probably the only one from which the new growth will issue; for, if the claw be broken off below that joint, the animal itself effects the removal of the upper portion, either simply casting it off by violent muscular contraction, or striking it against some hard body. Amputation of a limb seems to be a matter of the utmost indifference to this order of animals. It has often been observed in the Zoological Gardens, that when any person took hold of one of the land-crabs by a leg, the creature instantly threw off the limb in order to get free, and quietly walked away.

The larvæ of many of the insects can reproduce a missing feeler or leg, when the perfect insect cannot. Among the lowest of the articulated division—for example, in the annelides or worms—segments of the body become complete animals; but in the highest of this class, the phenomenon only takes place in the segment which contains the head. The head of the snail has been known to be replaced after being cut off, provided an organ of particular consequence (the cephalic ganglion) is uninjured; but for this regeneration a constantly elevated temperature is said to be necessary.

When we arrive at the lowest department of the animal kingdom, we find this reproductive power in its greatest activity, insomuch that in some tribes (*polypifera*, *asteria*, &c.) any portion cut off becomes an entire animal. A single leg of the star-fish reproduces all the rest, and the minutest cuttings of the hydra acquire an independent existence. At the very extremity of the chain, there are creatures which regularly multiply by detaching portions of themselves, these detached portions being equivalent to a new generation. This, according to modern physiologists, is the simplest of all the modes of multiplication. 'We meet,' says Dr Roget, 'with frequent examples of this process of *fissiparous generation*, as it is termed, among the infusory animalcules. Many species of *monads*, for instance, which are naturally of a globular shape, exhibit at a certain period of their development a slight circular groove round the middle of

their bodies, which by degrees becoming deeper, changes their form to that of an hour-glass; and the middle part becoming still more contracted, they present the appearance of two balls, united by a mere point. The monads in this state are seen swimming irregularly in the fluid, as if animated by two different volitions; and, apparently for the purpose of tearing asunder the last connecting fibres, darting through the thickest of the crowd of surrounding animalcules; and the moment this slender ligament is broken, each is seen moving away from the other, and beginning its independent existence. Each animalcule, thus formed by the subdivision of its predecessor, soon grows to the size which again determines a further spontaneous subdivision into two other animalcules; these, in course of time, themselves undergo the same process, and so on to an indefinite extent. The most singular circumstance attending this mode of multiplication is, that it is impossible to pronounce which of the new individuals thus formed out of a single one should be regarded as the parent, and which as the offspring, for they are both of equal size. Unless, therefore, we consider the separation of the parts of the parent animal to constitute the close of its individual existence, we must recognise an unbroken continuity in the vitality of the animal, thus transmitted in perpetuity from the original stem, throughout all succeeding generations.

'It is in the animal kingdom only that we meet with instances of this spontaneous division of an organic being into parts, where each reproduces an individual of the same species. All plants, however, are capable of being multiplied by artificial divisions of this kind: thus a tree may be divided longitudinally into a great number of portions, or *slips*, as they are called; any one of which, if planted separately, and supplied with nourishment, may continue to grow, and may in time, reproduce a tree similar in all respects to the one from which it had originated. This inherent power of reproduction exists even in smaller fragments of a plant; for, when all circumstances are favourable, a stem will shoot from the upper

end of the fragment, and roots will be sent forth from its lower end; and ultimately a complete plant will be formed.* These facts, which are well known to agriculturists, exhibit only the capabilities of vegetative power under circumstances which do not occur in the natural course of things, but have been the effect of human interference.'

LOUIS LE GRAND.

Louis XIV. of France, whose subjects bestowed upon him the title affixed to this paper, was a monarch marked by so many striking points of character, and spent a long life in circumstances altogether so remarkable, that we have resolved to make him the subject of a brief sketch. Born in the year 1638, he succeeded his father in his fifth year, and thus may be said to have scarcely ever known any other condition in life than that of a sovereign. His long reign of seventy-two years, during which Britain was governed by no fewer than eight successive potentates, was spent in almost uninterrupted wars, the chief purpose of which was his own aggrandisement; and few periods of equal duration in the history of any country, have produced so many men eminent in arms, in arts, and in letters. But the expenses of this monarch impoverished his country; his policy enslaved it; and his own personal qualities, so far from being its honour,

* Among the conditions necessary for these evolutions of organs are—first, the previous accumulation of a store of nourishment in the detached fragment, adequate to supply the growth of the new parts; and, secondly, the presence of a sufficient quantity of circulating sap, as a vehicle for the transmission of that nourishment. It has been found that when these conditions are present, even the leaf of an orange-tree, when planted in a favourable soil, sends down roots, and is capable of giving origin to an entire tree. According to the observations of Mirandola, the leaf of the *Bryophyllum*, when simply laid on moist ground, strikes out roots, which quickly penetrate into the soil. The leaves of the monocotyledonous plants often present the same phenomenon.

are in many respects its disgrace. The grand aim of Louis was to cause himself to be thought something above mortality—a kind of demigod; and in whatever way this end was to be brought about, whether by the extension of his dominions, or the cultivation of personal dignity, he was alike indefatigable. As a monarch, he was, or rendered himself, absolute; he had not even ministers, except of a merely subordinate kind. But on the death of his first wife, a Spanish princess, in 1683, he formed a secret matrimonial connection with Madame Maintenon, a beautiful woman, whose former husband was the celebrated Scarron, the novelist; and this person, in time, became a kind of prime-minister. The Duke de Saint-Simon, in his memoirs, gives the following insight into the qualities and habits of Louis:—

'Though a young man and a king, Louis was not altogether without experience. He had been a constant frequenter of the house of the Countess de Soissons, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, the resort of all that was distinguished, both male and female, that the age could produce, and where he first caught that fine air of gallantry and nobleness, which characterised him ever afterwards, and marked even his most trifling actions. For though the talents of Louis XIV. were in fact rather below mediocrity, he possessed a power of forming his manners and character upon a model, and of adhering to it, which is often more valuable in the conduct of life than the very greatest abilities. By nature, he was a lover of order and regularity; he was prudent, moderate, secret—the master both of his actions and his tongue. For these virtues, as they may be called in a king, he was perhaps indebted to his natural constitution; and if education had done as much for him, certainly he would have been a better ruler. He had a passion, however, or rather a foible—that was vanity, or, as it was then called, glory. No flattery was too gross for him—incense was the only intellectual food he imbibed. Independence of character he detested: the man who once, though but for an instant, stood up before him in the consciousness of manly integrity

of purpose, was lost for ever in the favour of the king. He detested the nobility, because they were not the creatures of his breath—they had their own consequence; his ministers were always his favourites, because he had made them, and could unmake them; and because, moreover, they had abundant opportunities of applying large doses of the most fulsome flattery, and of prostrating themselves before him, of assuming an air of utter nothingness in his presence, of attributing to him the praise of every scheme they had invented, and of insinuating that their own ideas were the creatures of his suggestions. To such a pitch was this intoxication carried, that he who had neither ear nor voice might be heard singing, among his peculiar intimates, snatches of the most fulsome parts of the songs in his own praise.

'His love of sieges and reviews was only another form of this his only enthusiasm—his passion for himself. A siege was a fine opportunity for exhibiting his capacity; in other words, for attributing to himself all the talents of a great general. Here, too, he could exhibit his courage at little expense of danger, for he could be prevailed upon, as it were with difficulty, to keep in the background, and by the aid of his admirable constitution, and great power of enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue, and changes of temperature, really exhibit himself in a very advantageous point of view. At reviews, also, his fine person, his skill in horsemanship, and his air of dignity and noble presence, enabled him to play the first part with considerable effect. It was always with a talk of his campaigns and his troops that he used to entertain his mistresses, and sometimes his courtiers. The subject must necessarily have been tiresome to them, but it was in some measure redeemed by the elegance and propriety of his expressions: he had a natural justness of phrase in conversation, and told a story better than any man of his time. The talent of recounting is by no means a common quality: he had it in perfection.

'If Louis had a talent for anything, it was for the management of the merest details. His mind naturally

ran on small differences. He was incessantly occupied with the meanest minutiæ of military affairs: clothing, arms, evolutions, drill, discipline — in a word, all the lowest details. It was the same in his buildings, his establishments, his household supplies: he was perpetually fancying that he could teach the men who understood the subject, whatever it might be, better than anybody else, and they, of course, received his instruction in the manner of novices. This waste of time he would term a continual application to business. It was a description of industry which exactly suited the purposes of his ministers, who, by putting him on the scent in some trivial matter, respecting which they pretended to receive the law from him, took care to manage all the more important matters according to their own schemes.

'A circumstance which deserves attention, is the residence of this monarch at a distance from his capital. It was not without its design or its influence in the establishment of the absolute sovereignty, which was the favourite project of Louis XIV. From Paris he had been driven in his youth, and the memory of his flight was a bitter subject: there he never considered himself safe, besides being exposed to the observation of spirits of every description. At a court separate from the capital, he had his courtiers more immediately under his eye; absences could be easily marked, and cabals crushed in their infancy. Then came the ruinous taste for building, which it was more easy to indulge at Versailles or Marly than in the immediate neighbourhood of a crowded capital. His changes of residence were chiefly made for the purpose of creating and maintaining a number of artificial distinctions, by which he kept the court in a constant state of anxiety and expectation. It was the fashion to request to accompany him, to desire apartments near him; and according as these boons were granted, so was the courtier humiliated or exalted. When he resided at St Germain, Versailles served this purpose; when at Versailles, Marly; and though at Trianon the whole court were at liberty to present themselves, yet even

there a distinction was made—that ladies might there eat with the king; and particular ones were pointed out to receive the honour as each meal arrived. The schemes of this kind were infinite, and kept his court in a state of perpetual excitement and anxiety to please.

'The *just-au corps à brevet* was an invention of the same kind: it was a uniform of blue, lined and turned up with red, and red waistcoat, embroidered with a grand pattern of gold and some silver. A small number only were permitted to wear this dress: it was one of the highest favours, and every means of interest were set on foot to obtain it. They who wore it, were alone permitted to accompany the king from St Germain to Versailles without being invited.

'One of his perpetual cares, was to be well informed of everything that was passing everywhere—in places of public resort, in private houses, the facts of ordinary intercourse, and the secrets of families. He had spies and reporters everywhere, and of all classes: some, who were ignorant that their information was meant for him; others, who knew that it ultimately reached him; a third set, who corresponded directly with him; and a fourth, were permitted to have secret interviews with him, through back-stairs. Information conveyed in this form was the ruin of many a man who never knew from what quarter the storm came. It was he who first invested the *lieutenant de police* with his dangerous functions, and which went on increasing: these officers were the most formidable persons about the court, and were treated with most decided consideration and attention by every one, even by the ministers themselves. There was not an individual, not excepting the princes of the blood, who had not an interest in preserving their good-will, and who did not try to do it. The opening of letters was another of the shameful means of procuring information. Two persons, Pajoute and Roullier, farmed the post, and apparently on this condition, for no efforts could ever succeed in displacing them or in augmenting their rent. This department of *espionnage* was performed with a most

extraordinary dexterity and promptitude: generally, the heads only of remarkable letters were laid before the king; in other instances, the letter itself. A word of contempt for the king or his government was certain ruin; and it is incredible how many persons of all classes were more or less injured by these means. The secrecy with which it was conducted was impenetrable. Neither secrecy, nor yet dissimulation, was at all painful or difficult for the king.

'Louis XIV. was the model of a king who should have no state-duties to perform, who was required as the head of a court and the hero of addresses, petitions, *levées*, openings of a parliament, reviews, occasional festivals, and, in short, all the lighter duties of a constitutional monarch, with one exception—his passion for buildings. In all personal matters, he was perfect. There was a grace in all he did, a precision and an elegance in all he said, that rendered an attention from him a distinction. He knew the value of it, and may be said to have sold his words—nay, even his smile, even his looks. He spoke rarely to any one; when he did, it was with majesty, and also with brevity. His slightest notice or preference was measured, or, as it were, proportionably weighed out. No harsh word ever escaped him: if he had occasion to reprimand or reprove, it was always done with an air of kindness, never in anger, and rarely even with stiffness.

'He may be said to have been polished to the very limits of nature: no one better marked the distinctions of age, merit, and rank, all which he took care to hit exactly in his manner of salutation, or of receiving the reverences on arrival or departure. His resp[illegible]ner to women was charming: he never pass[illegible]amber-maid without raising his hat; and [illegible] a lady, he never replaced his hat till h[illegible]er. These are what we call the manners [illegible]ol: he was the perfecter of them, and o[illegible] successful [illegible] if not in some mea[illegible]or.

' command of [illegible] in part the
's excellenc[illegible] sports and

exercises. He loved the air, and was constantly out in it, either shooting (he was the best shot in France) or hunting. After he broke his arm, he used to follow the stag at Fontainebleau in a calash drawn by four ponies, which he managed at full gallop with admirable skill. He excelled also in dancing, a species of golf, and at racket; and, up to a late period of his life, was an admirable horseman. Connected with his fondness for shooting, was his attachment to dogs, of which he used to keep seven or eight in his apartments, and feed them himself.

'He had a natural turn for magnificence and splendour; and certainly it was scarcely possible for man to carry it farther; and, like every other taste, it was extensively imitated, spread all over court, camp, and city, and reduced the nobility to poverty and difficulties—a result which he foresaw, and calculated on, to second his own purposes of subjugating the grand seigneurs of his dominions.

'It was the system of Madame de Maintenon and the ministers, for a series of thirty-four years, to render the king inapproachable in private. As he passed from council to mass, through galleries and ante-chambers, the courtiers had the privilege, whoever could catch it, of speaking to him, or whispering in his peruke any matter they might have at heart: his usual answer was a gracious *Je verrai* (I will see); and if the conversation was attempted to be continued, the king arriving at the door of his apartment, left the unhappy courtier to his reflections. By such contrivances as these, and a thousand others, the king was cut off from free communication with the world or his court, and with all his notions of despotic sway, was, in fact, a prisoner in the hands of a cabal—his mistress, his ministers, and his confessor, who took care to play into each other's hands. The different ministers transacted business with the king in the apartment of La Maintenon, where she sat at work, apparently taking no notice of the conversation which passed. Sometimes the king would turn round, and ask her opinion, which she always gave timidly and modestly, generally coinciding

with the minister: the fact all the time being, that the minister and she had previously settled the points in agitation. If, for instance, the matter in hand was a list of candidates for a particular employment, the minister went over the names until he came to the one Madame de Maintenon had previously consented to, and after balancing the merits of the various competitors, at last summed up in favour of the name he had stopped at. If the king preferred another, and was obstinate, he was led away from the subject; other things were started, and the appointment was brought upon the carpet at another interview, when in all probability the humour had shifted. If the minister rebelled against the female sway, he was lost; but if, on the other hand, he was adroit and obedient, Madame de Maintenon took care of his reward.

'To a woman of De Maintenon's ambition, the declaration of her marriage must necessarily have been an object near to her heart. On two several occasions, she had so far succeeded with the king, that he was on the point of acknowledging her, and twice he was prevented: first, by the ardent solicitation of Louvois; and the second time, by the advice of Bossuet and Fénélon. Louvois was poisoned, and Fénélon disgraced. The Bishop of Meaux's authority with the king, the weight of his eloquence and character, and, more than all, the need of his services, prevented him from sharing the fate of the Archbishop of Cambray.

'The death-bed of this extraordinary man was as fine a piece of acting as any other in his life: if anything could have gone deeper than the external surface of form and etiquette, assuredly it would have been the last agony. But Louis died as he had lived—with all the grace and decorum he loved in his brightest moments. His several addresses to his different friends and attendants, and lastly to his heir, were distinguished by that neatness and propriety for which he was famous: in fact, so studied and so perfect is the whole scene, as described in the faithful pages of Saint-Simon, that it produces the effect of a well-acted play, and may almost be said to be affecting.

If the combined efforts of a nation of courtiers could ever raise a man out of humanity, it was done in the case of Louis le Grand: yet here he is, a dying god, on his bed, discovering, as the film comes across his physical sight, and at the same time drops from his intellectual vision, that his apotheosis has been a mistake. His only regret was, that he had neglected the interests of his subjects. His advice to the little dauphin (his great-grandson), not to build, not to make war, but to study the interests of his people, was as much as to say, "take the precisely opposite course which I myself have followed."

'He was long in dying: when he appeared at the worst, the courtiers deserted his apartments, and flocked about the Duke of Orleans, his successor as regent; when he rallied somewhat, the reaction was sudden and complete, and the duke was left for a whole day without a visit from a single individual.'

Perhaps no man who ever sat upon a throne possessed greater power of doing good than Louis, yet no one with these advantages ever did greater mischief. His payment of bribes, or rather a sort of annual salary, to Charles II. of England, gave him no permanent power over this country; while in his warlike views he was completely set at nought by Marlborough. His revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which stamps everlasting infamy on his reign, led to the unforeseen result of making England the place of refuge of thousands of Protestants, the most industrious among his subjects, and whose knowledge of certain manufactures tended alike to enrich their adopted country, and impoverish that which they had left. While the example which he ostentatiously set of the wildest profligacy, had the effect of sapping the morals of his people, his extravagance in building palaces and laying out of pleasure-grounds, in his mode of living, and in his continual wars, exhausted the national resources, and laid the foundation of that misery and discontent which broke out in the Revolution of 1789. Till the present hour, France has not recovered from the deplorable prostration of morals and pecuniary exhaustion produced through his

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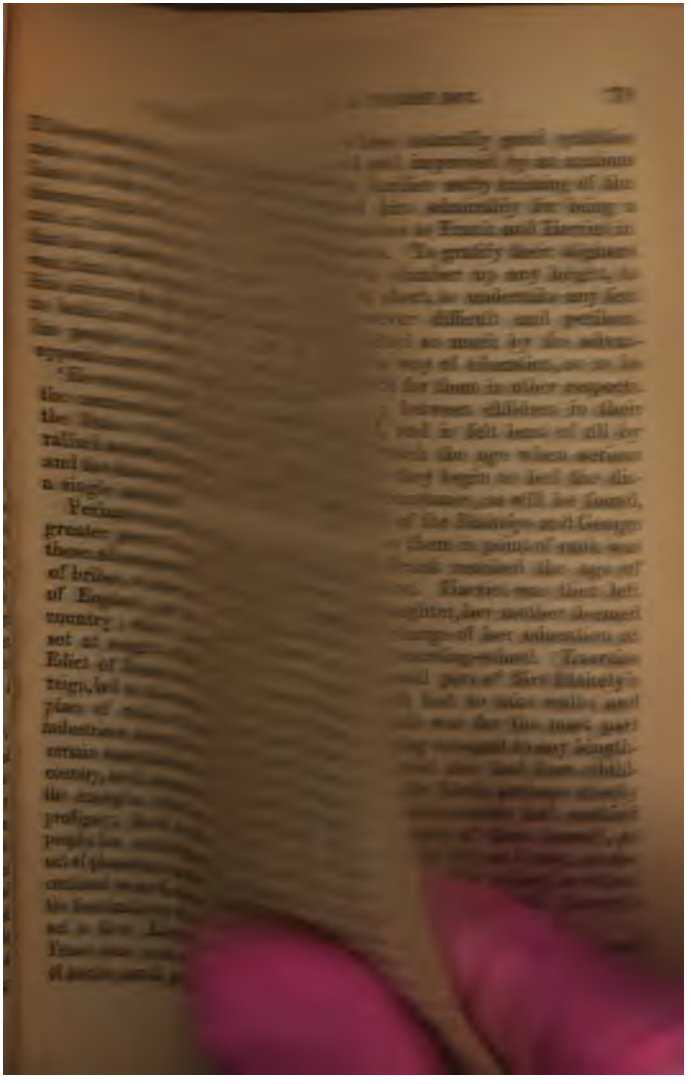

passed from Eton to Cambridge, presenting himself at Blakely Hall only during the vacation seasons. George Dale, in the meantime, had grown up into a fine young man, handsome in person and intelligent in mind. Mrs Blakely, if she had ever even thought of it, had not found it agreeable to her feelings to make him a common servant. She had placed him in the office of her steward or overseer, and thus supplied him with a respectable occupation, which engaged all his hours excepting those which he still devoted to the promotion of Harriet's amusements, and the gratification of her tastes with respect to the feathered creation. The only disturbance of the peaceful routine of existence at Blakely Hall, occurred when Frank came to spend his vacations there. On one of these occasions, he brought with him a friend of his own age, son of a gentleman of property residing at no great distance. This young collegian was evidently struck with the appearance of Harriet Blakely, who had, indeed, become a lovely young woman. George Dale felt a bitter, and at first an inexplicable pang, as he beheld the place which he had so long held at the bridle-rein of the young lady, taken up by this smart and handsome pupil of the Cambridge Alma; and though he could not help fancying that the change was not pleasing to Harriet herself, he took himself secretly to task upon the subject, and made a firm resolution to crush in its infancy a feeling of whose existence he had previously been unaware. For its presumption and folly he rated himself most severely.

Harriet, of course, shewed her brother her aviary, with its increasing stores. 'Harriet, my dear,' said Frank, 'I am surprised that you have never attempted to tame the wood-pigeon.'

'No, indeed,' was her reply; 'I have never yet thought of it; but this is the very season, and George here'—George was standing beside them at the time—'is so careful of them when young, that we never lose any of our little favourites, and it is really no cruelty for us to take them away.'

'There is a nest of wood-pigeons at this moment,' said George, 'upon the single old pine-tree at the north edge of the park. It will be an easy matter to procure a pair of young birds for Miss Harriet.'

Harriet looked down, and was thoughtful a moment. 'No,' said she at length, 'I do not think that we could ever tame them. George, you need not take any trouble about it. That tree—I think I know it—is a branchless and dangerous one.'

No farther conversation passed upon the subject, as the college chum of Frank then came and joined his friend and friend's sister, and the whole three set off on an excursion. George followed them with his eyes as long as they were visible. 'Miss Harriet *does* wish to have these birds, and she shall have them,' thought he to himself, as he slowly turned away from the spot.

Early on the ensuing morning, George Dale was at the spot frequented by wood-pigeons; and what was the result of that visit was discovered by another person shortly afterwards. Harriet Blakely, whether from the consciousness that she had never expressed a wish which George did not attempt to gratify, or from some other motive, directed her steps, on that very morning, to the same spot. As she approached it, a young wood-pigeon crept across the path, almost at her feet. A flutter of pleased surprise agitated her breast, as she hastened to lift, but with tender hands, the poor little creature. 'How fortunate!' thought she; 'there will be no occasion now for taking any risk about these birds.' She little knew at what cost the young bird had been brought down from its nest; but she soon learned the truth. Approaching the tree, she saw with horror the form of George Dale stretched apparently lifeless at the foot of its trunk, with a thick but rotten branch by his side, telling too plainly the story of his fall. The young lady rushed in an agony of alarm to his side. All was forgotten by her at that moment but the spectacle before her. Feelings, long concealed, almost unrecognised by herself, found then instantaneous vent. 'George! dear,

dear George!' exclaimed she, raising his head, and pressing her lips repeatedly to his pale brow: 'O Heaven, he has killed himself to serve me!—to gratify a trifling wish of mine! I shall die also—I cannot live after him! George, dear George, speak to me!'

In this manner did the young lady express the wild and agonised feelings with which she beheld the condition of the companion of her childhood. Erelong, he regained his senses, for he had but swooned through pain, his shoulder being dislocated by his fall; and he recovered in time to become fully aware of the secret of Harriet's heart, disclosed in the moments of her distress. At first, he felt as if he could have borne all the pain of his accident, and have again shut his eyes, to hear her voice and her expressions a little longer; but his better nature regained the ascendancy, and even in that moment he called to mind his own station and hers. He roused himself, to assure her that his hurt was comparatively slight, and that if he could but get a little assistance, he would be able to walk home. At first, she would have had him to lean upon her own arm for support, but at length, directed by him, she went to the nearest cottage for other assistance. She soon returned with two or three of the cottagers, but it was with a quieter step, and with a cheek coloured by reflection on the events of the past half-hour.

George Dale was carried home, and for some time afterwards was confined through the consequences of his accident. While he was in these circumstances, the Blakelys were very kind to him, as indeed all of them had ever been. It was at that period, too, that from conversations with Frank and others who visited his sick couch, he learned something which interested him deeply. The young gentleman who had visited Blakely Hall with Frank, having gone home and received his father's sanction, returned to the Hall, and proposed for the hand of Harriet. To the surprise, and also to the regret of her mother and brother, who thought the match an excellent one, the suitor being of good character, and heir to an

extensive estate, Harriet gave him a decided refusal, and, in place of any satisfactory explanation, made matters worse by begging her brother and Mrs Blakely never again to entertain any thoughts of marriage for her in future. When George Dale heard of this, and listened to the confidential regrets of Frank upon the subject, a struggle took place in his bosom. After what had passed on the morning of his accident, he could not but feel and believe that Harriet loved himself. The thought excited a mixture of emotions, but the mental contention within ended in a firm resolve to sacrifice everything for the peace of the family to which he owed so much. He determined to quit Blakely Hall; and, as he could not quit it without giving a reason, he resolved to explain the true cause to Frank, only hinting at that as a suspicion, which he himself was almost inclined to think a certainty.

As soon as he had recovered from his illness, he sought an interview with Frank, and made his intended communication. Young Blakely was much affected by the disinterested integrity of his early playmate. 'Would to Heaven, George,' said he, 'that you were her equal in station, or anything near to it! I could not desire her happiness to be in better hands. But as it is, the thing is out of the question. You have done rightly, and nobly!'

'Nothing but my simple duty—nothing but what gratitude commanded me to do,' said George.

'But you shall not lose by it,' continued Frank: 'if I, if my friends, have the slightest influence in the world, you shall not lose by your conduct.'

Frank Blakely did not forget his promise. He exerted himself so earnestly with the member for the county, that a situation in one of the public offices was procured for George Dale, and, to enter on it, he quitted Blakely Hall. For the next five years, his career was a most prosperous one, and deservedly so; for his industry was unremitting, and his talents of no mean order. At the end of the period mentioned, the steps which he had ascended one by one had brought him into possession of a very handsome income, and given him a respectable and gentlemanly

station in the world. During the interval following his departure from Blakely Hall, he had heard nothing of its inmates, excepting that Mrs Blakely, his kind patroness, had died. In what condition Harriet was, whether single or wedded, he had not learned. But he himself had not forgotten the past, and it was therefore with an anxious and fluttering heart that he perused a letter, which at length came to him from Frank Blakely, inviting him to visit the Hall as a guest and friend. The note was brief, and entered into no particulars. George lost as little time as possible in accepting the invitation, and speedily followed up that acceptance by presenting himself at the gates of the well-known abode of his youth.

He was received in the first instance by Frank alone, and the latter entered at once into a conversation most interesting to his guest.

'My dear George, Harriet is yet unmarried. She has refused all offers since you left us, in so decided a way, that I have at last become convinced that she either resolutely prefers the unmarried state, or still clings to the remembrance of yourself. The subject is a delicate one, and I have had no explanations with her; but I must tell you, that she constantly expresses a wish to remain single, and, as she is quite cheerful, though not very gay, she may in this speak the truth. But you are now in a respectable position in life, and were you even in one less so, I could not see my only sister's chance of earthly happiness, if it does depend on a union with you, thrown away. I learned that you were still unmarried, and now you have *my* full sanction in addressing Harriet, if you choose it. But be not too confident: I tell you again that she ever expresses a wish to remain single.'

George thanked his young patron most warmly, and confessed that the feelings which had made his former position most trying, were still predominant in his breast.

'But be not too confident,' repeated Frank with a smile, as George concluded his avowal.

George and Harriet were left to themselves for some

moments that evening, and then was seen another proof of the wide applicability of Benedict's reasoning—'When I said I would die single, I did not think I should live till I were married.' Harriet Blakely had had much the same meaning in her declarations. George Dale had been her first and only love. Thrown into his society in childhood, she had loved him ere she knew what distinctions of rank were, or at least before she could appreciate them. When George made the offer of his heart and hand, she accepted it with a blushing joy, proportioned to its unexpectedness. So ends our story. It hath a moral, or rather a double moral. It tells parents, in the first instance, that if they would not have the young to form connections out of their station, they must guard against opportunities being given for it, and remember that there is a sort of free-masonry in youth, which takes no cognisance of social inequalities. Ere the consciousness of these is acquired, the affections may be irrevocably engaged. But our little story has also a more pleasing moral; for we find in it self-command, disinterestedness, and high principle displayed under the most trying circumstances, and in the long-run rewarded in the most appropriate manner—namely, by the prize which had been so nobly rejected, when it could not be accepted with honour.*

THE DROP OF DEW.

BY ANDREW MARVELL.—(1620–1678.)

See how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,

* The reader will find the outline of this *true story* in the *Lounger's Commonplace Book*.

Round in itself encloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight!
  Scarce touching where it lies;
  But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
  Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the *human flower* be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green;
And recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and *circling thoughts* express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
  Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
  Yet receiving in the day;
Dark beneath, but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love:
How loose and easy hence to go!
How girt and ready to ascend!
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire although congealed and chill;
Congealed on earth; but does dissolving run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ORIGINAL STORY OF KING LEAR.

THE world has long been aware that Shakspeare, transcendent as were his powers both of invention and execution, contented himself in the case of nearly the whole of his plays, with adopting the plots presented to him by the historians, romancers, and dramatists of preceding days. More particularly did he adhere to truth in his historical compositions, the very words of the old chroniclers being frequently used by him, with only such alterations as were necessary to cast them into blank verse. This fact, properly viewed, ought only to add to our estimation of the poet, indicating his consciousness that art could never excel nature, nor the human fancy conceive imaginary events and language more fit to 'purge the soul by pity and by terror,' or more provocative of laughter, than the realities disclosed in the authentic annals of our kind.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, it is usually supposed, told for the first time the story of *King Llyr* and his daughters, on which Shakspeare based the inimitable tragedy of *Lear*. It is related, however, in a Welsh manuscript history of earlier date, entitled the *Chronicle of the Kings*, and written by a bishop of Wales named Tysilio. This work was composed at the close of the seventh century, and several copies of it are in existence. It thus tells the story of Llyr, or Lear, the eleventh king, according to the account, of Britain—a term then confined in a great measure to Wales:—

'After Bleiddud came Llyr, his son, to be king, and he governed in peace and tranquillity for five-and-twenty years; and he built a city upon the river Soram, which he called Caer Llyr, and in another language, Leir Cestyr.*

* Most probably Leicester, which Nennius, in his *Historia Brittonum*, calls Caer Lleirou—a name not unlike the one here used.

And he had no son, but three daughters, whose names were Goronilla, Regan, and Cordeilla;* and their father had excessive fondness for them, yet he loved the youngest daughter more than the other two. Thereupon, he considered how he might leave his dominions amongst his daughters after him. Wherefore he designed to prove which of his daughters loved him the most in particular, so that he might bestow upon that one the best part of the island. And he called to him Goronilla, his eldest daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father. Whereupon, she swore to heaven, and to the earth, that she loved her father dearer than she loved her own soul; and he believed, then, that this was true, and bequeathed to her the third part of the island, and the man she should most prefer in the isle of Britain to be her husband. After that he called to him Regan, his second daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father; and she, too, swore by the powers of heaven and earth, that she could not, by her tongue, declare how much she loved her father. He then believed this to be the truth, and left to her the third part of the isle of Britain, together with the man she should choose in the island for her husband. And then he called to him Cordeilla, his youngest daughter, and whom he loved the most of all, and he asked her how much she loved her father—to which she answered: "I do not think there is a daughter who loves a father more than she ought; and I have loved thee through life as a father, and will love thee still. And, sir, if thou must know how much thou art loved, it is according to the extent of thy power, and thy prosperity, and thy courage." And thereat he was moved with anger, and said: "Since it is thus that thou hast despised my old age, so as not to love me equally with thy sisters, I will adjudge thee to have no share of the isle of Britain." Thereupon, without delay, he gave to his two eldest daughters the two princes—

* Shakspeare has softened these names into Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.

namely, the Prince of Cornwall and that of Scotland *— and half the kingdom with them, whilst the king lived; and after his death, the island in two parts between them. And when the rumour of this was spread over the face of the countries, Aganippus, king of France, heard of the wisdom of Cordeilla, and of her form and beauty; he therefore sent ambassadors to the isle of Britain, to demand of the king Cordeilla, his daughter, to be his wife. And he promised her, and declared to the ambassadors, that he should not have any territory or other wealth with her from the isle of Britain. And Aganippus said, that he was not in want of his territory or his riches, but of his noble and illustrious daughter, to beget of her honourable heirs; but there was no delay before Aganippus took the maid in marriage, and no one in that age beheld a maid so fair and so wise as she.

'After a length of time had elapsed, and Llyr was beginning to be feeble from age, his sons-in-law came with his two daughters, and subdued the island from one sea to the other, and they divided the island and the government between them two. This was after the deluge, 1460 years. Thereupon Maglon, Prince of Scotland, took the king to him, with forty knights in his train, to be maintained at his own charge. But two years were scarcely concluded, before Goronilla grew displeased on account of her father's retinue; and she came to him, and desired that he would dismiss the whole of such retinue except twenty knights, observing, that that number was sufficient for a person who was not concerned in wars or any weighty affairs. Thereupon, Llyr became enraged with his daughter for slighting him to such a degree, and he quitted the court of Maglon, and repaired to that of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, expecting to have his dignity and rank better supported there than in the court of Maglon. And Henwyn received him joyfully, and

* The Welsh name for Scotland, used in the original, is Alban, whence came the Albany of Shakspeare. The name of the prince, however, as appears from the sequel, was Maglon, and the Prince of Cornwall was named Henwyn.

treated him honourably, as he ought. But a year and a month had not quite elapsed before Regan, his daughter, grew angry with him on account of the greatness of his train, and desired him to send away the whole thereof, except five knights, and declared that she would maintain only so many in his retinue, and which she deemed sufficient. After he had been obliged to dismiss his knights, he became grieved for the loss of his former dignity, and he returned a second time to his eldest daughter, expecting that she would have compassion on him, and would preserve him his dignity. But she declared, that she would maintain only one knight with him, and that was enough for her to do, as the knights of her lord were at his command. Finding he could obtain nothing by his entreaties, he sent away all his knights excepting one, who continued with him. Then, after meditating upon his former rank, which he had lost, he became oppressed with cares, and sorrowful almost unto death. The words of his daughters and their professions came upon his mind, and thereupon he knew that what was said to him by Cordeilla his daughter was true; and according to his prosperity, his power, and his courage, would he be beloved.

'On this he bethought himself that he would visit Cordeilla his daughter, to implore her mercy, and to see if he could obtain any kind of assistance from her towards recovering his dominion. And after he had gone off to sea with three attendants, bewailing his affliction and wretchedness, he exclaimed, with weeping and groaning, after this manner:—"O heavens! why did you exalt me to the summit of honour, since it is more painful to remember honour after it is lost, than to suffer want without the experience of prosperity! Gods of heaven and earth! let the time yet arrive when I may be able to retaliate upon the persons who have reduced me to this distress. Ah, Cordeilla! my beloved daughter, how truly didst thou say to me—as my power, and my possessions, and my wealth might be, so should I be respected; and for what thou didst speak I became offended with

thee. Oh, my beloved daughter! in what way shall I be able, for shame, to approach thee now, after having suffered thee to go away from the isle of Britain so destitute as I have done?" Continuing to lament his pain and wretchedness in this manner, he came near to Paris, the city wherein his daughter was; and he sent a messenger to her, to announce that he was coming, a poor weak, afflicted man, to implore her mercy to see her. When she heard this, she wept, and inquired how many knights there were with him. The messenger declared there was but one squire: she then wept more bitterly than before, and sent him gold and silver, desiring that he should go privately as far as Amiad,* or to some other city that he might think proper—to take perfumes, and baths, and precious ornaments, and to change his condition, his ornaments and garments, and to take with him forty knights, in the same dress as himself. And when they should be completed and ready, he was to send a messenger to Aganippus, king of France, to announce to him his coming, after having been disgracefully expelled, by his two sons-in-law, from the isle of Britain; and to implore his aid to regain possession of his dominions.

'All that did Llyr do, as Cordeilla his daughter had desired him. And when the messenger came to announce to the king that Llyr was coming to have an interview with him, he was rejoiced; and he came to meet him with a fair and splendid retinue to a great distance from the city, proceeding till Llyr met him; and thereupon they alighted, and embraced affectionately, and proceeded to Paris. And there they dwelt together for a long time happily and joyfully. When the disgrace of Llyr in the isle of Britain was told to Aganippus, he was greatly affected; and thereupon it was agreed in council, to assemble the armies of France, and to subdue the island again. And then Aganippus gave the government of France to Llyr, whilst he should be assembling the

* It seems doubtful what town is here meant, unless it be Amiens.

remote parts. When their forces and necessaries were ready, it was agreed in council to send Cordeilla with Llyr, lest the French should not be obedient to Llyr. And Aganippus commended the French, as they valued their souls, and at their peril, to be as obedient to Llyr and to his daughter as they would be to himself.

'When they had taken leave, they set off towards the isle of Britain; and against them came Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, with all their power, and fought gallantly and severely with them; but owing to the French being so numerous, it did not avail them, for they were put to flight, and pursued, and a multitude of them slain; and Llyr and his daughter subdued the island before the end of the year from one sea to another, and chased his two sons-in-law away out of the island.

'And after the isle of Britain had been conquered by Llyr, a messenger came from France to inform Cordeilla of the death of Aganippus; and she took that very heavily to heart, and from thenceforth she preferred dwelling in the isle of Britain with her father, than return to France on her dowry. Whereupon, after they had reduced the island to them, they governed it for a long time in peace and quietness until Llyr died. And after his death, he was honourably buried in a temple which he had himself built in Caer Llyr, under the river Soram, to the honour of some god who was called *Janus Bifrons*. And upon the festival of that temple, all the craftsmen of the city used to come to honour it, and then they would begin every work that was to be taken in hand to the conclusion of the year.

'After the decease of Llyr, Cordeilla took the government of the isle of Britain, and she managed it for five years in peace and tranquillity; and in the sixth year rose her two nephews, sons of her sisters, who were young men of great fame—namely, Margan, the son of Maglon, Prince of Scotland; and Cunedda, the son of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall. And they assembled an army, and made war on Cordeilla; and after frequent conflicts

between them, they subdued the island, and took her and confined her in prison. And when she thought of her former grandeur which she had lost, and there remained no hopes that she should be again restored, out of excessive anguish she killed herself, which was done by stabbing herself with a knife under her breast, so that she lost her soul. And thereupon it was adjudged that it was the foulest death of any for a person to kill himself. This happened a thousand and five hundred years after the deluge.'

TALE OF EUGENE ARAM.

In the year 1758, a man digging for limestone, near a place called St Robert's Cave, in the parish of Knaresborough, county of York, found the bones of a human body. Suspecting these to be the remains of some one who had been murdered, he gave information of his discovery in the town of Knaresborough, where the people, thrown into great excitement by the intelligence, endeavoured to recollect if any one had of late years been missed from that neighbourhood. It was remembered by a particular individual, that one Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker, had disappeared about thirteen years before, and had never again been heard of. On further inquiry, it was ascertained that he had disappeared under circumstances which occasioned a suspicion of his having acted fraudulently. He had borrowed a considerable quantity of plate, under pretence of being commissioned to collect that article for exportation. Being then just married, he had also borrowed some articles of household furniture and wearing apparel, for the purpose, as he pretended, of giving an entertainment to his friends. After his disappearance, two persons, named Houseman and Aram, were suspected of having aided him in the fraud. Their houses were searched, and some of the miscellaneous articles

found, but no plate, which it was then supposed that Clarke must have made off with; and thus the matter ended. It was now recollected that the wife of Aram, who was subsequently deserted by him, had said to some one that she knew what would peril the life of her husband, and of some other persons. An inquest being held upon the skeleton, all these circumstances were brought forward as evidence.

To this inquest the coroner summoned Richard Houseman, one of the individuals suspected at the time of having assisted Clarke in his fraud. This man entered the room in a state of great agitation, and with strong marks of fear in his countenance and voice. Taking up one of the bones, he used the remarkable expression: 'This is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine;' which convinced the jury that he knew something more about the matter. He was ultimately prevailed on to acknowledge that he was privy to the murder of Clarke, and that his bones were buried in St Robert's Cave, not far from the place where those now before the jury had been found. On a search being made, the bones were found exactly in the place and posture which he described. He stated the actual murderer to be his former friend Eugene Aram, who now acted as usher in the school of Lynn, in Norfolk. A warrant was immediately sent off for the apprehension of Aram, who was found peacefully engaged in his ordinary business. The profession of this man, his mature age, and the reputation which he bore for great learning, conspired to render his apprehension as a murderer a matter of the greatest surprise to the inhabitants of the place where he lived. He at first denied that he had ever been at Knaresborough, or knew Daniel Clarke; but, on the introduction of a person who was acquainted with him at that town, he saw fit to acknowledge his former residence in it.

Eugene Aram was a native of Yorkshire, and connected by birth with some of the families of gentry in that county. The circumstances of his parents are not

stated, but he appears to have entered life in the character of a poor scholar. Having adopted the business of teaching, he devoted himself to the acquisition of knowledge with an ardour equalling that of the most distinguished scholars. After acting as an usher in various situations, he had settled, in 1734, at Knaresborough, where, eleven years after, he committed the crime for which he was now apprehended. By an early and imprudent marriage, he had added to the embarrassment of his circumstances; yet his pursuit of knowledge continued unabated. When we learn that the man who associated with such low persons as Clarke and Houseman, was deeply skilled in the ancient and modern languages, including the Hebrew, Arabic, and Celtic; and was alike conversant in the belles-lettres, in antiquities, and in several branches of modern science, our wonder amounts almost to disbelief; yet there can be no doubt of the fact. He had even, before his apprehension, advanced a great way in a comparative polyglot lexicon, upon a new, and, for that age, profound plan; in which it seems not unlikely that, if it had been carried into effect, he might have anticipated some of the honours of the German philologists. He had also composed several tracts upon British antiquities. In a fiction grounded upon his story, by one of the most delightful of modern novelists, his thirst for knowledge is seized with admirable art as a means of palliating his crime: he is there represented as entering into the base plans of his accomplices, for the purpose of supplying the means of study. But no such motive can be traced in his real story, which simply sets him down as a remarkable example of capacity and talent, degraded and lost through moral infirmity. Yet, even while we execrate the atrocious guilt of Aram, such is the homage we naturally yield to intellectual superiority, such the sympathy we accord to the painful struggles of a mind devoted to knowledge, that he has never been reckoned one of the herd of ordinary criminals. In Caulfield's *Portraits*, there is a genuine likeness of this singular man—an intellectual

but melancholy countenance, forming a touching commentary on his history.

At the trial of Aram, which took place before the York Assizes, on the 3d of August 1759, Richard Houseman was admitted as king's evidence, and gave a minute narration of the murder, slightly distorted, it was supposed, in order to lighten his own share of blame. According to the witness, Clarke had received his wife's fortune, amounting to L.160, on the night before he was murdered. He called at Aram's with this sum in his pocket, and also carrying the plate which he had obtained among his friends. He and Houseman, at the request of Aram, walked out in the direction of St Robert's Cave, where the party had no sooner arrived, than Aram knocked down Clarke and murdered him. Houseman, according to his own account, then retired; but it afterwards appeared that he had assisted in burying the body in the cave. The clothes of the murdered man were brought to Aram's house and burnt, but not without betraying the secret to Mrs Aram. After this, and other evidence had been given, Aram delivered a written defence, in which he endeavoured, by the exercise of much ingenuity and a show of curious learning, to make up for the want of living exculpatory evidence.

'First, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life contradicts every particular of this indictment; yet I had never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no schemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's person or property. My days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious; and I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unseasonable, but at least deserving some attention: because, my lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one

single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy precipitately and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind is never corrupted at once; villainy is always progressive, and declines from right, step by step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of all moral obligation totally perishes.

'Again, my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time with respect to health; for, but a little space before, I had been confined to my bed, and suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me indeed, yet slowly and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches, and was so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never till this day perfectly recovered. Could, then, a person in this condition take anything into his head so unlikely, so extravagant? I, past the vigour of my age, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact; without interest, without power, without motive, without means.

'Besides, it must needs occur to every one that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of, but, when its springs are laid open it appears that it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real or some imaginary want; yet I lay not under the influence of any one of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistent with both truth and modesty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this.'

[He then endeavours, by instances, to shew that the disappearance of a man is but an imperfect argument for the supposition of his being dead.]

'Permit me next, my lord, to observe a little upon the

bones which have been discovered. It is said, which perhaps is saying very far, that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible, indeed, they may; but is there any certain known criterion which incontestably distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

'The place of their depositum, too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for of all places in the world, none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones, than a hermitage, except he should point out a church-yard: hermitages, in time past, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too. And it has scarcely ever been heard of, but that every cell now known contains, or contained, these relics of humanity; some mutilated, and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary sanctity, and here the hermit, or the anchoress, hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed when living.

'1. The bones, as was supposed, of the Saxon St Dubritius, were discovered buried in his cell at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

'2. The bones thought to be those of the anchoress of Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain interred for several centuries, as is proved by Dr Stukeley.

'3. But our own county—nay, almost this neighbourhood—supplies another instance; for in January 1747, were found by Mr Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentleman, the bones in part of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholm, near Hatfield. They were believed to be those of William of Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

'4. In February 1744, part of Woburn Abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpse appeared, even with the flesh on, and which bore cutting with a knife;

though it is certain this had lain above two hundred years, and how much longer is doubtful; for this abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538 or 1539.

'What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

'Further, my lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriotic baronet who does that borough the honour to represent it in parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed on its head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

'About the same time, and in another field almost close to this borough, was discovered, also in searching for gravel, another human skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

'Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary? whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway-sides, in commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones; and our present allotment of rest for the departed is but of some centuries.

'Another particular seems not to claim a little of your lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than *one* skeleton being found in *one cell;* and in the cell in question was found but *one;* agreeable in this to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, then, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon.

'But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some labourer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clarke's as this. My lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, or chance exposed? And

might not a place where bones lay be mentioned by a person by chance, as well as found by a labourer by chance? Or, is it more criminal accidentally to *name* where bones lie, than accidentally to *find* where they lie?'

[He then adverts to the damage found to have been inflicted upon the skull, which he shews might have been occasioned in the course of the ravages committed at the Reformation.]

'Moreover, what gentleman here is ignorant that Knaresborough had a castle, which, though now run to ruin, was once considerable both for its strength and garrison? All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of the Parliament; at which siege, in sallies, conflicts, flights, pursuits, many fell in all the places round it, and where they fell, were buried; for every place, my lord, is burial-earth in war; and many, questionless, of these rest yet unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover.

'I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and the integrity of this place, to impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off, and piety interred; or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

'As to the circumstances that have been raked together, I have nothing to observe; but that all circumstances whatsoever are precarious, and have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible: even the strongest have failed. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability, yet are they but probability still. Why need I name to your lordship the two Harrisons recorded in Dr Howel, who both suffered upon circumstances, because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned again a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affairs of Jacques de Moulin, under King Charles II., related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? And why the

unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocent, though convicted upon positive evidence; and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiously admitted king's evidence; who, to screen himself, equally accused Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dun; the first of whom, in 1749, was executed at Winchester; and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of the Gosport Hospital?

'Now, my lord, having endeavoured to shew that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time; that no rational inference can be drawn that a person is dead who suddenly disappears; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse; that the proofs of this are well authenticated; that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, have mangled, or buried, the dead; the conclusion remains, perhaps, no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candour, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury.'

Notwithstanding this elaborate but specious defence, the guilt of Aram was too clear to admit of doubt, and he accordingly received sentence of death. He afterwards confessed the crime to the clergyman appointed to attend him, but ascribed it to the passion of jealousy. On the morning of his execution, he was found almost dead in bed, in consequence of a wound which he had inflicted upon his arm with a razor; a paper in which he attempted a justification of suicide, being found upon the table by his side. His body, after execution, was exposed in chains at the scene of his guilt.

THE SCOTTS OF BUCCLEUCH.

THE lonely estate of Buccleuch, from which the noble family of Scott has derived its title, is situated in a remote part of the district of Ettrick, in Selkirkshire, and whatever was its former condition, now hardly contains a single human habitation. Scott of Satchells, in his *True History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of the chief family and name :—Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankelburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth Mac-Alpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heugh to the glen now called Buckleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankelburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet. According to Watt's *Bellanden*—

> 'The deer being curee'd in that place,
> At his majesty's demand,
> Then John of Galloway ran apace,
> And fetched water to his hand.
> The king did wash into a dish,
> And Galloway John he wot;
> He said: "Thy name now after this
> Shall ever be called John Scott.

"The forest, and the deer therein,
We cómmit to thy hand;
For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
If thou obey command:
And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Buckseleuch."'

As the whole of this story is founded on legendary tradition, it cannot now be certified. Agreeably to historical accuracy, the surname of Scott does not come into notice in the chartularies till the twelfth century, about 300 years after the date of the traditionary event; but when it is first mentioned, it appears to have belonged to the family of Buccleuch, at the time in the south and west, and that of Balweary, in Fife. The first heads of the house of Buccleuch seem to have been military adventurers with small properties, acquired by marriage, or grant for good services. The sixth in the main line of the genealogical tree was Sir Walter Scott, a chieftain who possessed the estate of Murdockston, in Lanarkshire, some property in Peeblesshire, and the lands of Buccleuch, in Selkirkshire. Finding his Lanarkshire property in a situation so peaceful that nothing could be done in the way of marauding, he exchanged it, in 1446, for Branxholm, in Teviotdale; and it is said, that after the bargain was completed, he drily observed, that, although he might suffer by his new neighbourhood to the Borders, 'the Cumberland cattle were as good as those of Teviotdale.' From this period, the Scotts of Buccleuch rose into eminence and wealth. Sir Walter having exerted himself in suppressing the rebellion of the Douglasses in 1455, James II. conferred on him a grant of some of their lands; and by these and other means, he rose high on the ruin of that powerful family. During the early part of the sixteenth century, the clan Scott figured in all the disturbances and wars on the Borders, along with the Elliots and Armstrongs; their depredations on the property of the English residents being countenanced by Buccleuch, Maxwell, and other

heads of families. At length, reprisals followed; the Earl of Northumberland entered Scotland, ravaged the middle marches, and burned Branxholm, the abode of Buccleuch, situated a short way from Hawick. The war between England and Scotland, which commenced in 1542, and lasted till the year 1551, was severely felt by the Scotts and other Borderers, who, however, with the aid of French auxiliaries, finally overcame their assailants, and made themselves once more masters of the fastnesses which they had lost. After the peace of 1551, the Scottish chieftains who had distinguished themselves during the late troubles, received the honour of knighthood. These were the Lairds of Buccleuch, Cessford, Fairnihirst, Littleden, Greenhead, and Cowdenknows. Buccleuch, whose exploits are celebrated in traditionary lore, did not long enjoy his new honours. He was slain in the streets of Edinburgh, by his hereditary enemies the Kerrs, in 1552.

In the person of Sir Walter Scott, the thirteenth head of the house, the family rose to the rank of a lordship. He lived in the reign of James VI., and was employed to suppress the system of rapine which had been so long carried on upon the Borders. Finding, however, that this was no easy matter, he fell upon the ingenious device of drawing off the most desperate of the tribes into foreign war; and for thus freeing the country of troublesome subjects, he was created Lord Scott of Buccleuch in 1608. Walter, his son, was elevated to an earldom in 1619; and through his son Francis, the second earl, the family, by a grant, acquired the extensive domain of Liddisdale, formerly belonging to the house of Bothwell; also, by purchase, large territories in Eskdale; and, in 1642, the valuable barony of Dalkeith, from the Morton family. Being thus prepared for the highest rank in the peerage, a new era opened in the family history. Francis left only two daughters, the eldest of whom dying without issue, the titles and estates went to her sister Anne, who had been born in the town of Dundee, at a time when many of the nobility and gentry took refuge in that place in

dread of the warfare of Cromwell. In 1663, she was married to James Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II., by Lucy, daughter of Richard Walter of Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, and who was thereupon created Duke of Buccleuch. After a marriage of twenty-two years, her unhappy husband, as the readers of history well know, fell a victim to his uncle James VII. He was beheaded in 1685, leaving his duchess with a family of four sons and two daughters. She afterwards married Lord Cornwallis, by whom she had a son and two daughters, and died in 1732, at her seat of Dalkeith House, where she had occasionally resided in a style of princely splendour. James, her eldest surviving son by the Duke of Monmouth, was entitled Earl of Dalkeith; and he dying in 1705, his son Francis, by the death of his grandmother, succeeded to the title of Duke of Buccleuch, 1732. Notwithstanding the connection with the son of Charles II., the family still preserved the surname of Scott. The above Francis, in 1743, received two of his grandfather's (Monmouth's) titles—namely, Earl of Doncaster, and Baron Tynedale, and was hence a British peer. His Grace, in 1720, married a daughter of James, second Duke of Queensberry, and by this fortunate connection the present Duke of Buccleuch enjoys the estates and titles of the Queensberry family.

The grandson of this personage, Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, was the greatest and most estimable of his family. With a judicious knowledge, implanted by his friend and tutor Dr Adam Smith, his beneficent talents were directed to other purposes than those which engaged the greater part of the aristocracy of his time. He entered into possession of the most extensive landed property in the south of Scotland, for the improvement of which he adopted the most spirited and wise measures. The melioration of the soil, the planting of trees, the cutting of roads, the improving of the breed of sheep, and the elevation of the condition of the tenantry on his vast estates, uniformly engaged his attention. He was also active in raising a regiment of fencibles, at the

beginning of the French war, and was a zealous supporter of the British government. In 1767, he married Lady Elizabeth Montagu, only daughter and heiress of George Duke of Montagu, Earl of Cardigan, by which alliance one of his sons became heir to the Duke of Montagu, but, by limitation of the patent, was only styled Lord Montagu. The grandson of his Grace, Walter Francis, born 1806, is at present Duke of Buccleuch, and possessor of the extensive family domains in the counties of Edinburgh, Selkirk, Roxburgh, Dumfries, and other places. The principal seat of the family is at Dalkeith House, a mansion founded on the ruins of a castle of considerable antiquity, and recommended by its proximity to Edinburgh, and the beauty of its environs.

The supporters of the arms of the Buccleuch family, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and a buck, or, according to the old terms, *a hart of leash and a hart of grease.* In the shield, there was formerly a hunting-horn, a symbol of the origin of the race, long retained by Scott of Howpasley and Thirlstane. It is said the motto was, *Best riding by moonlight,* in allusion to the moss-trooping habits of the founders of the family. The modern motto is *Amo,* which applies to the female supporters.

AN ABSENTEE HUSBAND.

In a work now little heard of, *Dr King's Anecdotes of his Own Times,* there is presented an account of an eccentric person, who cherished an odd desire of secret watchfulness over his own family, and which must be considered a species of mental hallucination. The following is this strange narrative :—

About the year 1706, I knew one Mr Howe, a sensible, well-natured man, possessed of an estate of L.700 or L.800 per annum. He married a young lady of a good family in the west of England; her maiden name was Mallet:

she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower, to transact some particular business: the same day, at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her, that he was under a necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she neither heard from him nor of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with her some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favour of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage Walk, in St James's Park. When she had read her billet, she tossed it to Dr Rose, and laughing, 'You see, brother,' said she, 'as old as I am, I have got a gallant.' Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr Howe's handwriting: this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs Howe, that she fainted away. However, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs Howe the next evening to the Birdcage Walk. They had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr Howe came to them, and after saluting his friends, and embracing his wife, walked home with her; and they lived together in great harmony from that time till the day of his death.

But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife, they lived in a house in Jermyn Street, near St James's Church: he went no farther than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week; and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man), he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence. He had had two children by his wife when he departed from her,

who were both living at that time; but they both died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs Howe was obliged to apply for an act of parliament, to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead. This act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house, near his lodging, which he frequented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehensions of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. But nothing of this kind happened: on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate quite free and unencumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings; and upon examining his papers, in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transactions or money concerns.

Mrs Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants, and the expenses of her housekeeping, and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn Street to a little house in Brewer Street, near Golden Square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with Salt once or twice a week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs Howe's dining-room, where she generally sat and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven

years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St James's Church, and used to sit in Mr Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her.

After he returned home, he never would confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such a singular conduct: apparently, there was none; but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it. Dr Rose has often said to me, that he believed his brother Howe would never have returned to his wife, if the money which he took with him, which was supposed to have been L.1000 or L.2000, had not been all spent: and he must have been a good economist, and frugal in his manner of living, otherwise his money would scarce have held out; for I imagine he had his whole fortune by him, I mean what he carried away with him in money or bank-bills, and daily took out of his bag, like the Spaniard in *Gil Blas*, what was sufficient for his expenses.

Phrenologists, we fancy, would say that Dr Howe was labouring under the influence of diseased secretiveness—a form of mental malady far from uncommon, but seldom manifested on the scale that has been described.

JOHNSON:

A STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

THE small country town of H——, in which I reside, is a bustling, thriving, little place in the western part of the kingdom. Amongst other evidences of its prosperity, it exhibits an unusual number of respectable shops. Being a small community, we, like all small communities, take sometimes a very great interest in very little matters, especially when of a local nature. It is also said, and cannot well be denied, that we are a little given to scandal. We know what everybody in our little town is about, and everybody canvasses every other body's affairs

with the greatest freedom. Yet the old-established inhabitants have a sort of clannish regard for each other, and we do not usually treat any with severity, except strangers who may be endeavouring to obtain a settlement amongst us.

Some years ago, one of our principal shopkeepers died in a state of insolvency, and his shop was shut up, to the great disfigurement of the town, as it occupied a very conspicuous place near its centre. Every one felt concerned at the dulness which its closed windows gave to the street; but the predominant feeling was curiosity as to who should be its next tenant. On this point, a variety of rumours was set afloat. One day, it was confidently asserted that the shop was taken by a great tea-merchant from the capital; the next, an extensive haberdasher from an adjacent city was said to be the man. At length, a tenant did appear—a native of England—a mild, gentle-looking man, of somewhat slender form, and about forty years of age. Strange to say, nobody knew or could learn anything about him; neither whence he came nor what were his means. It was only seen that he opened shop as a tea-merchant and grocer, under the name of Johnson.

The public remained in this ignorance for a few weeks; but at length a rumour got abroad that Johnson was a person of doubtful character. By and by, specific charges were heard of. It was said that he had once committed an extensive forgery, and only escaped the penalty of the law through the forbearance of the parties whom he had injured. Another charge was, that he had deserted his wife and three children, who were now starving in a remote and obscure village in England. He was also said to be a fraudulent bankrupt, having robbed his creditors to a large amount: he was, lastly, a person destitute of religious principle.

I cannot say that we were much grieved at learning all this of the new-comer, for we had a decided prejudice against him, and would have much preferred seeing his shop occupied by one of the native inhabitants of our

burgh. Some went so far as to entertain a decided wish to drive Johnson from amongst us, and with this view, did not scruple to give currency to the scandals which had been raised against him. The consequence of their efforts was, that Johnson obtained no business. Three weeks elapsed from his opening shop, without his being known to have obtained a single customer, except for the most trifling articles.

Curious to know how he felt under the treatment he was receiving, I and another shopkeeper availed ourselves of the opportunity presented by our undertaking to collect subscriptions for the widow—herself dying—and small family of a respectable townsman, a tanner to business, who had died suddenly, and in poor circumstances, in consequence of certain heavy losses he had recently sustained. Provided with this apology—for we had no hope whatever of obtaining a contribution from Johnson—we entered his shop; my friend winking significantly to me as we did so. To our surprise, we were received with the utmost kindness of manner. We had expected blustering hauteur and insolence, from which my companion hoped to derive some amusement. But the very opposite conduct was exhibited, and I must say it threw us out. In order to draw him forth, we asked how he had found business since he came to H——; to which he replied, that he had as yet done nothing, but it was not surprising, as he was wholly a stranger, and no doubt it was natural for every one to prefer old acquaintances. He hoped, however, that by and by, when the people should know him a little better, they would favour him with a share of their custom. 'And,' he added with a significant expression, but with the same gentle smile, and the same mild tone, 'when the good folk here know me a little longer, and consequently a little better, they will, I hope, see cause to change the opinion they have formed of me, and will be sorry, I daresay, for having believed—still more sorry for having taken any share in propagating—the absurd stories about me that have been raised by falsehood and malice.'

My friend and I were confounded both by the matter and manner of these remarks. We clearly enough perceived that Johnson was perfectly aware, not only of the reports that were in circulation against him, but of the share we had had in propagating them. We did not make any reply, but proceeded to the ostensible purpose of our call. We laid the subscription-paper before Mr Johnson, at the same time explaining the circumstances of the case.

Having glanced at the paper, he, without saying a word, went to a little desk at the head of the counter, raised the lid, thrust in his hand, withdrew it, returned to us, and—still without speaking a word—laid a sovereign upon the subscription-paper. It was the largest sum which had yet been contributed by any individual. 'Poor woman,' said Johnson, in a voice which, from another, I should have said was that of true compassionate feeling, 'I trust she will yet recover: I hope she is properly attended to, and that the sum which may be collected will be sufficient to put her in some little way of doing.'

With feelings which I should not find it very easy to describe, I took up Johnson's contribution, wished him good-morning, and, accompanied by my friend, left the shop. The conduct of the man altogether puzzled us. The gentleness of his manner, and the patience and mildness with which he spoke of his want of success in business, and of those who had traduced him, confounded us. We came to the conclusion that he was, after all, merely a consummate hypocrite, and that there was no doubt he would shortly appear in his true colours.

One forenoon, some little time after, my neighbour, Manson, the person who had accompanied me in my call on Johnson with the subscription-paper, and who had, I must say it, been particularly industrious in spreading the evil reports, called me into his shop, and put a letter into my hands. It was from Johnson. Here it is:—

'SIR—It is with very sincere regret I have learned that you have been circulating reports highly prejudicial to

my character, and utterly ruinous to my interests. This is a very serious charge; but I beg of you to understand, that I do not bring it against you without having sufficient proof of its truth. Such proof I could command as would at once obtain for me large damages in a court of justice. But it is not my intention to adopt such a course with you: I mean rather to appeal to your reason and your better feelings, and to try whether I cannot, by such a proceeding, bring you to a sense of the injustice you have done me.

'I now, sir, make this appeal, and am very sure that a little reflection will point out to you the impropriety of your conduct towards me, and induce you at once to express your regret for it, and to desist from it in time to come. Please to remember, that I have never done *you* the smallest injury, either by word or deed, either directly or indirectly. Why, then, this unprovoked hostility towards me? Allow me, in conclusion, to say, that it would afford me inexpressible happiness could I by any means induce you to think better of me than you at present do. I would do much, sir, to gain your goodwill, if I might not aspire to your friendship. In the meantime, have the kindness to desist from farther injuring me.—I am, sir,' &c.

'Well, Manson,' said I, after having read the letter, 'what do you think of it?'

'Why, that its writer is a mean-spirited, sneaking, canting fellow, and a most accomplished hypocrite,' replied Manson.

'Then, upon my word,' said I, 'I cannot agree with you; neither can I help beginning to entertain a somewhat different opinion of this man. I now doubt the truth of much that has been said against him. I do not know how it is, but this unalterable gentleness of his has a strange effect on me; it is beginning to make me feel somewhat ashamed of myself, as regards the part I have acted towards him. In truth, this mildness of spirit, with all its seeming inertness, appears to me to possess an extraordinary power. Had he given us bad language

that day we called with the subscription-paper, my prejudices would have been confirmed; but his suavity has completely disarmed me. What do you mean to do, Manson, with regard to that letter?'

'Why, to take no notice of it. I do not mean to answer it: I wish to have no correspondence with such a character.'

About a week after this, we had a subscription-ball in H——, got up by some of our gayer and wealthier townsmen. Amongst those present were Johnson and his sister, a lady-like girl of about two-and-twenty, to whom, it was said, her brother was extremely kind and attentive. On this occasion, Johnson and his sister were treated with marked discourtesy on all hands. Some, as if studiously to insult them, turned their backs on them when they approached; others got out of their way with offensive haste; while others, again, sneered at them while they passed. I could observe that Miss Johnson felt keenly the treatment to which her brother and herself were subjected. She looked pale and agitated; and, occasionally, as a more than usually marked instance of disrespect occurred, a blush would hurry over her fine, intelligent countenance. Johnson, again, though apparently not less sensible of the contumely to which he and his sister were exposed, met it differently: his demeanour, as he perambulated the ball-room, with his sister leaning on his arm, was calm and collected, while a gentle and significant, but almost imperceptible smile played about his rather handsome mouth. I really could not help admiring his calmness and self-possession under these trying circumstances.

Greatly struck by what had fallen under my observation, I could not help reflecting, as I went home, that surely he must be no common man who could thus maintain his temper under such trying circumstances; and I began to feel a friendship for him taking possession of me. Being now anxious to be convinced of his worth, I determined on stepping into his shop now and then, and having some conversation with him. Let me here

parenthetically remark, that, in spite of the rumours that had been circulated against him, and in spite of the efforts of a clique to injure his business, or, rather, to prevent him obtaining any, Johnson was gradually acquiring a fair share of custom. His mildness and civility, together with the perfect propriety of his conduct, were gradually overcoming prejudice and winning confidence. People said: 'As to the unfavourable reports of Mr Johnson's character, we must suspend judgment: we believed them at first, certainly, but now we have our doubts. Besides, his articles are, at least, as reasonable in price, and certainly much better in quality, than those of many dealers in town.'

In pursuance of the resolution I had formed, I called, a day or two after the ball, on Mr Johnson, and sat for nearly two hours with him—fascinated at once by his singularly pleasant and gentle manners, by his great intelligence, and by the extraordinary extent and variety of his information. There was, even in the tones of his voice, a charm that I found exercising a powerful influence over me.

I frequently repeated my calls, and after each interview, became more and more satisfied that Johnson had been grievously wronged. Under this impression, I took every opportunity of expressing amongst my friends and acquaintances my strong doubts of the truth of the reports. To my great gratification, I found almost everybody, although they had no such opportunities of correcting their opinions, willing to believe that he had been unjustly dealt by.

By and by, Mr Johnson and I became so intimate, and I so assured of his innocence as regarded the special accusations which scandal had circulated against him, that I ventured one day to mention them to him. He said calmly: 'My dear sir, I knew from the very first of the circulation of these rumours; but, excepting one letter to Mr Manson, I have never made any attempt to meet them with a denial, being certain that my own conduct would be their only effectual refutation. Since you have adverted

to the subject as a friend, I will explain all to you. As is often the case, these reports are not altogether creatures of any one's imagination, but have a certain basis in fact, though not as applicable to me.' He then proceeded to shew—proving at the same time the truth of what he said by various documents—that the forgery of which he had been accused, instead of being committed by him, had been committed *upon* him; and this by a nephew of his own, whom he had forborne to prosecute, although his loss by the act had exceeded L.2000. As to the desertion of wife and children, he also satisfied me, first, that he had never been married at all, nor ever had had any children; next, that the family alluded to was the widow and children of his brother, whom he was now supporting, and had supported for many years. He shewed me a number of letters from the widow, who resided in a distant part of England, and several from her elder children, whom he was educating; all of which were filled with expressions of the warmest love and gratitude.

A letter which he next produced, and which he had but a day or two before received from the rector of Combermeath, his native parish, was written in an affectionate strain, and bore, in an incidental way, the strongest testimony to his moral and religious character.

'Now,' said he, laughing, 'we come to the last remaining charge—my fraudulent bankruptcy. Well, it is true, perfectly true, that I did stop payment about fifteen years since; chiefly in consequence of the forgery on me by my nephew, and partly in consequence of large losses otherwise. But success in business enabled me at a subsequent period to pay all my creditors in full, including interest. Of the satisfaction of my creditors with my conduct on the occasion of which I speak, I have evidence, inscribed, not indeed on a tablet of brass, but on a vessel or rather utensil of silver, which I will shew you.'

Having said this, he rose, went to a corner of the shop, and drew a bell-pull. His sister—there being an internal communication between the shop and the house which was above—answered the summons.

'Izzy, dear,' said Johnson, 'will you be so kind as bring down the salver which was presented to me by my good friends at Combermeath?'

Miss Johnson quickly appeared with a large, massive, and richly ornamented piece of plate, which her brother desired her to put into my hands; directing my attention at the same time to an inscription in the centre. This inscription I read, and found it to be a flattering testimonial, from Mr Johnson's creditors, to the excellence of his character, and expressing their deep sense of his rare integrity, as exemplified in the circumstance of his having paid in full, and with interest, the several sums he owed them, after he had been legally discharged of the same.

Dear reader, the man of whom I have been speaking—the man who was so slandered and traduced when he first came amongst us—who was called everything that was bad—who was shunned and despised—is now first magistrate of H——, and has long been esteemed, as he indeed is, one of the worthiest men in the county.

GENERAL INVITATIONS.

'PRAY do call in an easy way some evening, you and Mrs Balderstone: we are sure to be at home, and shall be most happy to see you.' Such an invitation one is apt to get from friends, who, equally resolved against the formality and the expense of a particular entertainment on your account, hope to avoid both evils by making your visit a matter of accident. If you be a man of some experience, you will know that all such attempts to make bread and cheese do that which is more properly the business of a pair of chickens, end in disappointment; and you will, therefore, take care to wait till the general invitation becomes a particular one. But there are inexperienced people in the world who think everything is as it seems, and are apt to be greatly deceived regarding this accidental mode

of visiting. For the sake of these last, I shall relate the following adventure:—

I had been remarkably busy one summer, and, consequently, obliged to refuse all kinds of invitations, general and particular. The kind wishes of my friends had accumulated upon me somewhat after the manner of the tunes frozen up in Baron Munchausen's French-horn; and it seemed as if a whole month would have been necessary to thaw out and discharge the whole of these obligations. A beginning, however, is always something; and, accordingly, one rather splashy evening in November, I can't tell how it was, but a desire came simultaneously over myself and Mrs Balderstone—it seemed to be by sympathy—of stepping out to see Mr and Mrs Brown, a married pair, who had been considerably more pressing in their general invitations than any other of our friends. We both knew that there was a cold duck in the house, besides a segment of cheese, understood to be more than excellent. But so it was that we had taken a visiting humour, and forth we must go. Five minutes saw us leaving our comfortable home, my wife carrying a cap pinned under her cloak, while to my pocket was consigned her umbrageous comb. As we paced along, we speculated only on the pleasure which we should give to our kind friends by thus at last paying them a visit, when perhaps all hope of our ever doing so was dead within them. Nor was it possible altogether to omit reflecting, like the dog invited by his friend to sup, upon the entertainment which lay before us; for certainly, on such an occasion, the fatted calf could hardly expect to be spared.

Full of the satisfaction which we were to give and receive, we had nearly entered the house before we thought it necessary to inquire if anybody was at home. The servant-girl, surprised by the confidence of our entrée, evidently forgot her duty, and acknowledged, when she should have denied, the presence of her master and mistress in the house. We were shewn into a dining-room, clean, cold, and stately as an alabaster cave, and which had the appearance of being but rarely lighted by

the blaze of hospitality. My first impulse was to relieve my pocket, before sitting down, of the comb, which I thought was now about being put to its proper use; but the chill of the room stayed my hand. I observed, at the same time, that my wife, like the man under the influence of Æolus in the fable, manifested no symptom of parting with her cloak. Ere we could communicate our mutual sensations of incipient disappointment, Mrs Brown entered with a flurried, surprised air, and made a prodigious effort to give us welcome. But, alas! poor Mr Brown—he had been seized in the afternoon with a strange vertigo and sickness, and was now endeavouring, by the advice of Dr Boak, to get some repose. 'It will be *such* a disappointment to him, when he learns that you were here, for he would have been so happy to see you. We must just entertain the hope, however, to see you some other night.' Although the primary idea in our minds at this moment was the utter hopelessness of supper in this quarter—we betrayed, of course, no feeling but sympathy in the illness of our unfortunate friend, and a regret for having called at so inauspicious a moment. Had any unconcerned person witnessed our protestations, he could have formed no suspicion that we ever contemplated supper, or were now in the least disappointed. We felt anxious about nothing but to relieve Mrs Brown, as soon as possible, of the inconvenience of our visit, more especially as the chill of the room was now piercing us to the bone. We therefore retired, under a shower of mutual compliments, and condolences, and 'hopes,' and 'sorries,' and 'have the pleasures;' the door at last closing after us with a noise which seemed to say: 'How very glad I am to get quit of you!'

When we got to the street, we certainly did not feel quite so mortified as the dog already alluded to, seeing that we had not, like him, been tossed over the window. But still the reverse of prospect was so very bitter, that for some time we could hardly believe that the adventure was real. By this time, we had expected to be seated snug at supper, side by side with two friends, who, we anticipated, would almost expire with pleasure at seeing

us. But here, on the contrary, we were turned out upon the cold, inhospitable street, without a friend's face to cheer us. We still recollected that the cold duck remained as a fortress to fall back upon; but being now fairly agog in the adventure, the idea of returning home with our object unaccomplished, was not to be thought of. Supper we must have in some other house than our own, let it cost what it may. 'Well,' said Mrs Balderstone, 'there are the Jacksons! They live not far from this—suppose we drop in upon them? I'm sure we have had enough of invitations to their house. The very last time I met Mrs Jackson on the street, she told me she was never going to ask us again—we had refused so long—she was going, she said, just to let us come *if* we liked, and *when* we liked.' Off we went, therefore, to try the Jacksons.

On applying at the door of this house, it flew open, as it were by enchantment, and the servant-girl, so far from hesitating, like the other, seemed to expect no question to be asked on entrée. We moved into the lobby, and inquired if Mr and Mrs Jackson were at home, which was answered by the girl with a surprised affirmative. We now perceived, from the pile of hats and cloaks in the lobby, as well as a humming noise from one of the rooms, that the Jacksons had a large company, and that we were understood by the servant to be part of it. The Jacksons, thought we (I know my wife thought so, although I never asked), give some people particular invitations. Our object was now to make an honourable retreat; for, although my dress was not entirely a walking one, and my wife's cap was brought with the prospect of making an appearance of dress, we were by no means fit to match with those who had dressed on purpose for the party, even although we should be asked to join them. Just at this moment, Mrs Jackson happened to cross the lobby, on hospitable thoughts intent, and, to her own misfortune, caught a glimpse of us. 'Oh, Mrs Balderstone, how do you do? How are you, Mr Balderstone? I'm so delighted that you have come. We have just a few friends with us, and it will be so delightful if you will join them.

Come into this room, and take off your bonnet; and you, Mr Balderstone, just you be so good as step up to the drawing-room; you'll find numbers there that you know. And Mr Jackson will be so happy to see you,' &c. All this, however, would not do. Mrs Balderstone and I not only felt a little hurt at the want of specialty in our invitations to this house, but could not endure the idea of mingling in a crowd better dressed and more regularly invited than ourselves. We therefore begged Mrs Jackson to excuse us for this night. We had just called in passing, and, indeed, we never attended ceremonious parties at any time. We would see her some other evening, when she was less engaged—that is to say, we should take care to trouble her no more. And so off we came, with complimentary language upon our tongues, but by no means conformable feelings in our hearts.

Again upon the street—once again. What was to be done now? 'Why,' said Mrs Balderstone, 'there is excellent old Mrs Smiles, who lives in the next street. I have not seen her or the Misses Smiles for six months; but the last time they were so pressing for us to return their visit (you remember they drank tea with us in spring?) that I think we cannot do better than pop in upon them.'

Mrs Smiles, a respectable widow, lived with her five daughters in a third floor in —— Street. Thither we proceeded, with a hope, undiminished by the two preceding disappointments, that here at length we should meet friends ready to receive us in the manner we had been led to expect. Our knock at Mrs Smiles' hospitable portal produced a strange rushing noise within; and when the servant appeared, I observed, in the dim vista of the passage, one or two slip-slop figures darting across out of one door into another, and others, again, crossing in the opposite direction; and then there was heard a low, anxious whispering, while a single dishevelled head peeped out from one of the doors, and then the head was withdrawn, and all was still. We were introduced into a room which

had evidently been the scene of some recent turmoil of no ordinary kind, for female clothes lay scattered in every direction, besides some articles which more properly belong to a dressing-room. We had not been here above a minute, when we heard our advent announced by the servant in an adjoining apartment to Mrs Smiles herself and some of her young ladies. A flood of obloquy was instantly opened upon the girl by one of her young mistresses—Miss Eliza, we thought—for having given admission to anybody at this late hour, especially when she knew that they were to be up early next morning to commence their journey, and had still a great many of their things to pack. 'And such a room you have shewn them into, you goose!' said the enraged Miss. The girl was questioned as to our appearance, for she had neglected to ask our name; and then we heard one young lady say: 'It must be these Balderstones. What can have set them a-gadding to-night? I suppose we must ask them to stay to supper, for they'll have come for nothing else. Mary, you are in best trim; will you go in and speak to them till we get ourselves ready? The cold meat will do, with a few eggs. I'm sure they could not have come at a worse time.' Miss Mary, accordingly, came hastily in after a few minutes, and received us with a thousand protestations of welcome. Her mother would be so truly delighted to see us, for she had fairly given up all hope of our ever visiting her again. She was just getting ready, and would be here immediately. 'In the meantime, Mrs Balderstone, you will lay by your cloak and bonnet. Let me assist you,' &c. We had had enough, however, of the Smileses. We saw we had dropped into the midst of a scene of easy dishabille, and surprised it with unexpected ceremony. It would have been cruel to the Smileses to put them to trouble at such a time, and ten times more cruel to ourselves to sit in friendly intercourse with a family who had treated us in such a manner behind our backs. '*These Balderstones!*' My wife, therefore, represented that we had only called upon our return from a walk, and without intending to stay. As Mrs Smiles was

out of order, we would not disturb her that evening, but call on some other occasion. Of course, the more that we declaimed about the impossibility of remaining, the more earnestly did Miss Smiles entreat us to remain. It would be such a disappointment to her mother, and still more to Eliza and the rest of them. She was obliged, however, with well-affected reluctance, to give way to our impetuous desire of escaping.

Having once more stepped forth into the cold blast of November, we began to feel that supper was becoming a thing which we could not much longer, with comfort, trust to the contingency of *general invitations*. We therefore sent home our thoughts to the excellent cold duck and cheese which lay in our larder, and, picturing to ourselves the comfort of our parlour fireside, resolved no more to wander abroad in search of happiness, unless there should be something like a certainty of good fare and a hearty welcome elsewhere.

Thus it is always with general invitations. People give them without reflecting that they cannot be at all times ready to entertain visitors; cannot be so much as at home to have the chance of doing so. Others accept and act upon them, at the risk of either troubling their hosts very much, or receiving a very sorry entertainment. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest, who has come on the faith of one of these delusive, roving invitations, often disorganises the economy of a whole household. Nothing tries a housewife so much. The state of her larder or cupboard instantaneously flashes on her mind; and if she do not happen to be an unusually wise virgin, fortified with scores of those invaluable articles which can be made ready at any time, she can scarcely fail to be reduced to the most awkward dilemma. Or you may chance to arrive at a death or a marriage, a period of mourning or rejoicing, when the sympathies of the family are all engaged with matters of their own, and when, of course, your visit will be productive of the greatest inconvenience.

If people will have their friends beside them, let them, for the sake of all that is comfortable, give a

definite invitation at once: a general invitation is much worse than no invitation at all; for it is as much as to say that the person is not worth inviting in a regular manner. On the other hand, I would advise all my friends to turn a deaf ear, if they be wise, to *general* invitations: they are nets spread out to ensnare their comfort. Rather let them be content with the maxim, which somebody has inscribed over a doorway in one of the ancient streets of Edinburgh, TECUM HABITA—*Keep at Home.* R. C.

VOYAGE OF AN ELEPHANT FROM INDIA.

IN one of my voyages, it was my good-fortune to have as a shipmate one of the great ones of the East—a personage of vast weight in his *own* country, and still more run after and admired on his arrival in *this*. Though he came on board with but one attendant, and with no luggage but a single trunk, he trod the deck with as firm a step and as lordly a mien as if he had been one of the magnates of the ship, as well as of the land. The captain himself was fain to keep at a respectful distance from his passenger. He was silent and reserved in his demeanour; and the only person whom he honoured with exclusive friendship and attention, was a little whey-faced, under-sized, dirty fellow, who acted as butcher on board. Be not surprised at this singular preference, gentle reader; the passenger with a single trunk was the same elephant which now exhibits its lordly form in the Regent Park Zoological Gardens; and it was but natural that he should feel particularly attached to the man whose constant care it was to administer to his wants, and to study to gratify his peculiar tastes.

It was in July 1830, that preparations were made on board the Honourable Company's ship L——, for the reception of our unwieldy passenger. In all large East India ships there is a space between the booms, and *before*

the bow of the long-boat, in which is a large open-barred pen, fitted up as a cow-house. In the present case, the roof of this was raised a few feet, the cow transferred to other quarters, and the place made as commodious as possible for its new tenant. Quantities of plantain stems, pumpkins, hay, joggry (a kind of coarse sugar), and other elephant luxuries, were sent on board, and an anxious look-out was kept for a favourable opportunity for the animal's embarkation—a matter of no trifling difficulty, as all those know who have crossed the Madras surf, and all those *may* know, who will read Captain Basil Hall's account of it. At length, the wished-for opportunity presented itself, and the elephant was marched down to the beach—the day was fine, and the surf uncommonly low. Many years had elapsed since an exhibition of the kind had taken place; and as great curiosity was excited on shore, a crowd assembled to witness the interesting spectacle. A large cargo-raft, or catamaran, was brought close to the water-mark on the beach, on each side of which a barricade of spars had been raised, with a vacant space between them in the centre. The elephant, with his keeper on his neck, was made to walk on to the raft, where he stood quietly between the barricades, while his fore and hind feet were secured with ropes to the spars below, and under his belly a stout piece of wood was passed, the ends of which rested on the barricades, so as partially to support the weight of his body. A well-manned massoolah boat lay outside the first line of surf, with a tow-line attached to the raft on shore. When all was ready, the catamaran was launched into the surf by a strong party of coolies, while the men in the massoolah boat plied their oars, and kept a tight strain upon the tow-line, and in a few moments the watery barrier was passed. It was a beautiful sight to see the noble animal standing apparently firm and unmoved when the surf dashed over the catamaran, and broke in white foam around him. It was an interesting proof of his confidence in man, that, though danger presented itself in such a novel and startling aspect, he braved it without flinching while he knew

that his keeper was with him. The outer line of surf was easily passed, for on the day in question it was scarcely perceptible; and the novel spectacle presented itself, of a man riding over the sea upon an elephant. Meantime, everything was in readiness on board the ship for his reception. A pair of immense slings had been prepared, such as are used for hoisting horses on board, only of larger dimensions, and much stronger materials; he had been regularly measured for them some days before. I will attempt to describe them for the benefit of the uninitiated. They were made of strong canvas, bound, as the ladies would say, with small rope, formed into a long broad belt to pass under his belly, with a smaller one to pass behind like a *breechin*, and another similar one to go over his breast, to prevent his slipping out; each end of the large belt or belly-band was strongly secured over a stout round bar of wood, to the extremities of which were fastened the ends of a short strong rope, with an iron thimble in the *bight*, or centre. The main-yard was topped up and well secured; and as soon as the raft came alongside, the hands were called out, and every soul in the ship sent up to the tackle-fall. As soon as the slings were properly adjusted, the elephant's legs were released, and the keeper came on board. One of the men on the raft seeing the elephant raise one of his immense paws, thought he was in a dangerous neighbourhood, and jumped into the water, preferring the chance of being nibbled at by the sharks to the apparent certainty of being crushed by an elephant. When the man swam to the raft again, and was laughed at for his alarm, he said he thought 'a kick from such a foot as that would be no joke.' At length, all was ready—the tackle was hooked—'haul taut on deck,' was the cry—'tweet, tweet,' sounded the boatswain's call. 'Now, my lads, for a steady walk,' said the chief mate; 'hoist away!' The fife struck up a merry tune, but was scarcely heard, for the men gave a cheer, and *ran away* with their unwonted burden; and in a moment the giant animal was dangling thirty feet above the water's edge, as helpless as if he had been

a sucking pig. His alarm and astonishment must have been great, to find himself in such an unusual predicament; but whatever his feelings might have been, the only expression he gave to them was a loud cry, between a grunt and a roar, when he was first carried off his legs by the tackle. He was quickly lowered on deck, where his keeper was standing in readiness to receive him, and to coax him into good-humour again, if necessary, with joggry and other delicacies. He seemed too much pleased, however, to find himself safe on his legs again, to think much of the novelty of his situation, or to appreciate properly the honour of being on the quarter-deck of one of the finest merchantmen in the world, but gazed on all around him with the most philosophic indifference. After allowing him a little time to recover his breath, he was coaxed forward, and hoisted over the booms into his new abode, the roof of which had been taken off to admit him. His keeper soon afterwards took leave of him with many salaams, and went on shore, and he was then consigned to the charge of the butcher.

Our passenger soon became reconciled to his new quarters, and was as much at home there as if he had been a sailor all his life. He remained on board the ship for nearly nine months, during which time we visited Penang, Sincapore, China, and St Helena. His principal food was plantain stems, hay, pumpkins, and joggry, of the latter of which he was very fond; his daily allowance of water was eight gallons. He was remarkably mild and tractable, and fond of every one who treated him with kindness—would kneel down at the word of command in Hindostanee; and if asked to shake hands, lifted up his enormous paw to comply. His sagacity was astonishing, and would sometimes have done credit to a rational being: I must mention one or two instances of it. His cage had an opening at one end, about four feet square, to allow room for the butcher to enter with his food. One of his principal amusements was to put his head out of this opening, to see if we were all doing our duty properly, while his trunk was busily engaged in

picking up all the 'wee things' that came within its reach. This he was enabled to do more comfortably by means of a stout plank, the end of which projected a couple of feet into the cage, and which he made use of as a step. One day, the carpenter requiring some of the plank for a particular purpose, cut a few feet off the end of it, and it was then too short to reach the cage. As soon as the elephant missed his footstool, he began to shew his displeasure by tearing down the thin planks with which his cage was lined, and uttering cries of anger. At last, he caught sight of a pack of staves lying on the booms near him, twisted his trunk round it, and dragged it into his cage; then laying it down where the plank had been before, he mounted upon it, and gave a grunt of pleasure. On another occasion, the ship was staggering along before a strong breeze, and was rather suddenly hauled to the wind, which of course made her lie over very much. The moment the elephant felt the ship heeling over, he whirled round with his head to windward, and instantly thrusting his trunk through between the bars of his cage, twisted it round one of the spars lashed outside, and held on by it. When we arrived at Blackwall, in April 1831, crowds of visitors came on board to see the new importation, and they were all much pleased with his gentleness and docility. He took everything that was offered him in the eating way, and was not at all particular in his tastes; indeed, on one occasion, a lady who put her reticule within tempting distance of his trunk, was rather astonished to see it transferred with surprising celerity from her hand to his mouth, and he swallowed it with as much relish, apparently, as if it had been a cabbage-leaf.

At last he was purchased for the Regent Park Zoological Gardens, and, I believe, proved a good speculation to the captain. A strong platform was erected on an inclined plane from the ship's gangway down to the dock-wall, for the elephant's accommodation in disembarking —but in vain: he put one foot upon it, fancied it was not firm, and drew back; and nothing could have persuaded

him to make a second attempt. We were obliged to hoist him out at last. As soon as he stood once more on the land, long lines were fastened to his feet, to check him in case he should attempt to run away, and he then quietly followed his keeper. As soon as he passed the dock-gate, where a crowd was assembled to welcome his appearance, he caught sight of the green hedges and trees down a lane to the right, and set off at a swinging trot to have a nearer look at them, trailing after him a whole rabble of boys, who were shouting and tugging at his heel-ropes. He was soon obliged to stop, and then housed in a neighbouring stable till the middle of the night; and when all was still, he was quietly marched up to his new quarters in Regent Park. Some weeks afterwards, a friend accompanied me to the Zoological Gardens to visit our old shipmate, and see whether he would recognise us. As he was still a novelty, a number of people were assembled round his house, feeding him with cakes, and other acceptables of the kind. When we spoke to him, he *seemed* to recognise us, but whether he did so or not, he *understood* us, for, to the great surprise of the persons around, when we said in Hindostanee, 'Kneel down,' he did so immediately, and likewise raised his foot to shake hands, when told. I have not seen him since that time, but I have heard that he is doing well, and has greatly increased in size since he left his native shores.

THE TWO MOTHERS:

A STORY FROM THE CAUSES CÉLÈBRES.

On the 14th of November 1722, Marguerite Brunot, wife of a shoemaker of Paris, gave birth to a son, who was baptised in the parish church of St Louis on the following day. Along with this child was baptised another, also a boy, born on the same day, and the offspring of Anne

Troelle, wife of René Troelle, a master carver in Paris. The one child was named Michel Brunot, and the other Bernard François Troelle.

The families of Brunot and Troelle were near neighbours, and lived on the most intimate terms; hence they were led to propose putting the children to nurse in the same place, and the place chosen was the village of Richeville, in Normandy—a district considered as peculiarly healthy and proper for such a purpose by the Parisian mothers. It was arranged that the same woman should take both children to their country abode. Accordingly, when this person came to the house of the Brunots, the infant of the Troelles was sent for, and brought to the conductress. The wife of Brunot took the precaution, though probably dreaming little of the issue, to mark the wrapper which was upon her child, by sewing to it a little piece of dressed leather from her husband's stores. It does not appear that the sculptor's wife thought of any precaution of the kind. Attired alike in all respects but the one mentioned, as infants commonly are, the two children were taken away by their conductress to Richeville.

Separate nurses had there been provided for the children. It was subsequently asserted by certain of the parties concerned, that at the time the children were handed over to their respective nurses, a mistake took place, and that the infants were confounded one with the other. It was said that the child of the Troelles was given to one nurse as that of the Brunots, the Troelle nurse, of course, getting the child of the other family. However this matter stood, it is certain that the child given out to nurse as that of the Troelles, lived only seventeen days, and was buried in the parish cemetery of Richeville. The mortuary extract upon the subject bore, that 'On the 2d of December 1722, died, and on the 3d was buried, Bernard François Troelle, son of M. Troelle, carver in Paris, which child was at nurse with Claude Lecercle, our parishioner.'

To the wife of Troelle was sent all the clothing of the

deceased infant, and here it was that the first idea of something wrong suggested itself. Among the linen sent to her, Madame Troelle found an old cap, marked with a G. This discovery startled her. The thought sprang up that her child was not dead; and she went directly to the house of the shoemaker Brunot, and told his wife that she did not believe her infant to be dead, shewing, at the same time, the strange cap which she had found. Brunot's wife declared that the cap was none of hers, and said that if Madame Troelle had any doubts upon the subject, the best way would be to go to the spot, and there endeavour to ascertain the truth. The carver's wife, however, appears to have had her hopes shaken by the cap being not that of her neighbour, and the matter fell aside for the time.

Four or five months afterwards, the Brunots changed the nurse of their boy, sending him to Boisemond, a place about a league from Richeville, where a curate, cousin to Brunot, had his residence. Under the eyes of this relative, the child remained for two years, after which it was taken home to the house of the Brunots in Paris. Some time after this event, Madame Troelle, who had brooded incessantly over the supposition, that not her child, but that of the shoemaker, had died, was roused by the sight of the returned infant to claim it openly. She went to the house of the Brunots, and in a state of great excitement, demanded the restoration of the boy. Her cries of 'Give me my child—give me my child!' attracted a crowd. Troelle's wife had already impressed some of the neighbours with a belief in the justice of her claim, and Brunot and his wife were greatly abused and insulted by the crowd. In consequence of this outrage, the Brunots appealed to the law, and the Troelles were ordered to keep the peace under heavy penalties, and to pay all expenses of appeal.

On the other hand, Troelle and his wife brought an action against the Brunots, to procure the restoration of the child, alleging it to be theirs. They actually got a decree in the first instance, ordering the delivery of the child to them by the shoemaker and his wife. But the

latter brought an appeal against this decision, and then the case was formally tried in court, the best advocates of the day being employed on both sides. The Troelles founded their claim on the following circumstances:—The child to which Madame Brunot gave birth was feeble and delicate, and even had a serious illness before being sent out to nurse; now, the child of the Troelles was remarkably strong and healthy, and was less likely to be the first to take a fatal illness. The child in dispute, also, was very healthy. Again, the Troelles averred that the two children, when first sent to nurse at Richeville, were laid in one bed by their conductress, and then were mistaken one for the other, and were given to the wrong nurses accordingly. Of this assertion, the only proof brought by them was, that a cap marked G, not belonging to Madame Troelle's child, but to Brunot's, was sent to her on the infant's asserted decease. The letter G was the first letter of M. Brunot's name—Guillaume. (Madame Troelle also averred, that the linen, marked by the Brunots with a piece of leather, came to her at the same time; but as she at first mentioned nothing but the cap, this second statement was not believed, and indeed greatly damaged her cause.) Again, the Troelles asserted, that the linens which the living child wore, on being taken from Richeville to Boisemont, were precisely those originally given by Madame Troelle to her child. And, lastly, it was stated that the living child bore a strong resemblance to the other children of the Troelles, and none to Brunot's family.

Slight as these grounds appear to be, they formed the whole case of the Troelles, and were the foundation of a trial that greatly interested the public of France. The Brunots answered them chiefly by denying that the cap marked G ever belonged to them or their child; and by pointing to the register which contained the record of the infant Troelle's death. They shewed that no proof existed of any exchange of the children ever having taken place. As for the change of health in the child, such things were too common to excite the slightest

surprise. With regard to the resemblance of the disputed child to the Troelles, the wife of Brunot did not deny that there was a seeming likeness between them; and for this she could only account by the circumstance of her having been much struck, before the birth of the child, by seeing the corpse of another infant of the Troelles, and gazing on it long. The Brunots also dwelt on the fact of no claim having been made for two whole years.

The court, after hearing long pleadings on both sides, came to the conclusion, that the children had never been exchanged—that the dead child was that of the Troelles; and, accordingly, the decree of the judges was, that the shoemaker Brunot and his wife should keep the infant.

To this case, the compiler of the *Causes Célèbres* adds an anecdote, which seems to have suggested the plot of Miss Edgeworth's excellent story entitled *Ennui*. A nurse, into whose charge was given the child of a rich noble, had an ambition to see her own son a lord. She accordingly exchanged the one infant for the other, and, in time, the changeling became inheritor of the wealth of his supposed ancestors. The real heir, having the claims of a foster-brother upon his substitute, went to him, and was taken into his service. Distinguishing himself highly by his probity and good conduct, the servant became his master's intimate friend, and was treated by him more as a real than as a foster-brother. In the course of time, the nurse was taken ill. She then sent for her real son, the seeming gentleman of birth, and disclosed the whole secret to him. Going home immediately afterwards, he there took an opportunity of telling the story, as if it had occurred to third parties, and concluded by asking his servant and foster-brother what *he* would have done had he been the true heir, and had learned the secret from the supposed one. 'I would have halved my fortune with the other,' was the immediate answer. 'Then your sincerity must now be tested. You and I are the true parties to whom I alluded.' The real heir did not shrink from his word, but shared his means fairly with his former master.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG:

A TRUE STORY.

'Twas in the flowery month of June,
When hill and valley glow
With purple heath and golden whin,
White thorn and crimson rose;

When balmy dews fall soft and sweet,
And linger half the day,
Until the sun, with all his heat,
Can scarce clear them away;

Amid the Grampian mountains dun,
A shepherd tended sheep,
And took with him his infant son,
Up to a craggy steep.

The sheep lay scattered far and wide;
The sky was high and clear;
The shepherd's dog pressed close beside
The child so fair and dear.

The father and his darling boy
Lay dreaming on the hill,
Above them, all was light and joy;
Around them, all was still.

When, hark! a low and distant bleat
Broke on the shepherd's ear,
He quickly started to his feet—
Dark mists were gathering near.

The shepherd knew the storm might last
Through all the day and night,
And feared his sheep, amid the blast,
Might stray far in their fright.

He kissed, and charged his boy to stay
  Behind the craggy steep;
And with his dog he went away
  To gather in his sheep.

An hour had scarcely passed, when back
  To the same spot he came,
Called on his boy; while rock to rock
  But echoed back his name.

No trace, no track, no sound was there!
  He searched, he called in vain;
Then home he rushed in wild despair,
  Immediate help to gain.

He gathered friends and neighbours round—
  They scaled the craggy height;
But he they sought could not be found,
  Although they searched all night.

Three days and nights they still sought on;
  Their efforts all were vain:
The shepherd's son was surely gone,
  Never to come again.

Meantime, the shepherd's dog was seen,
  When given its morning cake,
With the whole cake his teeth between,
  The hillside road to take.

The shepherd, wondering what this meant—
  His son still in his mind—
After the dog one morning went,
  Which flew as fleet as wind.

Up, up, a high o'erhanging crag,
  The dog in haste hath gone,
Then gave his tail a joyous wag;
  The shepherd followed on.

A rocky ledge at length he gained,
His heart beat thick with joy,
For lo! the cave above contained,
All safe, his darling boy!

The bread the hungry infant took,
The dog lay at his feet;
The cake in two the child then broke,
And then they both did eat.

Such feasts of love are seldom seen
In gay and festal halls,
As this poor shepherd saw within
That cavern's rocky walls.

WONDERFUL CURERS.

WONDERFUL cures were abundant in the days of antiquity. It is probable that Æsculapius himself, if any such person ever existed, was chiefly, if not solely, one who performed cures by working on the imagination of his patients. The numerous and noted body of priests who ministered in his temples in ancient Greece and Italy, were unquestionably healers of this order. Amulets, consisting of precious stones or certain plants, worn on the body; charms in the form of words, prayers, and music; and the practice of magical rites—were all of them familiar modes of cure among the ancients, and continued to be so among many of the most advanced modern nations till a recent period. Indeed, the separation of genuine medicine from superstitious practices, is, even in England, a comparatively modern event; that is to say, amongst the learned, for the more ignorant people of all ranks yet put trust in quack medicines. There seems a good reason for this. Medicine is exactly one of those sciences in which the relation of cause and effect is of the sufficient degree of

obscurity to call for the exercise of our sense of wonder. To the great mass of mankind, the change produced in a diseased body by the natural operation of a chemical substance, vegetable or mineral, must appear nearly as wonderful as the supposition that three unintelligible words pronounced over it will effect a cure. They do not trace the steps of the process in the one case more than the other; and it is an inability to trace these steps, as Dr Adam Smith, in his *History of Astronomy*, has clearly shewn, which produces the sentiment of wonder. Accordingly, pretensions to miraculous curing have been at all times a ready means of imposing upon mankind.

Till the early part of the eighteenth century, it was the custom of at least the sovereign of Great Britain, if not for several other European monarchs, to go periodically through the ceremony of touching, for the king's evil or scrofula. It was supposed that a real sovereign—that is, one possessing a full hereditary title, or, in other words, reigning by divine right—was able to cure a person afflicted with that disease, by a mere touch of his hand. In England, the ceremony had been in vogue for many centuries. It was generally supposed to have been first practised by Edward the Confessor; and there is good evidence that it was in use in the thirteenth century. In the fifteenth, during the reign of Edward IV., we find the learned legal writer, Sir John Fortescue, speaking of the gift of healing as a privilege which had from time immemorial belonged to the kings of England. He attributes the virtue to the unction imparted to their hands at the coronation. Even the powerful mind of Elizabeth was not superior to this superstition, and she frequently came before her people in the character of a miraculous healer. There was a regular office in the English *Book of Common Prayer*, for the performance of the ceremony. The persons desirous of being cured appear to have been introduced by a bishop, or other high dignitary of the church. Prayers were said, and every effort made to produce in the patients a firm reliance on the power of the Deity, as about to be manifested through the royal hand. At the

moment of imposing the hand, the king said: 'I touch, but God healeth;' and afterwards hung a coin round the patient's neck, which he was to wear for the remainder of his life. The Stuarts, from their extreme notions of divine right, and the weak and superstitious character of the most of them, were great sticklers for this part of their royal prerogative, and frequently put it to use. Dr Johnson had an indistinct recollection of being touched when a child by Queen Anne. The old Jacobites, however, used to say, that the virtue did not descend to Mary, William, and Anne, seeing that they wanted the divine right. Still less would they believe that it resided in the sovereigns of the Brunswick dynasty, who, however, never put it to the proof. Since the death of Anne, there have been, we believe, no touchings for the evil; and the office for the ceremony has been silently allowed to drop out of the Prayer-book.

The Jacobites, while believing the Georges to be incapable of healing, were not disinclined to the notion that the Pretender possessed the gift. The laborious Carte brought disgrace upon his *History of England* by introducing, in a note, an account of one Christopher Lovel, a labouring man of Bristol, who, being grievously afflicted with king's evil, which appeared in five great sores on his neck, breast, and arms, proceeded in August 1716 to Avignon, and was there touched by the exiled prince. 'The usual effect,' he says, 'followed. From the moment that the man was touched, and invested with the narrow ribbon, to which a small piece of silver was pendent, according to the rites prescribed in the office appointed by the church for that solemnity, the humour dispersed insensibly, his sores healed up, and he recovered strength daily, till he arrived in perfect health, in the beginning of January following, at Bristol.' Carte tells us, that he himself saw the man soon after, and found him in a vigorous frame of body, with no appearance of the disease but the red scars which it had left; and he evidently must have been of opinion, that the cure was the effect of a miraculous virtue in the Pretender's hand.

A writer of the day, in commenting upon this passage in Mr Carte's book, takes a sensible view of the case. He attributes the cure to the exercise of the journey, the change of air and of food, and to the medical treatment to which, he says, the man was subjected immediately after the touch. And the cure, he says, was, after all, only temporary. After a short time, the sores broke out afresh, and the man perished in a new attempt to reach the court of Avignon.

Carte affected to be puzzled to account for the cure of Lovel, seeing that the royal personage who performed the cure was not an *anointed* king; for the virtue, it was supposed, lay in the unction, as expressed by Sir John Fortescue. It must have been a virtue, we fear, liable to accommodate itself to circumstances, out of deference to the exigencies of royalty. When Prince Charles Stuart was at Holyrood House, in October 1745, he, although only claiming to be Prince of Wales and regent, touched a female child for the king's evil, who in twenty-one days became perfectly cured! *

The seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth centuries, present us with several examples of private persons who were supposed to have a miraculous power of curing by touch. The most celebrated was a Mr Valentine Greatrakes, a Protestant gentleman of the county of Waterford, born in 1628—a thoroughly sound Christian and good man, and occupying a highly respectable place in society. It was some time after the Restoration, while acting as clerk of the peace to the county of Cork, that Mr Greatrakes first arrived at a conviction of his possession of healing powers. In an account of himself, which he wrote in 1666, he says: 'About four years since, I had an impulse which frequently suggested to me that there was bestowed on me the gift of curing the king's evil, which, for the extraordinariness thereof, I thought fit to conceal for some time. But at length I told my wife;

* An account of this curious transaction is given in the *History of the Rebellion of* 1745, published in Constable's Miscellany.

for, whether sleeping or waking, I had this impulse. But her reply was, that it was an idle imagination. But to prove the contrary, one William Maher, of the parish of Lismore, brought his son to my wife, who used to distribute medicines in charity to the neighbours; and my wife came and told me, that I had now an opportunity of trying my impulse, for there was one at hand that had the evil grievously in the eyes, throat, and cheeks; whereupon I laid my hands on the places affected, and prayed to God, for Jesus' sake, to heal him. In a few days afterwards, the father brought his son with the eye so changed, that it was almost quite whole; and, to be brief (to God's glory I speak it), within a month he was perfectly healed, and so continues.'

Another person, still more afflicted, was soon after cured by Mr Greatrakes in the same manner; and he then began to receive 'an impulse,' suggesting that he could cure other diseases. This he soon had an opportunity of proving, for 'there came unto me a poor man, with a violent pain in his loins, that he went almost double, and having also a grievous ulcer in his leg, very black, who desired me, for God's sake, to lay my hands on him; whereupon I put my hands on his loins and flank, and immediately went the pains out of him, so that he was relieved, and could stand upright without trouble; the ulcer also in his leg was healed; so that, in a few days, he returned to his labour as a mason.'

He now became extensively known for his gift of healing, and was resorted to by people from greater distances, with the most of whom he was equally successful. Wounds, ulcers, convulsions, and dropsy, were among the maladies which he cured. In an epidemic fever, he was also eminently successful, healing all who came to him. So great was the resort to his house, that all the outhouses connected with it were usually filled with patients; and he became so much engaged in the duty of healing them, as to have no time to attend to his own affairs, or to enjoy the society of his family. The clergy of the diocese at length took alarm at his proceedings, and

he was cited by the Dean of Lismore before the Bishop's Court, by which he was forbidden to exercise his gift for the future—an order which reminds us of the decree of Louis XIV., commanding that no more miracles should be performed at the tomb of the Abbé Paris. Mr Greatrakes, nevertheless, continued to heal as formerly, until his fame reached England. In August 1665, he received a visit from Mr Flamstead, the astronomer, who was afflicted with a constitutional weakness; but he failed in this case. Early in the ensuing year, he went to England for the purpose of curing the Viscountess Conway of an inveterate headache, in which also he failed. But, while residing at Ragley with the Conway family, he cured many hundreds afflicted with various diseases. Lord Conway himself, in a letter to his brother, thus speaks of the healer:—'I must confess, that, before his arrival, I did not believe the tenth part of those things which I have been an eye-witness of; and several others, of as accurate judgment as any in the kingdom, who are come hither out of curiosity, do acknowledge the truth of his operations. This morning, the Bishop of Gloucester recommended to me a prebend's son in his diocese, to be brought to him for a leprosy from head to foot, which hath been judged incurable above ten years, and in my chamber he cured him perfectly; that is, from a moist humour, 'twas immediately dried up, and began to fall off—the itching was quite gone, and the heat of it taken away. The youth was transported to admiration. . . . . After all, I am far from thinking that his cures are at all miraculous. I believe it is by a *sanative virtue* and a *natural efficiency*, which extends not to all diseases, but is much more proper and effectual to some than to others, as he doth also despatch some with a great deal of ease, and others not without a great deal of pains.'

He was now invited by the king to come to London, whether he accordingly proceeded; and as he went along through the country, we are told that the magistrates of cities and towns begged of him that he would come and cure their sick. The king, though not fully persuaded

of his wonderful gift, recommended him to the notice of his physicians, and permitted him to do all the good he pleased in London. He went every day to a particular part of the city, where a prodigious number of people, of all ranks and of both sexes, assembled. The only visible means he took to cure them, was to stroke the parts affected. The gout, rheumatism, and other painful affections, were driven by his touch from one part to another, till he got them expelled at the very extremities of the body, after which the patient was considered as cured. Such phenomena could not fail, in the most superstitious era of our history, to excite great wonder, and attract universal attention. The Cavalier wits and courtiers ridiculed them, as they ridiculed everything else that appeared serious. St Evremond, then at court, wrote a sarcastic novel on the subject, under the title of *The Irish Prophet*. Others, including several of the faculty, defended him. It even appears that the Royal Society, unable to refute the facts, were compelled to account for them as produced by 'a sanative contagion in Mr Greatrake's body, which had an antipathy to some particular diseases, and not to others.' They also published some of his cures in their Transactions. A severe pamphlet by Dr Lloyd, chaplain of the Charterhouse, caused Mr Greatrakes at this time to publish the account of himself which has been already quoted. In it he says: 'Many demand of me why some are cured, and not all. To which question I answer, that God may please to make use of such means by me, as shall operate according to the dispositions of the patient, and therefore cannot be expected to be alike efficacious in all. They also demand of me, why some are cured *at once* and not all? and why the pains should fly immediately out of some, and take such *ambages* in others? and why it should go out of some at their eyes, and some at their fingers, some at their ears or mouths? To which I say, if all these things could have a *plain* account given of them, there would be no cause to count them strange. Let them tell me what substance that is which removes and goes out

with such expedition, and it will be more easy to resolve their questions. Some will know of me, why or how I do pursue some pains from place to place, till I have chased them out of the body, by laying my hands on the outside of the clothes only (as is usual), and not *all* pains? To which I answer, that—and others have been abundantly satisfied that it is so—though I am not able to give a reason, yet I am apt to believe there are some pains which afflict men after the manner of evil spirits, which kind of pains cannot endure my hand, nay, not my gloves, but fly immediately, though six or eight coats or cloaks be put between the person and my hand; as at the Lady Ranelagh's at York House, in London, as well as in Ireland, has been manifested. Now, another question will arise, whether the operation of my hand proceeds from the temperature of my body, or from a divine gift, or from both? To which I say, that I have reason to believe that there is some extraordinary gift of God.' At the end of his narrative are appended a number of certificates as to his cures, signed by the most respectable, pious, and learned persons of the day, amongst whom are the Honourable Robert Boyle, Bishop Rust, Dr Cudworth, Dr Patrick, Dr Whichcot, and Dr Wilkins. In 1667, he returned to Ireland, where he lived for many years, but without sustaining his reputation for curing. It appears, however, that, upon the strictest inquiry, no blemish could ever be found to attach to the character of this extraordinary man. All he did, was done in a spirit of pure piety and benevolence. The truth of the impressive words with which he concludes his own narrative was never challenged: 'Whether I have done my duty as a Christian, in employing that talent which God had intrusted me withal, to the good of people distressed and afflicted, or no, judge you and every good man. Thus far I appeal to the world, whether I have taken rewards, deluded or deceived any man. All further I will say is, that I pray I may never be weary of welldoing, and that I may be found a faithful servant when I come to give up my last account.'

William Read, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, and had been originally a poor illiterate tailor, acquired a great reputation for a gift of curing blindness and defects in the eyesight. In time, he acquired a fortune, and Queen Anne, who gave him the care of her eyes, thought proper to knight him. A wretched woman named Mapp, of coarse masculine habits, became famous about the year 1736 for a wonderful gift of setting bones; and in 1748, the whole of England rang with the fame of Bridget Bostock of Coppenhall, in Cheshire, a poor, infirm, old creature, who cured multitudes afflicted with all sorts of diseases — at first, by merely having the names of patients sent to her, that she might pray for them, but afterwards by rubbing the parts affected by her fasting spittle, and blessing and praying for them on the spot. The latest examples of wonderful cures are those performed by Prince Hohenloe in 1824, by prayers said at a distance of several hundred miles from the afflicted person.

These supposed miraculous cures certainly form a curious chapter in the history of the human mind. How strange to reflect, that the belief in the power of the royal touch existed, without so much as being questioned, for the better part of a thousand years, and only came into discredit within the recollection almost of people still living! That such impostors as Read, Mapp, and Bostock, should have so recently been able to practise a thriving trade of pretended miraculous healing, also shews how far the public mind, in even the most enlightened countries, is from being in a thoroughly enlightened state. The usual mode of accounting for such pseudo-miracles, by supposing imposture on the one hand, and credulity or the influence of imagination on the other, finds only a somewhat difficult application in the case of Mr Greatrakes. The obviously disinterested character of this man, the extent of his practisings, and the attestations which they obtained from some of the most astute persons of his age, make it difficult to suppose either wilful deception or a too easy belief; and yet in what other solution

shall we take refuge? We may at least be certain that, if any other solution be ever discovered for these apparent mysteries, it will be a natural one—the operation of some law, possibly, which shews itself rarely, and which may not become a part of ascertained science for several ages to come.

THE SEVEN MEN OF GLENMORRISTON.

In the extraordinary history of the wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart after the battle of Culloden, it is a part of peculiar interest, in which he is described as being succoured and faithfully protected for several weeks by a band of robbers. The civilised man of the present day is astonished to consider that, at the time when Sir Robert Walpole, speaking from his experiences amongst English gentlemen, declared every man to have his price, seven outlaws were found in the wilds of Inverness-shire, who had virtue enough to resist a bribe of L.30,000. Remarkable as this part of the history is, it is that which has been perhaps most obscurely related; a result probably of the difficulty which must have been experienced by contemporary writers in obtaining proper information.

It must be premised that, towards the close of July 1746, after more than three months of incredible hardship, Charles found himself amongst the hills between Glenmorriston and Strathglass, in Inverness-shire. He was attended by two or three faithful adherents, to whom he had recently confided himself, the principal being Macdonald of Glenaladale, who had been a major in his army. Late in the evening of the 28th, they reached the highest, and consequently safest point amongst the hills, where, though drenched with rain, the Prince could get no better lodging than a small chink in a rock, which gave him scarcely room to stretch himself, and where he had no fire, no food, and not the slightest comfort of any kind

but a pipe of tobacco. At this time, a great quantity of troops were quartered at Fort Augustus, in the centre of the county, and large parties daily scoured the glens, to lay waste the property of the disaffected, and use their best endeavours to capture the Prince. The Duke of Cumberland had given them the significant order, with a view to the stability of his father's dynasty, 'to make no prisoners.'

Charles had scarcely at any former period been in greater danger than now, and at no former time were his personal sufferings so great. It chanced that, a day or two before, there had been added to his party a Glengarry man, who had fled from the soldiery for his life, after they had put his father to death. This particular act of cruelty, by sending the Glengarry man in the way of the Prince, had an effect very different from what the soldiery could have contemplated, for it was the means of his being introduced to the seven Glenmorriston men, who protected him effectually for the ensuing three weeks. At three in the morning of the 29th, the Glengarry man went with Glenaladale's brother to find out these men, and to negotiate for their receiving the distressed party under their care, but without the name of the Prince being mentioned. It was also Charles's wish, by their means, to make inquiry respecting a French vessel which he understood had come to Pollew, on the west coast of Ross-shire, in order to carry him off. Some hours afterwards, by appointment, the party, including the Prince, met the two messengers on the top of a neighbouring hill, to learn what success had attended the mission. The men had been found, and had agreed to take charge of the distressed party, the chief man of whom they understood to be Glenaladale. The party was to repair to a cave called Coiraghoth, in the braes of Glenmorriston, where the men undertook to meet them before a particular hour. Charles, accordingly, set out for this place, attended by Glenaladale, the brother of that gentleman, a son of Macdonald of Borodale, the Glengarry man, and two boys.

The men who had promised to entertain the party were

only in a modified sense 'robbers.' They had been out in the rebellion, and had consequently seen their little possessions in Glenmorriston become a prey to the spoiler. About seventy of their fellow-dalesmen, who had been induced to obey an order of the Duke of Cumberland, for surrendering their arms at Inverness, had been seized and thrust on shipboard, to be deported to the colonies. These men, determined not to be dealt with after the same manner, had entered into an association of offence and defence against the Duke and his army, binding themselves, by solemn oath, never to yield; to fight on any particular emergency to the last drop of their blood; and never, till the day of their death, to give up their arms. At first, they were seven in number—namely, Patrick Grant, a farmer, commonly called Black Peter of Craskie; John Macdonell, *alias* Campbell; Alexander Macdonell; Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers; and Gregor Macgregor. Afterwards, in the course of their marches with the Prince, an eighth, Hugh Macmillan, joined them, and took their oath. They lived at this time a wild life amongst the mountains, supplying themselves with necessaries chiefly by bold attacks upon the military parties from whom they often retrieved cattle and other spoil.

It was into the hands of such men that the fugitive Prince was now to pass. At the appointed time, he and his friends approached the cave of Coiraghoth, where only three of the men at this time were—namely, the two Macdonells and Alexander Chisholm. Glenaladale went forward to converse with them, and hinted that he had young Clanranald in his company. They professed that they would be very glad to see young Clanranald, and take all possible care of him. They were then brought out to meet the party; but they had no sooner set eyes upon the person who was to pass for young Clanranald, than they knew him to be the Prince. He was received by them with the greatest demonstrations of fidelity and kindness, and conducted to their cave, where, at Charles's request, they took an oath, administered by Glenaladale, in the

dreadful terms then customary amongst the Highlanders —'that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them, and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger.' This oath they kept so well, that not one of them spoke of the Prince having been in their company till a twelvemonth after he had sailed to France. Charles proposed that he and Glenaladale should take a like oath of fidelity to the men—namely, that, if danger should come, they should stand by one another to the last drop of their blood; but the men refused to take this pledge from the Prince and Glenaladale.

Charles now broke a fast of about forty-eight hours, by a refreshment of mutton, butter, and cheese, with some whisky. Next day, the other four, who had been absent in search of provisions, returned with a dead deer and a live ox. These men also knew the Prince at first sight, and took the same oath with the rest. They killed the ox in his presence. They still wanted bread, and only had a little salt; but fresh water was supplied to them in abundance by a spring which glided through the cave.

When the four men had taken the oath, Charles told the whole seven, that they were the first privy-council he had had sworn to him since the battle of Culloden, and that he should never forget them or theirs, 'if ever he came to his own.' Hereupon one of them hinted to him, that a priest who used to come amongst them in Glenmorriston, frequently had told them that King Charles II., after his restoration, was not very mindful of his friends. Their guest said he was heartily sorry for that, and hoped he should act differently; for this he gave them his word—the word of a Prince.

Three days of repose and good nourishment in Coiraghoth recruited the Prince considerably; and being afraid to stay too long in any one place, he and his attendants shifted their quarters (August 2) to another and equally romantic cave about two miles off, named Coirskreaoch.

Here, after taking some food, and planting sentries at proper points of outlook, they made up a bed of heath for the Prince in a small recess resembling a closet opening from the cave. He remained in this cave four days; when, hearing that one Campbell, a captain of militia, and factor to the Earl of Seaforth [a nobleman who had taken the government side] was encamped within four miles of him, he thought proper to remove. On the evening of the 6th, he and his attendants set out in a northerly direction; and by break of day on the 7th, they had passed the height of the country, and come in upon Strathglass, a district belonging to 'the Chisholm.'* In the evening, two of the men who had been left as scouts, brought intelligence that they need be in no apprehension from the factor Campbell for that night; and they then repaired to a neighbouring sheiling, or hut, where, after kindling a fire, and taking some refreshment, they prepared a bed for the Prince, composed of sods, with the grass uppermost, on which he slept soundly the whole night.

He remained in this place two days. During that time, he despatched a messenger to Pollew, to make inquiry respecting some French vessels which were said to have landed there in order to carry him away from Scotland. That he might be ready to take advantage of these vessels, if it should be found that they had not sailed, he resolved to draw somewhat nearer to the west coast. His messenger, before setting out, had been appointed to bring him intelligence to a particular place, judged convenient for the purpose. Early in the morning of the 9th, he and his friends and attendants, about a dozen persons in all, set out to the northward by an unfrequented moor-road, and came that night to a sheiling, where they halted for a few hours. At two o'clock in the morning of the 10th, they once more addressed themselves to their journey, and at noon came to Glencannich, where they passed the

* The chief of this small clan, whose residence is at Erchless Castle, in Strathglass, is so styled in the Highlands.

remainder of the day in a wood, and at night repaired to a neighbouring hamlet. At two o'clock in the morning, they left this village, and climbed a hill called Peinachyrine, on the north side of Glencannich, where they passed the day, and sent off two of their party to obtain a fresh supply of provisions. This place, which is about forty Highland miles from Pollew, is the most northerly point which the Prince reached on the mainland. At night, they repaired to a sheiling, in which they remained two days, waiting for the return of the messenger. At the end of that time, the man rejoined them, with intelligence that the only vessel which had ever touched at Pollew had sailed again, leaving a couple of men, who had set out for Locheil's country in quest of the Prince. Anxious to know if these men had any dispatches for him, he resolved to return towards Locheil's country, in order, if possible, to meet them.

They set out at night (August 13), and recrossing the water of Cannich, and passing near young Chisholm's house, arrived about two in the morning at a place called Fassanacoill, in Strathglass. Here it was thought proper to tarry, until scouts should bring back intelligence of the state of the country to the south, and if the search for him was over in that quarter, and the troops returned to Fort Augustus. While the scouts were absent, the party remained in a dense wood, completely concealed from the neighbouring people. They were supplied with provisions by one John Chisholm, a farmer, who had been in the insurgent army, but to whom they did not at first confide the secret of the Prince being of the party. Charles having at length expressed a wish to see Chisholm, Patrick Grant and another were despatched to bring him. They desired him to come along with them, to see 'a friend whom they knew he would like well to see.' Apprehending from this that they had a person of some consequence with them, he said he had a bottle of wine which a priest had left with him, and he should be glad to take it along with him. 'What! John,' said Grant, 'have you had a bottle of wine all this time, and not given it to us before?'

On coming into the presence of the Prince, John knew him at first sight. Patrick Grant, according to his own simple recital, put the bottle of wine into the Prince's hands, and requested him to drink to him; 'for,' said he, 'I do not remember that your Royal Highness has drunk to me since you came among our hands.' 'Accordingly, the Prince put the bottle of wine to his mouth, and drank a health to Patrick Grant and all friends. John Chisholm, having received good payment for any provisions he had furnished, and finding that they had been purchased for the use of his Prince, immediately offered to return the whole price, and pressed the thing much; but the Prince would not hear of it at all, and ordered him to keep the money.' Chisholm took the same oath as the Glenmorriston men.

Some traits of the Prince's personal condition and conduct while with the Glenmorriston men, as reported by Patrick Grant, may be appreciated by those who still regard with a feeling of melancholy interest the tale of the last Stuart. His clothes, which were of the Highland fashion, were coarse, tattered, and squalid, almost beyond description, and he constantly slept in them, seldom getting a clean shirt above once a fortnight. He suffered, from this, the *usual annoying consequences*. Notwithstanding this and other bodily afflictions, 'he bore up under all his misfortunes with great resolution and cheerfulness, never murmuring or complaining of the hardness and severity of his condition.' He was observed to make a practice of withdrawing himself every morning and evening to perform his devotions. 'Glenaladale,' said Patrick Grant, 'was interpreter between the Prince and us, and it was agreed upon that we should say nothing but what the Prince should be made to understand, and that the Prince should say nothing but what we likewise should be made to understand. By this means, the Prince discovered that we were much addicted to common swearing in our conversation, for which he caused Glenaladale to reprove us in his [the Prince's] name; and at last the Prince, by his repeated reproofs, prevailed on us so far

that we gave that custom of swearing quite up.' Patrick Grant stated that the Prince walked so nimbly in the day-time, that few persons could hold out with him; but he did not travel so well by night, when, being unaccustomed to the rough and boggy ground on the Highland hills, he was constantly getting himself immersed in some deep hole, from which his companions had to draw him out. All the time he was with the Glenmorriston men, his appetite was observed to be good. When the party were at their meals, they sat in a circle, each having his morsel on his knee. The Prince would never allow them to keep off their bonnets when in his company—probably a precaution against his rank being detected, in the event of any hostile party approaching them before they were aware. He used to give directions about their homely cookery, and sometimes tended a roast himself.

It would appear that not exactly everything said by the men was interpreted to the royal wanderer. After he had parted with them, and got into new hands, conversing about these faithful adherents, he spoke of one in particular as an uncommonly clever fellow, stating that the name this man bore among his companions was *Ho Sian*. In reality, this expression was *Aos Ian*, 'Hark you, John,' which they often had occasion to use to John Macdonell, perhaps the ablest of their number, and one to whose judgment they usually deferred in all important matters. It will amuse the reader to learn that Mr Forbes, with true Jacobite feeling, adopted the mistaken phrase of the Prince, and advised Macdonell to assume it as his ordinary name, and hand it down to his children.

In due time, the spies returned with intelligence, that the troops had returned to their camp at Fort Augustus, and that there was consequently a prospect of the Prince being able to execute his design of crossing the Great Glen, and joining Locheil in Badenoch. They therefore set out at six in the morning of the 17th, and, travelling by an unfrequented road, at ten in the forenoon reached the braes of Glenmorriston. Having passed the day on the top of a hill, they set out at night, but had not

travelled above a mile, when they learned that a strong military party had been sent to the braes of Glengarry, in quest of the Prince. Upon this, it was resolved to proceed no farther, until the motions of the enemy should be further known; and they repaired to a neighbouring sheiling, where they passed the remainder of the night. In the morning of the 18th, three men were sent off towards Loch Arkaig, in Locheil's country, two of whom were to seek out, and, if possible, form an appointment for the Prince with Cameron of Clunes; while the other was to turn at Glengarry, and bring back intelligence of the movements of the party said to be in that district, so that Charles might perhaps be able to proceed even while the meeting with Clunes was in the way of being arranged.

We have here a remarkable anecdote of the Prince, which may be best related in the language in which Mr Forbes has reported it from the mouth of Patrick Grant. When returned to Glenmorriston Braes—'The Prince was pretty positive to proceed forwards sooner than the Glenmorriston men thought it safe for him; and they would by no means allow him to go, till they should think it safe for him so to do. In a word, the kind contention ran so high, that they threatened to turn their backs upon him, and to leave him, if he did not listen to their counsel, as they knew the country best, and what dangers might happen to him in it; and immediately insisted upon his taking some little refreshment and rest, and staying there as long as they judged it safe for him. But the Prince refused to eat or to drink, because they would not do as he desired. Upon this, they plainly told him, that if he did not eat and drink heartily, he could not well hold out with the fatigues he was obliged to undergo in his present situation; that if he should happen to turn faintish by abstaining from meat and drink too long, and then danger should come nigh them, he would not be in a condition either to get away from it, or to act his part in any shape so well as he would wish to do; and therefore they urged him more than ever—as being absolutely necessary for

him—to take some refreshment and rest, which accordingly he did. The Prince said: "I find kings and princes must be ruled by their privy-council, but I believe there is not in all the world a more absolute privy-council than what I have at present," &c. They added, they had rather tie him than comply with him, so well did they know his danger. The Prince was at last obliged to yield the point, as he found them positive to the last degree, and as they assured him, if he complied with their requests in behalf of his safety, the enemy should not get within two miles of him without being discovered. "This was the only time," said Patrick Grant, "that we ever differed with the Prince in any one thing, and we were very sorry for it." It is distressing to think that, on the very day when Charles was acting thus unreasonably with his humble but faithful followers on the braes of Glenmorriston, the brave Balmerino and the gentle Kilmarnock were laying down their lives in his cause on the ensanguined scaffold of Tower-Hill.

While the party rested at this place, Patrick Grant and Alexander Chisholm went out to forage for provisions, and in the course of their walk, met the Laird of Glenmorriston (Grant), who had been in the Prince's army, and had had his house burnt and his lands pillaged in consequence. Glenmorriston asked them where they now lived, as they were seldom seen—what they were doing—and how did they obtain the means of subsistence. 'What is become,' said he, 'of the Prince? I have heard that he has passed the braes of Knoydart.' Even to this gentleman, whom habit had trained them to regard with the greatest respect, they would not disclose any of their secrets, merely remarking that, as the enemy were plundering the country, it were a pity not to share in the spoil; and that they accordingly did so, and made a shift to live upon it. On their return to the Prince, they informed him of this interview, and said that, if his Royal Highness pleased, they would bring Glenmorriston to see him, he being a faithful and trusty friend. 'The Prince said, he was so well pleased with his present guard, that

he wanted none other; and that *he had experienced poor folks to be as faithful and firm as any men, rich or high, could be.*'

On the 19th, the man who was to bring intelligence from Glengarry came back, reporting that that district was clear of troops. The Prince, therefore, with his party, now ten in number, set out in the afternoon, under the benefit of a fog, and passing through Glenmorriston and the minor vale of Glenluing, arrived late at night on the braes of Glengarry. When they came to the Garry Water, it was found breast-deep with the rain; nevertheless, they crossed it in safety, and ascending the hill for about a mile, tarried there for the remainder of the night, in the open air, notwithstanding that it rained heavily. Early in the morning (August 20), the heavy rain still continuing, they advanced six Highland miles across hills and moors; and about ten in the forenoon came to the hill above Auchnasaul, where the two messengers had been appointed to meet them on their return from Cameron of Clunes. They passed the day in a most inconvenient habitation, 'it raining as heavy within as without.' Towards the afternoon, after they had begun to despair of the return of their messengers, and were deliberating what should be done, the two men came in, bringing a message from Clunes to Glenaladale, to the effect that he could not wait upon him immediately, but had directed that the party should lodge for that night in a certain wood two miles off, where he would meet them in the morning.

Two of the men, Patrick Grant and Alexander Macdonell, were now despatched to reconnoitre their proposed lodging-place; and finding it suitable, they quickly returned to bring forward the party. Their provisions were now reduced to half a peck of meal, and they had starvation staring them in the face. By the greatest good-fortune, Patrick shot a large hart at the place where they were to pass the night; so that when the Prince and the rest arrived, they had one of the finest meals they had as yet enjoyed.

Charles now fell under the care of other friends, and some days after dismissed all the Glenmorriston men except one, Patrick Grant, whom he kept for some time longer, and carried along with him, but only till he had got his purse replenished, so as to be able to send his preservers a pecuniary acknowledgment of their services. Grant returned to their haunt in Glenmorriston with twenty-four guineas, being at the rate of three guineas to each man.

The Glenmorriston men remained for some time longer in arms against the government, but ultimately resumed their ordinary occupations. It has often been stated, that one of them came to be hanged for stealing a cow; but this is a mistake, arising from a person of the same name as one of them having pretended to be the Glenmorriston man, in order to excite interest in his behalf, when condemned to that fate in 1754. Hugh Chisholm survived to 1812, and to the last day of his life would never allow any one to shake his *right* hand—that hand having been honoured with the royal gripe on parting from Prince Charles.

REAL HISTORY OF A SLAVE-BOY.

It is a pleasant sight to behold the labour of cane-cutting in the summer season, on the plantation fields of Antigua, one of the sweetest of all the fertile spots of earth in the Spanish main. So at least thought Mr Henry Paget, as he rode slowly behind the row of chattering negroes, male and female, busy at the task we have mentioned, on his aunt's estate, which the young gentleman had come all the way from England to visit, and in some respects to put in order. As he gazed on the scene before him, he almost felt sorry at the thought of his approaching departure, to rejoin his family in Britain. With their large cutting-bills in their hands, a long line of

white-jacketed and white-wrappered blacks were lopping off the stalks of the sugar-canes, dividing them into several portions, and laying them down in regular heaps as they went along. Others, again, behind these cutters, were busy binding up the strewed canes into bundles. Here and there, some female negro had her little chubby child tottering about her feet, or assisting her to arrange the canes into proper parcels. All these workers were stout, healthy, and particularly happy, if the ringing laughter they ever and anon set forth, while the white glancing teeth were seen through their wide-extended mouths, could be taken as indicating a state of happiness for the time. As Henry Paget gazed on the dusky labourers, a pleasing feeling sprang up in his mind, for he felt the consciousness that his own visit had conduced greatly to the comfort which he saw. And the negroes also were conscious of this, as any one might have learned, had he been near enough to hear the many 'Bless him young massa's!' that were addressed to the rider, sometimes loudly, and sometimes in the tones of half-unconscious ejaculation, from the mouths of both men and women in the band.

Mr Paget, after a time, left the scene, in order to take a ride along the borders of some of the neighbouring plantations. The day was hot, but the country being well wooded, he was shaded from the sun's heat in his progress, at one time by the drooping and feathery branches of the picturesque palm, and at another by the thick foliage of the lofty cabbage-tree. Of all the productions of these islands, this latter tree is perhaps the most extraordinary. Its long trunk, rising to the height of fifty feet without a branch, and its dense crest of broad leaves above, make it somewhat resemble the humble vegetable after which it is named; but the resemblance is more remarkable in another respect. On the very top of every cabbage-tree, and in the very centre of that top, there exists a heart—and only *one* heart—some foot or two in height and breadth, and bearing the strongest likeness, in appearance, taste, and smell, to the heart or pith of a common cabbage.

But we must not digress too much upon natural objects, our business being to attend to what befell Mr Henry Paget in his ride. After he had wandered to a considerable distance from his own property, he chanced, when on the outskirts of a plantation not known to him, to hear, as he thought, a woman's cries at no great distance from him. Cantering smartly in the direction of the sounds, he saw, after turning the corner of a clump of palms, not a woman, but a black boy crying bitterly under the lash of a grown-up negro, beside whom stood a white overseer. Moved at the sufferings of the child, who did not seem to be above seven or eight years old, Mr Paget rode up, and asked 'what the boy had done.' The overseer, who seemed to know the querist by sight, touched his cap, and replied: 'The little rascal was running away, sir.'

'Why, a boy so young as this could not think of making his escape from his owners!' said Mr Paget.

'O no! massa—no run way! Berry bad him foot—lilly sore,' cried the boy, fixing on Mr Paget a look of most pathetic and intelligent entreaty, such as Henry thought he had seldom seen on a face before, though the one before him was black as the raven's wing. The poor creature pointed, at the time he spoke, to his foot.

'If your foot had been sore, you little scoundrel,' exclaimed the surly overseer, 'you could not have been here. Get home. Put the lash to him, Mingo, and he'll go fast enough.'

Perceiving the boy to sink to the ground, instead of running away, when the negro held up the lash, Mr Paget leaped from his horse, and asked him to desist for a moment. He then looked at the boy's foot, and found the ankle to be most severely swelled. On being asked, the poor little fellow told Mr Paget, that, his mother being 'berry, berry sick' at home, he had run to the woods between work-hours to gather some 'yarb' that she wished, and that, in his haste, he had fallen and hurt his foot so much that he could not walk.

Mr Paget could not help feeling considerably interested in the case of the boy, partly from the filial tenderness

which his mishap betrayed, and partly from his intelligent-looking countenance. He thought he had never seen a more pleasing physiognomy among the negro race. The overseer, meanwhile, was impatient.

'You must not trust to all, sir,' said he, 'that these cunning imps say, simple as they seem.'

'I trust so much to what this boy says, sir,' replied Mr Paget, 'that I will buy him from you, if you have the power to dispose of him.'

'I have no such authority,' said the man shortly.

Henry then inquired who managed the estate, and found that a Mr Carr had the direction, in the absence of the proprietors, who had long been non-residents. Not to dwell unnecessarily on this matter, we may briefly state, that, before returning home, Mr Paget, impelled by a feeling of interest for which he could scarcely account, had seen this gentleman, and purchased the boy, who had, in the interval, been carried home by the negro attendant on the overseer. In a few days afterwards, the boy, having recovered from his sprain, was an inmate of his new master's house. He had wept at parting from his parents, but they shed no tears themselves, being too glad to see him removed from an estate on which, as experience had taught them, he would have been hardly used, probably through life. In his new place, the little African got the name of Cæsar Paget, according to a custom often followed in the West Indies, of naming young slaves after their owners.

The negro boy thus accidentally rescued by Mr Paget —at the cost, it may be observed, of a very large sum —proved, as his purchaser had anticipated, to be gifted with uncommonly lively parts, and with great docility and affectionateness of disposition. So much, indeed, was Mr Paget struck with the promise of the lad, that, on setting out for England, a short time after the incident described, he took little Cæsar with him. Several circumstances concurred in making this voyage across the Atlantic a most fortunate thing for the boy, not only in its ultimate, but in its immediate consequences. Having

always, from his connection with a West Indian property, felt a strong interest in the question of the negro capabilities for intellectual culture, Mr Paget took a pleasure, while at sea, in promoting and watching the development of Cæsar's mind, finding therein an excellent amusement for his unoccupied time. Very little instruction of any kind had been given to the boy before, but he rapidly profited by that which his kind master deigned to bestow on him; and thus solved for his teacher the problem of negro improvability, which Lott Cary, Thomas Jenkins, and Phillis Wheatley, may have solved for others.

The facility with which the young African imbibed the common rudiments of education during the voyage, induced Mr Paget, on reaching his aunt's house in the west of England, to provide Cæsar with continued opportunities of instruction. In short, Cæsar, during several years succeeding his arrival at Pagetville, received a good ordinary education, such as is usually bestowed on the middle-classes of Britain. It was not thrown away on a barren soil. The boy's intelligence and correctness of deportment soon made him very much a favourite with Mrs Paget, the lady of the house, and aunt of his benefactor. It would be superfluous, however, to dwell on this part of our hero's life. Suffice it to say, that, after he had passed the period of boyhood, he became the personal and favourite attendant of his mistress. Subsequently, he advanced in position, as opportunity occurred, until he became house-steward, and was intrusted with the highest charge connected with his lady's household affairs.

Shortly after he was made house-steward, his mistress removed to the neighbourhood of Henley, on the Thames, where she had a small estate, with a mansion attached to it. Here Cæsar continued for several years in the management of the domestic matters of the family, and in the course of this occupation, became known to, and indeed familiarly acquainted with, many of the respectable tradesmen and merchants of the town of Henley. The consequence of this was seen in the course of time. Mrs Paget died. Her oldest nephew, a brother of Cæsar's

former friend, fell heir, though never the deceased's favourite, to her English property. Several years before this time, Henry Paget, being in bad health, had returned, for the advantage of warmer air, to the Paget estate in Antigua, which his aunt had latterly disponed to him, being all the landed property she had it in her power to bestow on the nephew she loved. In this situation of things, our friend Cæsar received an invitation from the English heir to continue in his place as major-domo. But he declined the offer for several reasons, though undecided about any other course for the future. Several of his friends in Henley heard of this, and the result was, that a number of the respectable merchants of the place, knowing Cæsar's probity and activity in business matters, strongly recommended him to take advantage of a favourable opening which then occurred, and to engage in trade in Henley. The opening in question was in the coal-trade, which is carried on extensively there. Cæsar took the advice given to him, and became a coal-merchant in Henley.

His late lady had not forgotten in her will the valuable services of her attached African, and Cæsar Paget, as we may now call him without fear of confusion, was therefore enabled to embark in business with a considerable capital. He had also the advantage of having a considerable range of acquaintance, and a good character. Some may perhaps think that he had disadvantages, or at least a disadvantage, to counterbalance the favourable points. But —whether from a particular liberality on the part of the people among whom he found himself placed, or not, we cannot say—certain it is, that Cæsar not only was successful in business, but also in gaining the warm friendship of the most respectable of his fellow-townsmen. The colour of his skin became forgotten or unheeded; how completely, the following incident in his career will shew. After our hero had spent a number of fortunate years in business, the chief rival he had in trade died, leaving a young and comely widow behind him. Cæsar was at this time in the prime of confirmed manhood, with a tall, manly person,

not inelegantly formed. His colour was, it is true, as black as ink, but his features were as near the European as the African contour. Thus fashioned, Cæsar Paget determined to offer himself to the blooming widow, thinking, no doubt, that the junction of the two businesses would be a most excellent thing for all parties. The widow thought so too; or, it may be, Cæsar had the address to persuade her of it. However this may be, she married our friend, and, we believe, never had occasion to repent of it, in the course of a long wedded life.

The tastes and manners, indeed, of Cæsar Paget may be described, without exaggeration, as those of a cultivated English gentleman. He was a great reader, to use a common phrase, and attached, in particular, to dramatic literature, as also to theatrical amusements. In order to see a favourite actor in a favourite play of Shakspeare, he would sometimes proceed, expressly on purpose, to the metropolis, accompanied generally by some of his family. In all the cultivated and elegant amusements of Henley, he took a prominent part. In the cricket-clubs, he was an active and cherished associate; and very odd, in truth, it was, to see him on the cricket-field, 'among the white ones, coloured only he.' But his fellow-townsmen and cricketers seemed, as has been said, to have utterly forgotten, in the course of time, the existence of such a circumstance as his peculiarity of hue. From his speech, nothing could be detected to indicate him other than a well-educated native of the country in which he lived.

Thus, possessed of wealth and comfort, surrounded by a happy family, esteemed by friends and employers, and enjoying as well as appreciating all the elegant and refined pleasures of civilised life, did he, who was in youth a poor slave-boy of Antigua, spend his advanced years. What a change—what a revolution—in his existing circumstances and probable fate, was produced by that stumble amid the Antiguan palm-trees—which caused the sprain in the ankle—which caused him to be lashed —which caused him to cry—which caused Mr Henry

Paget to come to the spot—which, finally, caused the liberation of the boy! These, at least, form the *chain* of circumstances by which the change was wrought out; but the true proximate cause of the whole, was the filial affection implanted by the Creator in the boy's nature, which led him to risk the lash for the procuring of a little good to his poor mother. With this moral, the old story-books would certainly have concluded a history like this; and though they too often left out of account, in doing so, all the after-propriety of conduct necessary to consummate the good attained by the first act, yet, as the failing of the old narrators leaned to virtue's side, we are content that filial affection should be regarded as the origin of Cæsar Paget's remarkable success in life. At the same time, we cannot help fearing that similar inlets to success have fallen in the way of many individuals, both white and black, without proving of any permanent avail, because the persevering industry and activity were absent which were required to make 'the thread into a tether.' Cæsar Paget possessed these qualities, and all who would imitate his course must imitate them.

ANECDOTES OF MUSICIANS.

Music, in its highest degrees of endowment, produces effects in the human character, of which the least that can be said is, that they are as worthy of being studied as any other class of mental phenomena. One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the gift in its loftiest forms, is the absolute impossibility of repressing it. Even during childhood, it is quite in vain, in most instances, to attempt to impose upon it the least control. In spite of the injunctions, the vigilance, the tyranny of masters and parents, the 'unprisoned soul' of the musician seems always to find some means of escape; and even when debarred from the use of musical instruments, it is ten to

one but in the end he is discovered ensconced in some quiet corner, tuning his horse-shoes, or, should he be so fortunate as to secure so great a prize, like Eulenstein, eliciting new and unknown powers of harmony from the iron tongue of a Jew's harp. Some curious examples of the extent to which this ruling passion has been carried occasionally occur. Dr Arne (except Purcell, perhaps our greatest English composer) was bred a lawyer, and as such articled to an attorney; but his musical propensities, which shewed themselves at a very early age, soon engrossed his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He used not unfrequently to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery, and going to the upper gallery of the Opera-house, at that time appropriated to domestics. It is also said, that he used to hide a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he practised during the night; for had his father known what was going forward, he probably would have thrown both him and it out of the window. The latter, however, never appears to have come to a knowledge of these proceedings; and his son, instead of studying law, was devoting himself entirely to the cultivation of the spinet, the violin, and musical composition, until one day, after he had served out his time, when he happened to call at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was engaged with a musical party, when, being ushered into the room, to his utter surprise and horror, he discovered his son in the act of playing the first fiddle; from which period the old gentleman began to think it most prudent to give up the contest, and soon after allowed him to receive regular instructions.

Handel, too, was similarly situated. His father, who was a physician at Halle, in Saxony, destined him for the profession of the law, and with this view was so determined to check his early inclination towards music, that he excluded from his house all musical society; nor would he permit music or musical instruments to be ever heard within its walls. The child, however, notwithstanding his parent's precautions, found means to hear

somebody play on the harpsichord; and the delight which he felt having prompted him to endeavour to gain an opportunity of practising what he had heard, he contrived, through a servant, to procure a small clarichord or spinet, which he secreted in a garret, and to which he repaired every night after the family had gone to rest, and intuitively, without extraneous aid, learned to extract from it its powers of harmony as well as melody. Upon this subject, Mr Hogarth, in his highly popular *History of Music*, has the following sensible observation:—'A childish love for music or painting, even when accompanied with an aptitude to learn something of these arts, is not, in one case out of a hundred, or rather a thousand, conjoined with that degree of genius, without which it would be a vain and idle pursuit. In the general case, therefore, it is wise to check such propensities where they appear like to divert or incapacitate the mind from graver pursuits. But, on the other hand, the judgment of a parent of a gifted child ought to be shewn by his discerning the genuine talent as soon as it manifests itself, and then bestowing on it every care and culture.'

A tale exactly similar is told of Handel's great contemporary, John Sebastian Bach, a man of equally stupendous genius, and whose works at the present day are looked up to with the same veneration with which we regard those of the former. He was born at Eisenach in 1685, and when ten years old (his father being dead) was left to the care of his elder brother, an organist, from whom he received his first instructions; but the talent of the pupil so completely outran the slow current of the master's ideas, that pieces of greater difficulty were perpetually in demand, and as often refused. Among other things, young Bach set his heart upon a book containing pieces for the clarichord, by the most celebrated composers of the day, but the use of it was pointedly refused. It was in vain, however, to repress the youthful ardour of the composer. The book lay in a cupboard, the door of which was of lattice-work; and as the interstices were large enough to admit his little hand, he soon saw that, by

rolling it up, he could withdraw and replace it at pleasure; and having found his way thither during the night, he set about copying it, and, having no candle, he could only work by moonlight! In six months, however, his task was completed; but just as he was on the point of reaping the harvest of his toils, his brother unluckily found out the circumstance, and by an act of the most contemptible cruelty, took the book from him; and it was not till after his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered it.

The extraordinary proficiency acquired in this art more than in any other, at an age before the intellectual powers are fully expanded, may be regarded as one of the most interesting results of this early and enthusiastic devotion to music. We can easily imagine a child acquiring considerable powers of execution upon a pianoforte—an instrument which demands no great effort of physical strength—and even pouring forth a rich vein of natural melody: but how excellence in composition, in the combination of the powers of harmony and instrumentation—a process which, in adults, is usually arrived at after much labour, regular training, and long study of the best models and means of producing effect—how such knowledge and skill can ever exist in a child, is indeed extraordinary; still there can be no doubt of the fact. The genius of a Mozart appears and confounds all abstract speculations. When scarcely eight years of age, this incomparable artist, while in Paris on his way to Great Britain, had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, with violin accompaniments, which were set in a masterly and finished style. Shortly afterwards, when in London, he wrote his first symphony and a set of sonatas, dedicated to the queen. Daines Barrington, speaking of him at this time, says that he appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules of composition, as on giving him a melody, he immediately wrote an excellent bass to it. This he had been in the custom of doing several years previously; and the minuets and little movements which he composed from the age of

four till seven, are said to have possessed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which were perfectly surprising. Mr Barrington observes, that at the above period — namely, when Mozart was eight years old — his skill in extemporaneous modulation, making smooth and effective transitions from one key to another, was wonderful; that he executed these musical difficulties occasionally with a handkerchief over the keys; and that, with all these displays of genius, his general deportment was entirely that of a child. While he was playing to Mr Barrington, his favourite cat came into the room, upon which he immediately left the instrument to play with it, and could not be brought back for some time; after which he had hardly resumed his performance, when he started off again, and began running about the room with a stick between his legs for a horse! At twelve years of age, he wrote his first opera, *La Finta Semplice*, the score of which contained 558 pages; but though approved by Hasse and Metastasio, in consequence of a cabal among the performers, it was never represented. He wrote also, at the same age, a mass, *Offertorium*, &c. the performance of which he conducted himself. The precocity of Handel, though not quite so striking, was nearly so. At nine years of age, he composed some motets of such merit, that they were adopted in the service of the church; and about the same age, Purcell, when a singing-boy, produced several anthems so beautiful, that they have been preserved, and are still sung in our cathedrals. 'To beings like these,' Mr Hogarth observes, 'music seems to have no rules. What others consider the most profound and learned combinations, are with them the dictates of imagination and feeling, as much as the simplest strains of melody.'

Mozart's early passion for arithmetic is well known, and to the last, though extremely improvident in his affairs, he was very fond of figures, and singularly clever in making calculations. Storace, a contemporary and kindred genius, who died in his thirty-third year, and

whose English operas are among the few of the last century which still continue to hold their place on our stage, had the same extraordinary turn for calculation. We are not aware whether this can be shewn to be a usual concomitant of musical genius; but, if it can, the coincidence might lead to much curious metaphysical inquiry. Certain it is, that there exists a connection between that almost intuitive perception of the relation of numbers with which some individuals are gifted, and that faculty of the mind which applies itself to the intervals of the musical scale, the distribution of the chords, their effect separately and in combination, and the adjustment of the different parts of a score. It is by no means improbable, that, owing to some such subtlety of perception, Mozart was enabled to work off an infinitely greater variety and multitude of compositions, in every branch of the art, before he had reached his thirty-sixth year, in which he was cut off, than has ever been produced by any composer within the same space of time, and with a degree of minute scientific accuracy which has disarmed all criticism, and defied the most searching examination.

Nevertheless, there is seldom anything wonderful which is not exaggerated, and many absurd stories have been circulated in regard to these efforts; among others, that the overture to *Don Giovanni* was composed during the night preceding its first performance. This piece was certainly written down in one night, but it cannot be said to have been composed in that short space of time. The facts are as follow:—He had put off the writing till eleven o'clock of the night before the intended performance, after he had spent the day in the fatiguing business of the rehearsal. His wife sat by him to keep him awake. 'He wrote,' says Mr Hogarth, 'while she ransacked her memory for the fairy tales of her youth, and all the humorous and amusing stories she could think of. As long as she kept him laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks, he got on rapidly; but if she was silent for a moment, he dropped asleep. Seeing at last that he could hold out no longer, she persuaded him to

lie down for a couple of hours. At five in the morning, she awoke him; and at seven, when the copyists appeared, the score was completed. Mozart was not in the habit of composing with the pen in his hand: his practice was not merely to form in his mind a sketch or outline of a piece of music, but to work it well, and complete it in all its parts; and it was not till this was done that he committed it to paper, which he did with rapidity, even when surrounded by his friends, and joining in their conversation. There can be no doubt that the overture to *Don Giovanni* existed fully in his mind when he sat down to write it the night before its performance; and even then, his producing with such rapidity a score for so many instruments, so rich in harmony and contrivance, indicates a strength of conception and a power of memory altogether wonderful.' In truth, Mozart's whole life would seem to have consisted of little more than a succession of musical reveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions, appeared to be always thinking about something else. Even in the morning, when he washed his hands, he never stood still, but used to walk up and down the room. At dinner, also, he was apparently lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did. During all this time, the mental process was constantly going on; and he himself, in a letter to a friend, gives the following interesting explanation of his habits of composition:—

'When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodised and defined, and the whole piece stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once: the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream; but the actual hearing of the whole is, after all, the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced, I do not easily forget; and this is perhaps the most precious gift for which I

have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has previously been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough; for everything, as I said before, is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination.'

Apart from his musical triumphs, the personal character of Mozart is deeply interesting. From his earliest childhood, it seemed to be his perpetual endeavour to conciliate the affections of those around him; in truth, he could not bear to be otherwise than loved. The gentlest, the most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from continuing to play or practise, if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, we are told that every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him; he was then, but not till then, laid in bed perfectly contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for the sake of others than for himself. His great object at the outset was to relieve the necessities of his parents; afterwards, his generosity towards his professional brethren, and the impositions practised by the designing on his open and unsuspicious nature, brought on difficulties; and, finally, those exertions, so infinitely beyond his strength, which in the ardour of his affection for his wife and children, and in order to save them from impending destitution, he was prompted to use, destroyed his health, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

Mozart was extremely pious. In a letter written in his youth from Augsburg, he says: 'I pray every day that I may do honour to myself and to Germany—that I may earn money, and be able to relieve you from your present distressed state. When shall we meet again, and [illegible]gether?' It is not difficult to identify [illegible] with the author of the sublimest and

most expressive piece of devotional music which the genius of man has ever consecrated to his Maker. Haydn also was remarkable for his deep sense of religion. 'When I was engaged in composing the *Creation*,' he used to say, 'I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to write, I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily.' It is related also of Handel, that he used to express the great delight which he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ, and that the habitual study of the Scriptures had a strong influence upon his sentiments and conduct.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THERE is something so striking and impressive in the idea of a human creature being doomed to wander perpetually over the earth, restless and without hope of rest, deprived of the prospect of peace which the grave holds out to all other terrestrial beings fated to outlive every social tie, and to see generation after generation, of descendants it may be, passing away successively from before his eyes — there is something so striking in the idea of such a lot, that it is no wonder mankind should have had their interest strongly excited by the legend of the Wandering Jew, and that the subject should have been a favourite one with the lovers of poetry and romance. To fanaticism and imposture, the fiction has held out equal temptations. At various periods since the commencement of the Christian era, individuals have assumed the character of the Wandering Jew, and have succeeded in attracting notice, and gaining credence, to a greater or less extent, from their wondering contemporaries.

It is extremely probable that this legend had its origin in the words used by Christ to the Apostle Peter, on the

latter asking what would become of John, the disciple whom Jesus loved. The answer was: 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?' In consequence of this expression, we are told, 'the saying went abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should *not die*.' Although it is expressly pointed out, in the remainder of the same passage, that the language of Christ could not properly bear any such meaning; yet the conclusion of 'the brethren,' strangely modified and misapplied, seems to have been adopted by the primitive Christians, to have become intermingled with their traditions, and finally to have taken the form of the legend of the Wandering Jew. This, in its early or original shape, is detailed by Matthew Paris, monk of St Albans, who flourished in the thirteenth century. The story was current before his day, in England and elsewhere, but he was probably the first who regularly chronicled all the particulars. In 1228, the monk informs us, an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the shrines and relics preserved in our churches. Being entertained at the monastery of St Albans, this ecclesiastical dignitary was anxiously interrogated as to the religious condition of his country, and, among other questions, a monk who sat near him inquired, 'if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, who was so much talked of, and who had been present at our Lord's crucifixion, and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith.' The archbishop answered, that 'the circumstances were all true;' and, afterwards, one of his train, interpreting the archbishop's words, told them in French that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well; that the latter had dined with his lord but a little while before they left the East; that the man had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment Hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying: 'Go faster, Jesus; go faster: why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said: 'I indeed am going, but THOU SHALT TARRY TILL I COME!'

Soon after this event, Cartaphilus, by his own account, was converted, and baptised by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever; but at the end of every hundred years he falls into a severe illness, and ultimately into a fit or trance, on recovering from which he finds himself in the same state of youth which he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances attending the crucifixion and resurrection, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion, and is himself a very grave and holy person.

Such is the story of the Wandering Jew, as told by Matthew Paris, who was alive at the time of the Armenian's visit to St Albans, and who, there can be no doubt, relates the circumstances as they came from the mouths of the strangers. The deception lay, it is probable, not with the Armenians, but with the party who had passed himself off upon them as the porter of Pontius Pilate, thereby insuring much good entertainment, doubtless, as well as unbounded reverence, from the followers of the church in the East. As Pythagoras, a very wise and clear-headed man, entertained the notion of his having personally gone through several existences on earth, so it is possible that the Wandering Jew of the Armenian archbishop may himself have laboured under a delusion. But the probability is on the other side; and the same conclusion may be drawn, without much uncharitableness, respecting the numerous persons who at later periods have personated the erratic Hebrew. There were considerable variations in the stories which these persons told of themselves. For example, one who appeared at Hamburg, about the year 1547, declared himself to have been a *shoemaker* in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion. A ballad, quoted by Bishop Percy from the *Pepys Collection*, details the particulars of this Hamburg impostor's narrative. The following verses give the main thread of the story:—

'When as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own dear life did give;

The wicked Jews with scoffes and scornes
Did daily him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could get rest.
When they had crowned his head with thornes,
And scourged him to disgrace,
In scornful sort they led him forthe
Unto his dying place:
His own dear cross he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the street to faint,
With blood and water sweat.

Being wearye thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controul;
And sayd: "Awaye, thou king of Jews,
Thou shalt not rest thee here!
Pass on: thy execution place,
Thou seest, nowe draweth neare."
And thereupon he thrust him thence;
At which our Saviour sayd:
"*I* sure will *rest*, but *thou shalt walk*,
And have no journey stayed."'

From this hour forward, the ballad continues to say, this 'cursed shoemaker' could find no peace anywhere; and, finally, being brought to conviction by his own fate, became a convert and a witness for the religion of him who had pronounced his doom.

'He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Greece, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria:
And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne;
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,
He wandereth up and downe.
Where learned men with him conferre,
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to hear him tell
His journeyes and his wayes.'

All the alms given to him, the ballad further says, he gave to the poor, and no man ever saw laugh or smile upon his face.

The conferences with learned men mentioned in the

ballad are no fiction of the minstrel's brain, as we learn from the work called the *Turkish Spy*, where an account is given of the impression made on the Parisian *savans* by the appearance among them of another Wandering Jew. Though the plan of this work is fictitious, like that of the *Citizen of the World*, for example, yet the incidents narrated in it are in most instances real, and such is the case with the following story of the Wandering Jew, who figured in Paris about the year 1643:—'Here is a man come to this city, if he may be called a man, who pretends to have lived about these sixteen hundred years. He says of himself, that he was usher of the divan (the Jews call it the Court of Judgment) in Jerusalem at the time when Jesus, the Christian Messias, was condemned by Pontius Pilate, the Roman president; that his name was *Michob-Ader;* and that, for thrusting Jesus out of the hall, with these words: "Go, why tarriest thou?" the Messias answered him again: "I go, but tarry thou till I come;" thereby condemning him to live till the day of judgment.' Such was the account given by this personage of himself. He affected to heal diseases by a touch, and was deeply venerated both by the common people and others. 'One day,' says the *Turkish Spy*, 'I had the curiosity to discourse with him in several languages, and I found him master of all those that I could speak. He told me that there was scarce a true history to be found. He was in Rome, he said, when Nero set fire to the city, and saw him stand triumphing on the top of a hill to behold its flames. He saw Saladin's return from his conquest in the East, when he caused his shirt to be carried on the top of a spear with this proclamation: "Saladin, lord of many rich countries, shall have no memorial left of all his glories when he dies, but only this poor shirt!" He knew Tamerlane the Scythian, and told me that he was so called because he was lame. He seemed to pity the insupportable calamity of Bajazet, whom he had seen carried about in a cage by Tamerlane's order. He knew Mohammed's father very well, and had been often in his company at Ormus. He had heard the emperor

Vespasian say, when he understood the temple of Solomon was burnt to ashes, "he had rather all Rome had been set on fire." Here the old man fell a-weeping himself, lamenting the ruin of that noble structure, which he described to me as familiarly as if he had seen it but yesterday.'

This was, the reader will admit, a goodly range of experience for any one to lay claim to. The appearance of this personator of the Wandering Jew corresponded with his assumptions. 'By his looks, one would take him for a relic of the old world, or one of the long-lived fathers before the flood. To speak modestly, he may pass for the younger brother of Time.'

Another Wandering Jew, and one of equal learning, seems to have excited the wonder of the people of Venice, in the year 1687. This new one was more remarkable than the others, in as far as he is said to have made no boast of his antiquity, but to have felt hurt, on the contrary, when it was accidentally discovered. 'This personage,' says the author of *Hermippus Redivivus*, 'went by the name of Signor Gualdi. He remained at Venice some months, and three things were remarked in his conduct. The first was, that he had a small collection of fine pictures, which he readily shewed to anybody that desired it; the next, that he was perfectly versed in all arts and sciences, and spoke on every subject with such readiness and sagacity, as astonished all who heard him; and it was, in the third place, observed that he never wrote or received any letter; never desired any credit, or made use of bills of exchange, but paid for everything in ready money, and lived decently, though not in splendour.' The story then goes on to tell, that a Venetian nobleman, an admirable judge of paintings, was admitted to see Gualdi's collection, and admired them excessively. At the close of the visit, the nobleman 'cast his eye by chance over the chamber-door, where hung a picture of this stranger (Gualdi.) The Venetian looked upon it, and then upon him. "This picture was drawn for you, sir," says he to Signor Gualdi, to which the other made no

answer but by a low bow. "You look," continued the Venetian, "like a man of fifty, and yet I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead one hundred and thirty years. How is this possible?" "It is not easy," said Signor Gualdi gravely, "to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly no crime in my being like a picture drawn by Titian." The Venetian easily perceived, by his manner of speaking, that he had given the stranger offence, and therefore took his leave. The issue of the affair was, that the Venetian told the matter to all his friends. Curiosity was aroused, and various parties went to call upon Gualdi. They were disappointed, however; the stranger had left the city, and was never seen again.

Of course, the world of Venice came to the conclusion, that this personage could be none else but the Wandering Jew, or a philosopher who had been fortunate enough to discover the elixir of life. The matter is certainly capable of a much easier solution, however, and Gualdi's own words afford a ready clue to it. It was on this story, Godwin tells us, that he founded his novel of *St Leon*, a work of great power and beauty. We have already mentioned the existence of numerous works of fiction which have a similar basis. Of all these, the most interesting, perhaps, is the Rev. George Croly's tale of *Salathiel*. Mrs Norton's poem of the *Undying One* deserves especial mention also among the compositions which this legend has suggested.

Those readers who are not wearied by this subject, will find other impostors who have personated this imaginary Wanderer, pointed out in Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible*. In the meantime, we shall conclude by quoting a little piece upon this subject from the French poet Béranger, using a version which appears in the *Minor Morals* of Dr Bowring:—

'One glass of water, Christian true!
To him that 's weary—gracious Heaven
Reward thee—I 'm the Wandering Jew,
By the eternal whirlwind driven;

By years not worn, but sore oppress,
And longing for the judgment-day,
Praying for rest, to find no rest,
Cursing each morn's returning ray.
Ever, ever,
Earth revolves, I rest me never—
Ever wandering—ever, ever.

And eighteen centuries now have sped
On the dark wrecks of Rome and Greece;
I have seen the ashes scatterèd
Of thousand shifting dynasties:
Seen good, unfruitful good, and ill
Prolific, while the tempest rolled;
Seen two new worlds the circle fill
Which one world occupied of old.
Ever, ever,
Earth revolves—I rest me never.

The ceaseless change is Heaven's decree—
On dying things I fix my heart,
And scarce I love them ardently
Ere the wild whirlwind cries: "Depart
The poor man asks relief—my hand
Is stretched the debt of love to pay—
But ere sweet Charity's demand
Is granted, I am whirled away—
Ever, ever.

On the soft grass, in flow'rets drest,
Near the fresh stream beneath the tree,
If from my misery I would rest,
The whirlwind howls and summons me.
O why should angry Heaven deny
One moment—one of sweet repose?
For were the grave eternity,
It would not rest me from my woes—
Ever, ever.

Those laughing girls, those sporting boys,
Remind me of mine own at play;
My heart would revel in their joys—
The whirlwind hurries me away.
Ye old, who die, O envy not
My miserable fate forlorn;
For I must tread upon the spot
Where yet shall sleep the child unborn—
Ever, ever.

I seek the venerable walls
Which in my early youth I knew—
I stop—the eternal whirlwind calls,
Tyrannic: "Onwards, onwards, Jew!

Onwards! Exist while all around
Is perishing: in this thy home—
Where all thy forefathers have found
A tomb—for thee there is no tomb;"
Ever, ever.

A cruel smile of scorn and hate
I at the godlike Jesus threw.
The earth is shaking 'neath my feet,
The whirlwind drives me on—adieu!
Ye pitiless, O tremble when
Ye think of me—the wretched me!
God in my fate avenges men,
But not his own divinity—
Ever, ever
Earth revolves, I rest me never—
Ever wandering—ever, ever.'

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

THE following extraordinary act was performed by a child in Lyon not long ago, according to a continental paper.

An unfortunate artisan, the father of a family, was deprived of work by the depressed state of his trade during a whole winter. It was with great difficulty that he could get a morsel of food now and then for his famished wife and children. Things grew worse and worse with him, and at length, on attempting to rise one morning, for the purpose of going out, as usual, in quest of employment, he fell back in a fainting condition, beside his wife, who had already been confined to her bed by illness for two months. The poor man felt himself ill, and his strength utterly gone. He had two boys, yet in mere childhood, and one girl, about twelve or thirteen years old. For a long time, the whole charge of the household had fallen on this girl. She had tended the sick-bed of her mother, and had watched over her little

brothers with more than parental care. Now, when the father too was taken ill, there seemed to be not a vestige of hope for the family, excepting in the exertions which might be made by her, young as she was.

The first thought of the poor little girl was to seek for work proportioned to her strength. But that the family might not starve in the meantime, she resolved to go to one of the Houses of Charity, where food was given out, she had heard, to the poor and needy. The person to whom she addressed herself accordingly inscribed her name in the list of applicants, and told her to come back again in a day or two, when the case would have been *deliberated* upon. Alas, during this deliberation, her parents and brothers would starve! The girl stated this, but was informed that the formalities mentioned were indispensable. She came again to the streets, and, almost agonised by the knowledge how anxiously she was expected, with bread, at home, she resolved to ask charity from the passengers in the public ways.

No one heeded the modest, unobtrusive appeal of her outstretched hand. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak. Could any one have seen the torturing anxiety that filled her breast, she must have been pitied and relieved. As the case stood, it is not perhaps surprising that some rude being menaced her with the police. She was frightened. Shivering with cold, and crying bitterly, she fled homewards. When she mounted the stairs and opened the door, the first words that she heard were the cries of her brothers for something to eat — 'Bread! bread!' She saw her father soothing and supporting her fainting mother, and heard him say: 'Bread!—she dies for want of food.'

'I have no bread!' cried the poor girl with anguish in her tones.

The cry of disappointment and despair which came at these words from her father and brothers, caused her to recall what she had said, and conceal the truth. 'I have not got it yet,' she exclaimed, 'but I will have it immediately. I have given the baker the money;

he was serving some rich people, and he told me to wait or come back. I came to tell you that it would soon be here.'

After these words, without waiting for a reply, she left the house again. A thought had entered her head, and maddened by the distress of those she loved so dearly, she had instantaneously resolved to put it in execution. She ran from one street to another, till she saw a baker's shop in which there appeared to be no person, and then, summoning all her determination, she entered, lifted a loaf, and fled! The shopkeeper saw her from behind his counter. He cried loudly, ran after her, and pointed her out to the people passing by. The girl ran on. She was pursued, and finally a man seized the loaf which she carried. The object of her desires taken away, she had no motive to proceed, and was seized at once. They conveyed her towards the office of the police; a crowd, as usual, having gathered in attendance. The poor girl threw around her despairing glances, which seemed to seek some favourable object from whom to ask mercy. At last, when she had been brought to the court of the police-office, and was in waiting for the order to enter, she saw before her a little girl of her own age, who appeared to look on her with a glance full of kindness and compassion. Under the impulse of the moment, still thinking of the condition of her family, she whispered to the stranger the cause of her act of theft.

'Father and mother, and my two brothers, are dying for want of bread!' said she.

'Where?' asked the strange girl anxiously.

'Rue ——, No. 10' ——. She had only time to add the name of her parents to this communication, when she was carried in before the commissary of police.

Meanwhile, the poor family at home suffered all the miseries of suspense. Fears for their child's safety were added to the other afflictions of the parents. At length, they heard footsteps ascending the stair. An eager cry of hope was uttered by all the four unfortunates, but,

alas! a stranger appeared in place of their own little one. Yet the stranger seemed to them like an angel. Her cheeks had a beautiful bloom, and long flaxen hair fell in curls upon her shoulders. She brought to them bread, and a small basket of other provisions. 'Your girl,' she said, 'will not come back perhaps to-day; but keep up your spirits! See what she has sent you!' After these encouraging words, the young messenger of good put into the hands of the father five francs, and then, turning round to cast a look of pity and satisfaction on the poor family, who were dumb with emotion, she disappeared.

The history of these five francs is the most remarkable part of this affair. This little benevolent fairy was, it is almost unnecessary to say, the same pitying spectator who had been addressed by the abstractor of the loaf at the police-office. As soon as she had heard what was said there, she had gone away, resolved to take some meat to the poor family. But she remembered that her mamma was from home that day, and was at a loss how to procure money or food, until she bethought herself of a resource of a strange kind. She recollected that a hairdresser, who lived near her mother's house, and who knew her family, had often commended her beautiful hair, and had told her to come to him whenever she wished to have it cut, and he would give her a louis for it. This used to make her proud and pleased, but she now thought of it in a different way. In order to procure money for the assistance of the starving family, she went straight to the hairdresser's, put him in mind of his promise, and offered to let him cut off all her pretty locks for what he thought them worth.

Naturally surprised by such an application, the hairdresser, who was a kind and intelligent man, made inquiry into the cause of his young friend's visit. Her secret was easily drawn from her, and it caused the hairdresser almost to shed tears of pleasure. He feigned to comply with the conditions proposed, and gave the bargainer fifteen francs, promising to come and claim his purchase

at some future day. The little girl then got a basket, bought provisions, and set out on her errand of mercy. Before she returned, the hairdresser had gone to her mother's, found that lady come home, and related to her the whole circumstances; so that, when the possessor of the golden tresses came back, she was gratified by being received into the open arms of her pleased and praising parent.

When the story was told at the police-office by the hairdresser, the abstraction of the loaf was visited by no severe punishment. The singular circumstances connected with the case, raised many friends to the artisan and his family, and he was soon restored to health and comfort.

LATEWAKE ENTERTAINMENTS.

IDLE and extravagant as some of our funeral customs continue to be, they bear no comparison with what prevailed some sixty or eighty years ago; even within the last thirty years, a very great improvement has taken place in this branch of our domestic economy. The most remarkable thing about the old Scotch funeral customs, was the high degree of jovialty which prevailed. The interval of a few days which elapsed between the death and burial of an individual, was little else than a period of continual feasting, and the house bore more resemblance to a tavern in the height of business, than to a dwelling of sorrow and lamentation.

We are old enough to remember some of these remarkable ongoings, and their gradual subsidence into comparative decency and sobriety. First in the series of entertainments, came the 'dressing of the corpse,' which was attended by all the female acquaintances of the family,

and also some of the more intimate male friends at a later period of the evening. In every town there was at least one old lady who followed the profession of making cerements, and she, of course, on occasions of this nature, figured as mistress of the ceremonies. The body of the defunct, under her directions, was now seen laid out in a sort of state, with the pure white habiliments spreading in all their amplitude around the sides of the bed, and hanging from the top in tastefully disposed festoons.

Next in the order of ceremonies was the 'chesting,' or laying of the body of the deceased in the coffin; and this generally took place, in the midst of a great number of friends, on the evening previous to the day appointed for the funeral. The chesting, being an assemblage rather more of a private than of a public nature, was immediately followed by the 'latewake;' a lengthy entertainment, or series of entertainments, at which perhaps some hundreds of persons attended by invitation. The latewake was in fact a regular carousal, lasting the greater part of the night. Inasmuch as some prim old female fashioner had superintended the ceremony of laying out the corpse, so now the undertaker, who was some douce old carpenter, reputed for his skill in coffin-making and grace-saying, acted as master of the revels. If the number of the acquaintances of the family was considerable, the duties of this most respectable functionary were by no means trifling. In order to serve all equally, so many guests were invited at one hour, and so many at another, by which there was a fresh company every hour, and to each the same attentions were shewn. Yet it rarely happened that the whole of each company was cleared out; there was always a remnant, composed of a few 'drouthy neebours,' who felt themselves particularly comfortable both in respect of drink and conversation, so that a leavening of the same individuals may be said to have been kept up from first to last through the entire latewake. Now, to meet such contingencies as these, and keeping in view that each new service required a new benediction, it was

of importance that the undertaker should be a man possessed of a considerable number of graces: the same over and over again would have been intolerable to the remnant of drouthy neebours aforesaid. Well do we remember old Laird Grieve, a worthy famous alike for his coffins, his jests, and his latewake graces; and we daresay many of our readers whose remembrance carries them back to the period to which we refer, must have similar recollections of the class of undertakers of which the laird was a sample.

At these latewakes, which were universal through the country, an immense deal of viands was consumed. The staple articles of entertainment were generally whisky, beer, cheese, bread, and tobacco — producing oceans of punch, mountains of bread and cheese, and clouds of smoke. To shew to what wasteful extravagance these carousals were sometimes carried, we need only mention, that, at the latewake and other funeral entertainments of the great-grandfather of the present writer—a person moving in a respectable but comparatively humble rank of life, who died between seventy and ninety years since —sixteen stones of cheese and a stone of tobacco, with a number of gallons of whisky and beer, were consumed. A game, of which we do not know the exact nature, but which was called *Dishyloof*, was played, and the feast continued for upwards of two days. On other occasions, we have heard, the young people of both sexes would engage in games of forfeits, which raised the merry-making to a pitch still more removed from the decorum which seems to a rational mind proper to the occasion. Sometimes the house would be so full, that parties were fain to sit on the front of the very bed containing the corpse.

The following strange story connected with a latewake was related in the *Scots Magazine*, a few years before it terminated:—'Mr William Craighead, author of a popular system of arithmetic, was parish schoolmaster of Monifieth, situate upon the estuary of the Tay, about six miles east from Dundee. It would appear that Mr Craighead was

then a young man, fond of a frolic, without being very scrupulous about the means, or calculating the consequences. There was a latewake in the neighbourhood, attended by a number of his acquaintance, according to the custom of the times; Craighead procured a confederate, with whom he concerted a plan to draw the watchers from the house, or at least from the room where the corpse lay. Having succeeded in this, he dexterously removed the dead body to an outer-house, while his companion occupied the place of the corpse in the bed where it had lain. It was agreed upon between the confederates, that when the company was reassembled, Craighead was to join them, and at a concerted signal the impostor was to rise shrouded like the dead man, while the two were to enjoy the terror and alarm of their companions. Mr Craighead came in, and after being some time seated, the signal was made, but met no attention—he was rather surprised: it was repeated, and still neglected. Mr Craighead in his turn now became alarmed, for he conceived it impossible that his companion could have fallen asleep in that situation—his uneasiness became insupportable—he went to the bed—and found his companion lifeless! Mr Craighead's feelings, as may well be imagined, now entirely overpowered him, and the dreadful fact was disclosed. Their agitation was extreme, and it was far from being alleviated when every attempt to restore animation to the thoughtless young man proved abortive. As soon as their confusion would permit, an inquiry was made after the original corpse: Mr Craighead and another went to fetch it, but—it was not to be found! The alarm and consternation of the company was now redoubled; that of Mr Craighead was little short of distraction. Daylight came without relieving their agitation; no trace of the corpse could be discovered, and Mr Craighead was accused as the *primum mobile* of all that had happened. He was incapable of sleeping, and wandered several days and nights in search of the body, which was at last discovered in the parish of Tealing, deposited in a field about six miles distant from the place from whence it was removed. It

is related, that this extraordinary affair had a strong and lasting effect upon Mr Craighead's mind and conduct; that he immediately became serious and thoughtful, and ever after conducted himself with great prudence and sobriety.'

After all, the latewake did not conclude the entertainments by which our ancestors thought it proper to signalise the deaths of their friends. There was still the entertainment at the funeral itself, which, at the very least, usually consisted of several rounds of cake and wine or whisky, and was sometimes protracted till the company had become not very fit to move decorously to the burial-place. The case alluded to in *Humphry Clinker*, of a company who were so far confused by their potations as to go half-way to the church-yard before discovering that they had left the corpse behind, was, we have heard, a real one. The circumstance occurred at the funeral of Mrs Hume of Billy, in Berwickshire; an unfortunate lady who, about a century ago, was murdered by her man-servant. To this day, in the Highlands of Scotland, the entertainments at funerals are of an elaborate character. The attendants, usually coming from great distances, actually require more refreshment than those who attend funerals in town; and this necessity easily leads to over-indulgence. Whisky is always distributed in abundance, with bread, cheese, and perhaps still more substantial viands; and it is not to be wondered at that, finding such provisions before them after a long walk or ride, the generality of those present manifest some disposition to delay the march to the church-yard. It may give some idea of the complicated nature of a Highland funeral, that when an Argyleshire gentlewoman of fortune died sixteen or seventeen years ago in Edinburgh, and was carried to her native parish for interment, the entire bill of the man of legal business who managed the affair, amounted to L.450!

The funeral being finished, and the deceased quietly or inquietly inurned, there was still something more to be done. The company had to return to the *dredgy;* an

entertainment somewhat similar to the latewake, and probably taking its rise in some ceremony of ancient days, in which *dirges* were sung, as no other feasible explanation of the name can be given. The dredgy being concluded, the poor family was at length left to feel for the first time, in solitude and leisure, the severity of the loss with which they had been visited, and to seek for the appropriate consolations.

END OF VOL. V.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

THE GREAT STIRLING CASE.

ABOUT the year 1825, a respectable-looking elderly gentleman made his appearance in Edinburgh, where his habits and pretensions created some degree of curiosity. He lived generally in lodgings, genteel, but not aristocratic. He seemed to be a man of very moderate income, and did not mix in high society, yet he called himself Earl of Stirling. This title was an old and respected one in Scotland, and its assumption did not create much surprise; for poor gentlemen with contested claims to ancient titles of nobility, are not very uncommon in the Scottish metropolis. With regard to the person describing himself as Earl of Stirling, some spoke doubtingly of his pretensions, others treated him as an impostor. What he really was, will appear, after giving certain preliminary explanations.

Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, a poet and statesman of the reign of King James I. of England, had entered into that sovereign's project for colonising the borders of the Gulf of St Lawrence. He was gifted by charter with a large territory, nearly identical with the

same which is still called Nova Scotia, but containing a considerable portion of Canada; and he and his heirs were appointed hereditary lords-lieutenant of the district, with something very like sovereign powers. A territory without people on it is, however, of little value either to sovereign or proprietor. To induce British subjects, especially Scotsmen of rank, to take land in the district, the new dignity of Baronets of Nova Scotia was created. It was to be conferred on acceptable persons, who paid for and received a grant of 16,000 acres of land in the colony.

The Earl of Stirling's son becoming involved in difficulties, sold his American privilege to a French colonist; and by the treaty of St Germain in 1632, these North American British colonies were all ceded to France. At the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, they became again a British possession, but on a new foundation, as if they had never belonged to Britain before. Perhaps the government might have restored any family claims of a reasonable kind that could have been shewn to be lost by the French conquest, but the Alexanders, as we have seen, had disposed of their right. Though some persons were from time to time spoken of as representatives of the distinguished family, no one made a serious attempt to resume the title and its privileges, until the present century, when the individual above mentioned, laid his plans in the remarkable manner which we are now going to describe.

The name of the gentleman in question was Alexander Humphrys or Humphreys. His first step was, in 1824, to obtain a royal licence to assume the name of Alexander. He stated in his application, that he had a maternal grandfather of that name, and he wished to assume it, 'as well out of grateful respect to his memory, as out of respect for the wishes oftentimes expressed by his deceased mother.' It is believed that any person may obtain a licence of this sort who states any such plausible reason, and pays the necessary fees. It could have no effect in a legal point of view. But the expression 'royal licence' has a great influence on common minds—a secret known very well to second-rate inventors, who always announce their

wares as authorised by 'Her Majesty's Royal Letters-Patent.'

His next step was to shew his descent from the old Stirling family, and get it in some way judicially certified. The connection he tried to establish was this: his father, William Humphreys of Birmingham, had married Hannah Alexander, granddaughter of the Rev. John Alexander. This reverend John was the son of another John Alexander, of Donaghadee, in Ireland; and he was said to be a son of the Honourable John Alexander, fourth son of the Earl of Stirling. There had long existed in Scotland certain formalities, by which a person could obtain a public and judicial certificate of his pedigree, or his connection with the succession to certain property. Without entering into any technical particulars, it may be sufficient to say, that until certain improved practices were established, these 'services,' as they are called, used to be carried through as mere matters of routine. A narrative was made out, and some documents read; and then the persons assembled, taking for granted that everything was regular, certified their belief in it. If the whole be a tissue of lies and forgeries, which is sometimes possible, it has generally to be examined afterwards, as in the present case, when there is an attempt made to obtain any property or other advantage, and the attempt is resisted. The reader will perhaps remember that in the novel of *Guy Mannering*, when young Bertram is discovered, a process of this kind is adopted by Pleydell, as the first step for asserting the young heir's right. Colonel Mannering says: 'Well, have you carried through your law-business?'

'With a wet finger,' answered the lawyer; 'got our youngster's special service returned into Chancery. We had him served heir before the macers.'

'Macers! who are they?'

'Why, it is a kind of judicial saturnalia. You must know, that one of the requisites to be a macer, or officer in attendance upon our supreme court, is, that they shall be men of no knowledge.'

'Very well.'

'Now, our Scottish legislature—for the joke's sake, I suppose—have constituted these men of no knowledge into a peculiar court for trying questions of relationship and descent, such as this business of Bertram, which often involve the most nice and complicated questions of evidence.'

The ease of getting through with such ceremonies will account for the circumstance, that before any steps were taken against him, Mr Humphreys had, undisturbed, possessed himself of the documents thus certifying his pretensions. He first certified in this way his descent from the Irish Alexanders. He next certified his descent through them from the first Earl of Stirling. He made himself out to be heir to the property and honours of that nobleman by further proceedings; which not only certified that he was descended from him, but that other and nearer branches of the family had all become extinguished. It was appointed in the original charter of Nova Scotia, that Sir William Alexander and his descendants were to go through the mere formal process of investment by a ceremony in Edinburgh Castle, and this ceremony was gone through.

Still, there was besides the circumstance that the American estates had been disposed of, another serious difficulty to be overcome. The earldom and the estates were both united to heirs-male, and Mr Humphreys represented a female descendant. To get over this, a document was produced, which purported to be a copy of a charter granted by Charles I. in 1639, which renewed the grants to the Earl of Stirling, and widened their character, so that they embraced heirs-female as well as male. We shall see in the end into what a position this document plunged Mr Humphreys and his claim.

Mr Humphreys now gradually assumed the title of Earl of Stirling, spoke of his mother as the late countess, and gave his other immediate relations the usual term of 'Honourable' So and So. In an election of a Scottish representative peer, which took place on the 2d of June 1825, the first person who appears on the roll of voters is

'the Earl of Stirling;' and it is stated in the minutes of election—the business being conducted by Sir Walter Scott, as principal clerk of Session—'upon the title of Earl of Stirling being called, Alexander Humphreys Alexander claimed to vote as Earl of Stirling, as being heir-male of the body of Hannah, Countess of Stirling, who was lineally descended from William, first Earl of Stirling, and who died on the 20th day of September 1814, and thereby under the destination of a royal charter, or letters-patent of Novodamus under the great seal of Scotland, dated 2d December 1639, granted by His Majesty King Charles I., &c.; and his vote was received by the clerks.' Here, again, Mr Humphreys appears to have had the advantage of taking people by surprise. The narrative was well put together; it looked feasible even to a person so well acquainted with history and genealogy as Sir Walter Scott; and as there was no other peer who could take it on him to say, that the whole statement was a hallucination or a fraud, the vote was taken. At another meeting for the election of peers in 1830, when the name of the Earl of Stirling was called, the Earl of Rosebery said he would not oppose the vote to be tendered, as it had been admitted at a previous election; 'but, at the same time, he was desirous of expressing an opinion, that it would be far more consistent with regularity and propriety were those individuals who conceived they were entitled to dormant peerages, to make good their claims to them before the House of Lords, previous to taking the titles and exercising the privileges attached to them.' Nothing could shew better how cautiously and effectively Humphreys or his advisers had conducted their project, than this extremely mild protest against a man who had no more right to vote at the elections than the porter of the room where they were held.

But the so-called earl obtained still more substantial acknowledgments of success than these mere titles. He was extremely poor at the beginning of his career. Traces were found of his having had to move abruptly

from place to place, to avoid his creditors, and using all the shifts and evasions which needy men learn the art of exercising. He required large funds, however, to carry on his operations; and he made his claims appear so plausible to the money-lenders, that they advanced to him L.13,000.

It must be remembered by those who may feel astonished at the success with which these proceedings were conducted to a certain extent, that the Canada possessions made the earldom of Stirling almost the only peerage on which a sheer impostor could have much temptation to make an attack. In general, the property belonging to the other peerages which have lain dormant has gone into other hands, and been rendered irrecoverable: still, cases of claim to both title and property are not uncommon; in some instances the right to property being dependent on the vindication of a right to title. In whichsoever way it is, the claimant has usually to go through a litigation with some other person, who urges a preferable claim. The peculiar temptation to aim at the Stirling peerage, was the right it conveyed over the vast territory in America. This had not been, like the British estates of the other dormant peers, in the hands of purchasers or other persons, who had an indisputable claim to possess them. The greater portion of the territory was still unappropriated, and was in the hands of the crown, to be disposed of to emigrants. If a claim preferable to that of the crown could be made out in favour of Humphreys, he would derive a great revenue by disposing of allotments to emigrants. Accordingly, after having obtained the documents already alluded to, and accustomed people for some years to consider him as Lord Stirling, he proceeded to act on the American property. His first step was one of princely gratitude. A Mr Christopher Banks had been his chief agent in all his operations. He had especially found for him the documents on which he raised his claim to represent the Alexander family. On the 14th of July 1831, 'the Earl of Stirling,' made a gift to Banks of 16,000 acres of land

in Canada, and appointed him a baronet of Nova Scotia. Sir Christopher, like his patron, took the title and dignity. He required, however, to have some royal sanction to his elevation; and he applied to the Lords of the Treasury to confirm the grant; but he was not even favoured with an answer to his application, and in other proceedings which he adopted, he fared no better.

Now came out a heap of proclamations, and other documents, about the American possessions in a truly royal style. One of these, which was a prospectus for an allocation of grants of land on a large scale, began in this manner. It will be seen how ingeniously the earl makes use of the documents which we have already described.

'The Earl of Stirling, hereditary lieutenant and lord-proprietor of the province of Nova Scotia, and the lordship of Canada, was, on the 2d day of July last, duly served nearest and lawful heir in special to his great-great-grandfather, Sir William Alexander, first Earl of Stirling, under the royal charters granted by their Majesties King James and Charles I., which were afterwards confirmed in parliament in 1633. This verdict of heirship was duly returned to the Chancery in Scotland; and in virtue thereof, by a precept from His Majesty, directed furth of his Chancery to the sheriff of the county of Edinburgh, his lordship was infeft in the whole territory, with all its parts and pertinents, the offices of His Majesty's hereditary lieutenant of Nova Scotia, &c. (New Brunswick and the adjacent islands included), by sasine taken at the Castle of Edinburgh, on the 8th day of the said month of July, in terms of the powers, extent of territory, &c. contained in the charters of his said ancestor.'

Now, as these statements, so far as they went, were literally true—for Humphreys really had obtained these documents—how could any one doubt that he was the person he announced himself as being? The English courts of law had so little doubt of it, that they admitted his privilege of freedom from arrest. The colonial authorities were, according to the accounts of Mr Banks, who had been sent ambassador to America, preparing

to act in conformity with his pretensions. To keep up to his character, when Lord Durham was appointed governor of the North American colonies, Humphreys issued a protest against the terms of the appointment, as an infringement of his privileges. It is a curious circumstance, that this was published only in the French newspapers. In the British press, however, a skilful series of articles kept up the delusion. It was aided from time to time by judicious paragraphs. For instance, there appeared, as quoted from the *Stirling Journal*, an account of the arrival of the earl to visit the seat of his ancestors. 'The circumstance of his lordship's arrival was no sooner known to the magistrates, than the bells were set a-ringing; and about eleven o'clock to-day, they waited on his lordship, to congratulate him on his visit to the residence of his noble ancestors.'

Meanwhile, the crown-lawyers, who had been watching these proceedings, thought it was high time that an end should be put to the farce, especially as the so-called earl was taking some legal steps of such a nature that, if he were successful, it would be very difficult to counteract. For instance, it was of great moment that he should establish the validity of the charter which he said was granted in the form of a renewal in 1639: it was on this that he rested not only the restoration of the American grants to the Earls of Stirling, but also his own claim through a female representative. We shall see afterwards what kind of document this was. In the meantime, the crown, not content with opposing his attempts to prove its authenticity, became the assailant, and commenced proceedings for pulling down his whole fabric.

Of the several questions, one of course was, whether the pedigree by which he attached his grandfather, the Rev. John Alexander, to the Stirling family, was accurate. On this subject, there were produced two affidavits of the early part of the eighteenth century. One of them was of a vague character, but the other was extremely distinct. It bore that the person who made it was 'intimately acquainted with the rev. minister, John Alexander, grandson

and only male representative of John Alexander of Gartmore, the fourth son of William, first Earl of Stirling in Scotland, which said John Alexander was formerly of Antrim.' The affidavit not only completed the pedigree, but it contained an account of the charter of 1639, the terms of which the claimant was so anxious to prove, if he could not get possession of the original. This affidavit bore the signature, admitted to be genuine, of Baron Pocklington, of the Irish Exchequer; but there was something suspicious about its suiting so precisely with the claimant's case, and it had a curious appearance. It was submitted to two eminent chemists, who stated that the paper above the signature had previously been some other writing, which must have been chemically removed, the affidavit having been written in its place. At the same time, there was produced a copy of an inscription on a tombstone, professing to have been raised over the remains of John Alexander of Antrim, who died in 1712. It stated, precisely in the same manner as the affidavit, the descent from the Stirling family. It contained, indeed, so precisely what Humphreys wanted to make out his claim, that the judge could not help remarking, that it was very strong in his favour—'as strong as if it had been composed for this very case.' But there were fatal defects in the evidence adduced in favour of its accuracy as a copy of the original inscription, and the tombstone itself had long disappeared. In fact, it was not proved that such a tombstone had ever existed; and unless the claimant could get over this defect, the inscription was of no use to him. How it was attempted to be got over, we shall presently see.

But while the crown thus removed the foundation from the claimant's case, they distinctly proved something that told strongly against it. It was shewn that John Alexander, the fourth son of the Earl of Stirling, from whom Humphreys claimed his descent, had by his wife, the heiress of Gartmore, only a daughter. The person whom Humphreys claimed as his great-great-grandfather, John Alexander, therefore, could not be his son, unless he had married again.

Thus, it was necessary for carrying out his claim that, besides some minor points on which it is unnecessary to enter, Mr Humphreys should prove three things, which were as yet destitute of support: 1*st*, The terms of the charter of 1639, on which so much depended; 2*d*, The existence of the tombstone and its inscription; and 3*d*, That the fourth son of the Earl of Stirling had married a second wife, who bore him a son. The marvellous manner in which evidence of these important matters arose just as it was wanted, is the most romantic part of the whole case. A son of Mr Humphreys, or of the earl, as he was termed, calling one day at the shop of De Porquet and Co., booksellers of London, who had published for his father a book in defence of his claims, was told that there was a packet there for 'the Right Hon. the Earl of Stirling.' It had been enclosed in a parcel addressed to the firm, and containing along with it a note in the handwriting, apparently, of a lady. It bore to be from a 'Mrs Innes Smyth,' a person of whose existence none of the parties professed to know anything. It stated, that she had intended to call with the enclosure, but found it expedient to send it by post; and terminated with a particular request, that the publishers 'will forward it instantly to the Earl of Stirling, or any member of his lordship's family whose residence may be known to them.'

The precaution was taken of opening this packet in the presence of unquestionable witnesses. It disclosed an inner packet with a parchment cover, and sealed with three old-fashioned seals. This bore the inscription, 'some of my wife's family papers,' in a handwriting said to be that of the claimant's father. Along with this inner parcel was another note. It contained a statement, that the parcel was found in a cash-box which had been stolen from 'the late William Humphreys, Esq.' The thief, it said, had just died; and in continuation it was said, that 'his family being now certain that the son of Mr Humphreys is the Lord Stirling who has lately published a narrative of his case, they have requested a lady going to London to leave the packet at his lordship's publishers—

a channel of conveyance pointed out by the book itself, and which they hope is quite safe. His lordship will perceive that the seals have never been broken. The family of the deceased must, for obvious reasons, remain unknown. They make this reparation, but cannot be expected to court disgrace and infamy.'

This useful packet contained evidence to fill up the greater part of the blanks in the previous proof; among other things, a genealogical tree, giving an account of the second marriage which had been wanted for John Alexander of Gartmore. His second wife was Elizabeth Maxwell of Londonderry, and by her he had a son, John, 'sixth Earl of Stirling.' Along with this, there were several letters, which very neatly supplied deficiencies in some of the affidavits previously produced.

But there were some documents still required to make the deficient evidence complete, and we shall now see how they came to light. Mr Humphreys had an acquaintance in France—a Mademoiselle Le Normand, whose position it is difficult for people of this country fully to understand. She was a kind of fortune-teller, and united to this profession a wonderful facility in discovering a solution of any important mystery, and especially in finding lost papers. Notwithstanding such questionable occupations, she appears to have held a considerable social position in her own country. She was a literary woman, and had a very extensive correspondence with authors and men in office. She was about seventy years old at the time of these proceedings. It appears that she had an early intimacy with Mrs Humphreys, or 'the countess,' and predicted that, after a time of trial, she would rise to greatness. The account which Mr Humphreys gave of her when examined by the court was this: 'Interrogated, what is Mademoiselle Le Normand's profession? Declares, that he has the highest respect for Mademoiselle Le Normand, but has nothing to say as to her peculiar talents: that she is *auteur libraire*, and publishes and sells her own works. Interrogated, if he does not know whether she has any other occupation or employment? Declares, that he

can only say, that she has been consulted by persons of the highest rank—sovereigns and others. He has nothing to do with her in any other way than he has explained. And reinterrogated, and desired to answer the question. He can only answer that on her door is inscribed *Bureau de Correspondence.* More than this he cannot say: that she is consulted by all sorts of persons. Interrogated, if she is not generally known in Paris as a fortune-teller, and consulted as such? Declares, that in the common acceptation, he believes that she is so considered. Believes she tells fortunes by means of cards. Specially interrogated, if he has seen her tell fortunes by means of cards? Declares, that being advised by his counsel to answer the question, he says that he has seen her do so. Believes that she is paid by those who consult her to tell their fortunes. Interrogated, did she tell him his own fortune on the cards or otherwise? Declares, she certainly did at one period—as thousands have had the same curiosity—that he then paid her five Napoleons; that this was a long time ago.'

He explained, that he had kept up a correspondence with this lady about his claims, because her varied correspondence and intimacy with literary and official people might enable her to procure documents about the American possessions of the Stirling family, during the French possession of North America. Mademoiselle had so much faith either in her fortune-telling, or in her capacity to find documents, that she advanced a considerable sum to Humphreys, to enable him to carry on his litigations — certainly, a very unusual act for a fortune-teller.

In considerable dejection after the signal breaking down of his case in the Court of Session, Mr Humphreys was travelling abroad. He admitted that he travelled under a feigned name, but would not reveal it. Naturally, he called on his old friend the fortune-teller, and from her he received, to his astonishment, a mysterious packet, just as his son had from the London publishers. Like the London packet, it had been anonymously deposited, all

trace of the party who had communicated it being cut off. In fact, it was found one day dropped in mademoiselle's chamber, after two ladies of high rank, on a professional visit to the seeress, had departed. The packet was accompanied by a letter, dated from Versailles, and signed only with the initial letter M. It stated, that the writer was aware of the lively interest which mademoiselle took in the success of the Englishman Alexander, in his claims to possess the inheritance of his ancestors; that he was under deep obligations to her, which he endeavoured in some measure to repay by the documents which he enclosed. He intimated, that being in office, he could not come personally forward in the affair, or permit his name to be known. When Humphreys was questioned, if he knew who this individual could be, he said he did not know, but had his suspicions, and they pointed to a personage so august and lofty, that he dared not name him.

The package contained a large old French map of Canada, covered over with other documents, which supplied all that was wanted for completing the evidence of the claim to the earldom and estates. Here was full evidence to confirm the copy of the charter of the year 1639, which had already been produced, but which required confirmation. There was a copy of the inscription on the tombstone already mentioned, accurately authenticated; and there were several other writings confirming the genealogical statements.

It seemed now necessary to put a stop, in an effectual manner, to a system of such audacious fraud. On the 29th of April 1839, Humphreys was brought to trial for forgery. The case involved a very protracted and complicated investigation, and it lasted for four days. It was soon very evident, that of the actual forgery there could be no doubt—the counsel for Humphreys gave up the point. The question was, whether he was guilty, either of having himself committed the forgeries, or of having used the documents in the knowledge that they were forged by others.

The numerous documents which were the subject of

can only say, that she has been consulted by persons of the highest rank—sovereigns and others. He has nothing to do with her in any other way than he has explained. And reinterrogated, and desired to answer the question. He can only answer that on her door is inscribed *Bureau de Correspondence.* More than this he cannot say: that she is consulted by all sorts of persons. Interrogated, if she is not generally known in Paris as a fortune-teller, and consulted as such? Declares, that in the common acceptation, he believes that she is so considered. Believes she tells fortunes by means of cards. Specially interrogated, if he has seen her tell fortunes by means of cards? Declares, that being advised by his counsel to answer the question, he says that he has seen her do so. Believes that she is paid by those who consult her to tell their fortunes. Interrogated, did she tell him his own fortune on the cards or otherwise? Declares, she certainly did at one period—as thousands have had the same curiosity—that he then paid her five Napoleons; that this was a long time ago.'

He explained, that he had kept up a correspondence with this lady about his claims, because her varied correspondence and intimacy with literary and official people might enable her to procure documents about the American possessions of the Stirling family, during the French possession of North America. Mademoiselle had so much faith either in her fortune-telling, or in her capacity to find documents, that she advanced a considerable sum to Humphreys, to enable him to carry on his litigations — certainly, a very unusual act for a fortune-teller.

In considerable dejection after the signal breaking down of his case in the Court of Session, Mr Humphreys was travelling abroad. He admitted that he travelled under a feigned name, but would not reveal it. Naturally, he called on his old friend the fortune-teller, and from her he received, to his astonishment, a mysterious packet, just as his son had from the London publishers. Like the London packet, it had been anonymously deposited, all

French public to judge of the extent and importance of the grants made to this Scottish nobleman. I also find that he has extracted the most essential clauses of the charter, and in translating them into French, he has given them with great fidelity.' Fénélon was equally earnest. The idea of two great French prelates occupying themselves in comparing and certifying copies of a Scottish law-paper of fifty pages was truly ridiculous.

At the trial, some French antiquaries, skilled in old writings, were examined about these papers. They at once pronounced them to be forgeries; said they were made with a mixture generally employed in France for imitating old writings; and seemed to treat the whole matter very lightly. The most conclusive evidence, however, was this: the map was made by De Lisle, the celebrated French geographer. It bore the date 1703. This might appear to be the date when it was published; but there were various things engraved on the map, which could not have been there earlier than 1715, and others which shewed a still later date. It will be sufficient to mention one of these. De Lisle is on the map called 'first geographer to the king.' It was proved by documents from the proper office in France, that he did not obtain this title until the year 1718. It appeared, indeed, that the date of the first publication was kept on the map, to mark the beginning of the copyright, but that this particular map could not have been printed off until after the year 1717; not only many years after the date given to the inscriptions on it, but some years after Louis XIV., Fénélon, and Fléchier, whose signatures were attached, had died.

The evidence about the charter was, if possible, more conclusive. Such documents are, in Scotland, always recorded in a public register. There was a good reason, however, why the Earl of Stirling's charter, of the year 1639, was not recorded, for a portion of the record, including the year 1639, had been long known to be lost. It would, of course, be very unjust, that Mr Humphreys should lose his rights because the record was lost; and

it was but fair that he should be at liberty to establish the substance of the charter from other sources. His advisers, however, not being entirely acquainted with Scottish law proceedings, were not aware that a royal charter had to pass through several offices, in each of which, if it were not fully recorded, an account of it was kept. There was no account of any such charter in favour of the Earl of Stirling to be found in any of these offices. Further, although the record for the year 1639 was lost, there was an index of its contents in existence, and that contained no mention of such a document. It was so long, too, that the whole blank made by the lost records would not contain it. It contained a reference to the volume of the records from which it professed to be extracted; but the keeper of the records said, that that was not an old form of reference, but one which he had himself introduced a few years ago, when binding the records up in volumes. It was shewn that Archbishop Spotswood, one of the alleged witnesses of the charter, was dead before its date. There were many other little inaccuracies proving the forgery, but these were sufficient.

The jury found that the documents were forged. By a majority, however, they found it not proved that Humphreys was guilty of the forgery, and thus he was, though very narrowly, acquitted. If he was really innocent, he must have been the victim of a most extraordinary system of complicated deceit. Of course, by this result of the trial, the whole of his claims at once fell to the ground.

What became of the so-called Earl of Stirling, on this signal failure of his pretensions, we never heard. The case at the time created a considerable sensation in Edinburgh; and the manner in which it was investigated and settled, will probably have a salutary effect in preventing the assumption of groundless claims to Scottish peerages.

DOGIANA.

WHENEVER I feel a fit of low spirits approaching, my invariable resource is to call my dog, and invite him to a social ramble. There are few companions more agreeable than a dog. Friends may go out with you when they would rather stay at home; their minds are perhaps occupied with their own affairs, and often the merest trifle will withdraw their attention from you at a moment when you most require their sympathy. This is not the case with the dog: his whole attention is given to his master; he tracks his steps, watches his looks, and obeys his commands with docility and cheerfulness. Ingratitude cannot estrange him; even neglect fails to chill his constant love.

Whenever I meet any of my literary compatriots with a bilious-looking face, carrying into the field the same thoughts which had filled his mind in the study, I cannot help saying to myself: 'What a pity he does not get a dog!' There is more in this than people at first sight may imagine; but when it is considered that the object of the student's walk is generally to rub away the cobwebs which intense study has engendered in the brain, to change the current of the thoughts, to unbend the over-stretched mind, and to rest the wearied faculties, for all these purposes there is no companion like the dog; and, for a similar reason to that given by the witty Frenchman for frequenting the society of a lady who had not two ideas in her head—namely, 'he went there to rest his mind.' In like manner, I would recommend all who are suffering from petty cares and worrying trifles, to try the effect of a good brisk walk with their dog; it will do more to dispel the clouds of ill-humour and vexation than could be effected by the eloquence of a Cicero. The incessant scampering to and fro of the happy creature—happy that it has got its master for a companion and observer of its

pranks—its heedless chase after sparrows, pigeons, or any other feathered and winged animal which has alighted on the ground—its wild baying and barking when full drive after the objects of pursuit—and anon its returning with panting tongue, sparkling eyes, and merry wagging tail, to look up in your face and receive its reward in a word of kindness—all, all is exhilarating, and helps wonderfully to enliven the dulness of a solitary stroll.

When my friends smile, as they occasionally do, at my partiality for this faithful friend of man, I defend myself by quoting the great men of antiquity who shared in the same sentiments. Alexander the Great was so grieved at the death of a favourite dog, that, as a relief to his sorrow, he raised a city in his honour. No one need be ashamed of writing in praise of dogs, when even Solon himself has not disdained to commemorate the following instance of affection in a dog called Hircanus towards his master Lysimachus, king of Macedon. This prince being killed in a battle against Seleucus, king of Syria, his body was discovered in the field of battle by the plaintive cries of his dog, which was found lying beside it. On the obsequies of the king, Hircanus leaped on the funeral pile, and perished in the flames that consumed the body of his beloved master. When such authorities fail, I put my adversaries to silence by presenting them with a few passages from Washington Irving's delightful description of a visit to Abbotsford.

'After my return from Melrose Abbey,' says he, 'Scott proposed a ramble, to shew me something of the surrounding country. As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old and well-known staghound, Maida, a noble animal, and a great favourite of Scott's; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a mild, thoughtless youngster, which had not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finella, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye, the parlour favourite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, which came from the kitchen, wagging

his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them, as if rational companions; and indeed there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time, with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length, he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust; then, giving a glance at us, as much as to say: "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity, and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

'While we were discussing the humours and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry; but it was sometime before Maida was sufficiently roused to ramp forward two or three bounds, and join the chorus with a deep-mouthed bow-wow. It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would receive censure or applause. "Ay, ay, old boy," cried Scott, "you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon Hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida," continued he, "is like the great gun

at Constantinople; it takes so long to get it ready, that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first; but when it does go off, it does great mischief."

'These simple anecdotes may serve to shew the delightful play of Scott's humours and feelings in private life. His domestic animals were his friends. Everything about him seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance; the face of the humblest dependent brightened at his approach, as if he anticipated a cordial and cheering word. There was no guest at dinner but myself. Around the table were two or three dogs in attendance. Maida, the old staghound, took his seat at Scott's elbow, looking up wistfully in his master's eye; while Finella, the pet spaniel, placed herself near Mrs Scott, by whom, I soon perceived, she was completely spoiled. The conversation happening to turn on the merits of his dogs, Scott spoke with great feeling and affection of his favourite terrier, Camp, which is depicted by his side in the earlier engravings of him. He talked of him as of a real friend whom he had lost; and Sophia Scott, looking up archly in his face, observed, that "papa shed a few tears when Camp died." I may here mention another testimonial of Scott's fondness for his dogs, and his humorous mode of shewing it, which I subsequently met with. Rambling with him one morning about the grounds adjacent to the house, I observed a small antique monument, on which was inscribed: "Here lies the brave Percy." I paused, supposing it to be the tomb of some stark warrior of the olden time, but Scott drew near. "Pooh!" cried he, "it is nothing but one of the monuments of my nonsense, of which you will find enough hereabout." I learned afterwards that it was the grave of a favourite greyhound.'

The following incident, for the authenticity of which I can fully vouch, is one proof amongst many that our best feelings, if not put under the control of sense and reason, may lead us into a thousand absurdities:—A gentleman called one day on a lady, accompanied by his dog, a fine bluff old fellow, with nothing of the courtier about him. After a little conversation, the lady asked her visitor if he

would allow his dog to dine with her dogs, which were about to go to dinner. The gentleman, of course, made no objection, and accordingly a footman was summoned to carry the newly-invited guest to be introduced to the lady's dogs. For a time all seemed to be peace and harmony, when suddenly a tremendous uproar was heard in the dogs' dining-hall, and, in the midst of a chorus of bow-wows, the voice of the gentleman's dog rose above the whole. In great alarm, the lady hastily rang the bell. 'John, what is the matter there?' 'Oh, nothing, my lady; only the stranger dog don't like to have his mouth wiped after dinner.'

Dogs are not epicures by nature, but many have this vice ingrafted on them by injudicious kindness. I knew a spaniel so completely spoiled in this respect, that he would not eat his strawberries unless they were dipped in cream and sugar, and he would turn up his nose at a plate of cold meat with the air of a disappointed epicure. It has often gone to my heart to see the choicest parts of a fine leg of mutton cut off for a dog, while famishing fellow-creatures were perishing with hunger in the streets. The mistress of this dog once received a rebuke, which I hoped would be attended with good effect. On remarking one day to the footman that the baker's bill was very large, and that she thought it impossible that the family could use all the fancy biscuit that was charged, the man answered: 'Why, ma'am, perhaps you forget that Carlos eats about a shilling's worth of biscuit every day.' This is all very wrong. Dogs should certainly have plenty of good wholesome food; but to create artificial wants, and pamper them till life becomes a burden, is, to say the least of it, very mistaken kindness.

If anything can excuse an excessive fondness for dogs, it is their devoted attachment to their masters. In the course of my reading, I lately fell in with the following anecdotes, which illustrate in a remarkable manner the point in question:—

An officer named St Leger, who was imprisoned at Vincennes during the wars of St Bartholomew, wished to

keep with him a greyhound that he had brought up, and which was much attached to him; but they harshly refused him this innocent pleasure, and sent away the greyhound to his house in the Rue des Lions St Paul. The next day, the greyhound returned alone to Vincennes, and began to bark under the windows of the tower, towards the place where the officer was confined. St Leger approached, looked through the bars, and was delighted again to see his faithful hound, which began to jump and play a thousand gambols to shew her joy. Her master threw a piece of bread to the animal, which ate it with great good-will. St Leger did the same in his prison, and, in spite of the immense wall which separated them, they breakfasted together like two friends. This friendly visit was not the last. Abandoned by his relations, who believed him dead, the unfortunate prisoner received the visits of his greyhound only, during four years' confinement. Whatever weather it might be, in spite of rain or snow, the faithful animal did not fail a single day to pay her accustomed visit. Six months after his release from prison, St Leger died. The faithful greyhound would no longer remain in the house, but on the day after the funeral returned to the Castle of Vincennes, and it is supposed she was actuated by a motive of gratitude. A jailer of the outer court had always shewn great kindness to this dog, which was as handsome as affectionate. Contrary to the custom of people of that class, this man had been touched by her attachment and beauty, so that he facilitated her approach to see her master, and also insured her a safe retreat. Penetrated with gratitude for this service, the greyhound remained the rest of her life near the benevolent jailer. It was remarked, that even while testifying her zeal and gratitude for her second master, one could easily see that her heart was with the first. Like those who, having lost a parent, a brother, or a friend, come from afar to seek consolation by viewing the place which they inhabited, this affectionate animal repaired frequently to the tower where St Leger had been

imprisoned, and would contemplate for hours together the gloomy window from which her dear master had so often smiled to her, and where they had so frequently breakfasted together.

In January 1799, the cold was so intense, that the Seine was frozen to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Following the example of a number of thoughtless youths, who were determined to continue the amusement of skating in spite of a thaw having commenced, a young student, called Beaumanoir, wished also to partake of this dangerous pleasure, near the quay of the Hôtel des Monnaies of Paris; but he had scarcely gone twenty steps, when the ice broke under his weight, and he disappeared. The young skater had carried a small spaniel with him, which, seeing his master sink under the ice, immediately gave the alarm, by barking with all his might near the spot where the accident had happened. It will easily be believed that it was impossible to give any assistance to the unfortunate youth, but the howlings of the animal warned others from approaching the fatal place. The poor spaniel sent forth the most frightful howls: he ran along the river as if he were mad; and at last, not seeing his master return, he went to establish himself at the hole where he had seen him disappear, and there he passed the rest of the day and all the following night. The day after, people saw with surprise the poor animal sorrowfully at the same post. Struck with admiration of such constancy, some of them made him a little bed of straw, and brought him some food; but, absorbed in the most profound grief, he would not even drink the milk which these kind-hearted people placed near him. Sometimes he would run about the ice or the borders of the river to seek his master, but he always returned to sleep in the same place. He bit a soldier who was attempting to make him leave his inhospitable retreat, who, fearing that he was mad, fired at, and wounded him. This affecting example of grief and constancy was witnessed for many days, and people came in crowds to contemplate this beautiful trait of attachment, which was

not without its reward. The dog being only slightly wounded, was taken charge of by a woman, who, compassionating his suffering, and touched by the affection he shewed for his late master, carried him to her house, where his wound was dressed, and every effort that kindness could devise was practised, to console him for the loss of the young skater.

A young student of Montpellier, called Renaudin, being run over by a horse which a little vagabond rode full gallop to the watering-place, his skull was fractured, and he died upon the spot. A wolf-dog which he had reared, and which he had retained near him from infancy, threw himself on the body of his master, and began to howl in a dreadful manner. But who can describe the despair of the affectionate animal when he saw the body of the unfortunate youth enclosed in the coffin? Nothing, however, could separate them, and he followed him even to the tomb. Stretching himself on the grave, he refused all nourishment for five days: at last, at the end of that time, some of the comrades of the youth succeeded in making him eat a little bread dipped in milk; but he never would abandon his post; and there, in sunshine or storm, heat or cold, he remained. Loving him for his affection for their companion, the young students made a small house for him near his master's grave, and contributed morsels for his support. The affectionate animal remained there for no less than five years, and during all this period he never moved twenty steps from the spot. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that, from the moment the faithful animal confined himself to the cemetery, he would never allow any one of his own species to come near him: he would neither run about nor play with those which came from time to time to visit him in his solitude; and when they barked, on purpose to provoke him, he hid himself in his house, and remained there plunged in grief. When this animal died, he was buried near the friend he had lamented with so much constancy. He is still quoted in the province as a model of friendship; his attachment has even passed into

a proverb; and when the natives speak of those who are only friends of the purse, they say: 'Oh, as for him, he is not worth the dog of Renaudin.'

A little spaniel survived a whole family who were fondly attached to him. The father, the mother, two grandchildren, and three sons, were successively attacked by the plague which raged at Marseilles, and they all died in the space of seven or eight days. As, one by one, these unfortunates were carried to the grave, the disconsolate animal followed their coffins, and returned to the house, sending forth the most lamentable howls. When the last of this family was entombed, the inconsolable spaniel would not remain in the house, which was now inhabited by strangers, who, charmed with his good disposition, lavished every kindness on him: he only came every two or three days to take a little food, immediately after which he returned to the cemetery, and on this account, the affectionate animal received the name of the Dog of the Tombs. It is the custom in that country for every one to have a separate grave. During the seven years that this grateful animal lived, he remained constantly stretched on the tomb of his masters; and as he had been caressed by all, he divided amongst them, by turns, his profound and sincere regrets. It was remarked, however, that he had a particular predilection for the grave of the youngest son, who was cut off at the age of seven years, and who had lavished on him a thousand infantine caresses. This faithful animal mourned over the grave, and tried to tear up the earth with his feet, as if seeking to rejoin his young friend. Touched with this instance of gratitude and affection, the neighbouring villagers often conducted their children to the place of sepulture of this virtuous family, to shew them a beautiful example of constancy and gratitude, as exhibited by the Dog of the Tombs.

ADVENTURES OF A HIGHLAND OFFICER IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

In a late visit to the Highlands, and while residing with a friend in a secluded situation near the shores of Loch Ness, the following little narrative, descriptive of the adventures of an officer in the American war, was related to me by one of the young persons of the family. It appeared so interesting, that I immediately wrote it down, and now present it to the world, almost word for word as it was narrated:—

'Uncle Charles was a fine, tall, handsome-looking youth, about nineteen, when he decided upon going into the army; and a commission having been procured for him in the gallant 42d, he left home to join the regiment, which in the course of a few months embarked at a very short notice for the American provinces, betwixt which and Great Britain a regular war had commenced. Mrs Grant, whose favourite son Charles was, parted from him with great regret; but having fortified his mind by good principles and the best example, she committed him to the care of Providence. Charles had lost his father when he was quite a child, so that he was left entirely to the instruction of his mother; and it was fortunate that she had such a soil whereon to sow the good seed, that produced the fruits that will be seen in his adventurous life.

'The regiment arrived safe at New York; and as soon as the soldiers had recovered from the voyage, they were ordered to march into the interior, to join their brethren in arms, as the officer commanding the troops in that part of the country understood that the Americans had prevailed upon a tribe of Indians, from Lake Michigan, to aid them against the British. The chief of this tribe had become well known to the Americans, as he and his followers

were in the habit of visiting the frontiers yearly, to exchange their furs, fish, and other products of their country, for firearms, powder, and shot, which were most useful to them; so that the Americans found it no difficult matter to engage Michigan John and his tribe as an ally in the war; and John, who was a man of no common mind, not only picked up sufficient of the English language to make himself intelligible, but he had a powerful mind, and ruled over his tribe with despotic sway. The Indians, who were well acquainted with every foot of the country, were found by the Americans to be invaluable; and an ambuscade was planned to entrap the 42d ere it could reach its destination. They were only too successful; for, in marching through a wood, the 42d was attacked suddenly, and taken at a great disadvantage. From behind the trees, the deadly rifle laid low many a brave fellow; and, fearing to be cut off to a man, a retreat was sounded, with the hope of returning to more open ground; and the dreaded war-whoop of the savages could hardly fail to strike terror into the minds of soldiers who had never encountered such a ferocious-looking enemy.

'The Americans being aware that the loss of their officers would render the men a more easy conquest, took aim accordingly; and Charles, who nobly stood his ground, was singled out by the Indian chief, and he fell severely wounded; and the Indians rushing into the *mêlée*, began to strip the dead and scalp the dying. Michigan John, who had perceived that Charles was an officer from his dress, advanced to where he lay, and, raising his head by the long hair, he lifted the deadly tomahawk, and, whirling it round, he was on the point of scalping his victim, when my uncle moved one of his arms, as if to put his hand upon the wound; and Indian John, finding he still breathed, spared his life. Summoning four of his tribe, they hastily cut down some branches from the trees, and, making a sort of litter, my uncle having had a bandage tied over his wound, he was placed in the litter, and by nightfall the Indians were on their

way to Lake Michigan, laden with the booty which the Americans and they had divided. Some days elapsed ere they reached their home, the poor captive so weak and exhausted by the loss of blood, that he could hardly make the smallest exertion, and it required all the care of the Indian chief to keep him alive.

'The warriors were received with shouts of triumph by their wives and companions, who had remained to guard their encampment, mingled with cries and lamentations for those who had fallen in battle. My uncle, upon the arrival of the Indians in the Michigan territory, was taken to the wigwam of their chief, and herbs were gathered and applied to his wound, so that he gradually recovered; and in the midst of such kind-hearted savages he felt exceedingly grateful, but above all to the chief. But one may imagine his horror and dismay, when John informed him that his life was only preserved that he might be offered up as a sacrifice to the manes of those who had been killed on the day of the battle. To have met with death in the field would have been little compared with the fate that awaited him, and his entreaties that the chief would at once put an end to his life, were not listened to. John replied, it was the custom of the tribe, and that he ought not to have invaded the land of the Red Men; and my uncle perceiving that there existed not the smallest chance of escape for him, endeavoured to prepare his mind for the trial that awaited him; and he employed many hours of the day, and in the silent watches of the night, in praying for fortitude and strength to die as a Christian, from the only source at which it can be found.

'With a composure of manner and appearance which even to himself appeared somewhat unnatural, my uncle saw the preparations that were taking place, and was relieved in a great measure by learning that he was not to be put to torture, but that he was to be shot—a favour that he did not expect. His manly bearing and amiable manners had softened the heart in some degree of old John, and he would gaze with a steadfast and thoughtful

look, when in a corner of the wigwam he saw the young white-skin speaking to the Great Spirit, and heard the earnest petitions of the young soldier for his mother, and for forgiveness of his own sins; and old John felt how proud he would have been of such a son to succeed him as chief of the Michigans.

'At length, my uncle having recovered, a day was fixed, and the whole tribe were assembled in their war-dresses, the women and children shouting and singing the death-song, as John, accompanied by his captive, appeared; and the chief making a short palaver to his followers, they all followed their leader to the wood that adjoined their encampment; and a tree being selected for the purpose, my uncle was placed against it, John having granted him the favour that he should not be bound, nor his eyes covered, saying he was not afraid to look death in the face, and hoping that the Indian would take so sure an aim as to be fatal at the moment. John loaded his rifle; and when the signal was given, he presented it at his victim. The trigger was pulled, but the powder flashed in the pan. With an impatient air, John examined his rifle, put in fresh powder, and again presented. Again was the attempt unsuccessful. A third time would surely finish the affair, for the flint was sharpened, and fresh priming put in the pan. The rifle again missed fire. Anxiety, doubt, and consternation sat upon every face, as the chief looked round upon his tribe. As if struck by the thought of the moment, he raised the gun in his hand, and fired in the air, when it exploded with a tremendous noise, as the Indians gave out cries and shouts of surprise.

'After a pause of a few minutes, and silence had been restored, the chief addressed them. "My children, it's of no use to kill this white-skin: he is protected by the Great Spirit. When did you see the gun of Michigan John miss fire? The Great Spirit says: No. Listen, my childrén: I have no son, and this young white-skin shall become as one to your father. When I am old, and go to the land of my fathers, he shall be your chief. We

shall teach him to hunt and to fish, and he will be as the son of the Red Man."

'This address was received with joyful acclamations; and my uncle, like one in a dream, was carried back to the wigwam upon the shoulders of Indians, who, leaving him to the care of his adopted father, spent the day in mirth and dancing. My uncle, whose life was thus wonderfully spared, never for a moment doubted that it was solely by the interposition of Providence, and gave thanks where it was due. A day was soon after appointed to adopt my uncle as the chief who was to rule the tribe after the old chief's death; and he underwent the ceremonies observed amongst the savage tribes of North America. His body was handsomely tattooed, his ears pierced, and also his nose, to all of which were appended ornaments; and his skin being stained, and attired in the full war-dress of an Indian chief, with the rifle, the deadly tomahawk, and scalping-knife, he was, I am told, a very handsome-looking person. The ceremony concluded by his having the name of John bestowed upon him.

'Only too grateful to have his life spared, young John soon fell into all the customs of his new friends. He accompanied his father in the chase, and became an expert huntsman; and this roving and exciting occupation became delightful to him. If he had any ambition, here it might be gratified: he would, at some future period, preside over a numerous body of Indians, who felt some degree of awe for one who was guarded by the Great Spirit. Youth soon reconciles itself to a situation that is not uncomfortable upon the whole; and young John, who was particularly attached to the chief, seemed to forget that he was not a red-skin from the first. His promotion, although approved of by the greater number of the tribe, had raised some envy and jealousy amongst those who were related to John, and they only waited an opportunity to do him an injury. And so it chanced. When some of the tribe, accompanied by my uncle, were out hunting, a huge panther was

tracked and fired at; and as the Indians pursued the animal closely, he took refuge in a cave, and every attempt to dislodge him was found to be vain. It was now the time for the discontented to endeavour to get rid of their rival, and with furious threats, they insisted that he should enter the cave, and drive out the panther. This attempt he looked upon as certain death, as the cave was so low that he must have gone in on his hands and knees. But expostulation and remarks upon the injustice of their conduct were only answered by a blow of the tomahawk; and seeing there was no alternative, he crept in upon his hands, holding his scalping-knife between his teeth. The cave was so dark, that some minutes elapsed before he could distinguish the animal, which had retreated into a corner of the den, in the agonies of death, having been mortally wounded by one of the Indians. My uncle having advanced cautiously, drew his knife across the throat of the panther, and seizing him by the tail, dragged him out of the den, and with an air of indignation, threw him down before the astonished savages, who, humbled and crest-fallen, were convinced that he bore a charmed life, and that it was fruitless to endeavour to injure him.

'Three years were passed away by my uncle amongst the Indians; and having accumulated a considerable number of skins, and other products of their country, John proposed that a party of the tribe should proceed to the United States, to exchange them for powder and shot, which they now stood much in need of. Accordingly, he, with his adopted son, and seven of their followers, proceeded to Charleston. Here it was that my uncle recognised one of the officers of the 42d. Home and all its sweet associations rushed into his heart, and he went up directly and addressed his old companion in arms, who, if possible, was more astonished at hearing a young Indian speak in his own language. It was some time before he could be brought to acknowledge his identity. His adopted father was all this while standing beside them, his anxious, piercing looks full of anxiety,

which was increased when he found that my uncle intended accompanying the officer to his quarters, where he followed them.

'A long and interesting conversation took place, and his friend represented in the strongest terms the folly of spending his life amidst a tribe of savages, and recalled to my uncle the duty he owed to his parent, his king, and his country; in return, my uncle pleaded all he owed to his adopted father. His friend did not press the subject too keenly at the moment; but having written to the commanding officer the history of Charles's captivity, an order was despatched to Charles, claiming him as a British officer, and commanding him to join his regiment with as little delay as possible.

'There was no disputing this order, as he would be considered a deserter; and he had the painful duty of explaining this to Michigan John, who was overwhelmed with grief. He endeavoured by every means in his power to prevail on my uncle to go home with him. "Return, return, my son, John, with your old father! Why should you seek again to become a white-skin? Oh! my son, John, break not the heart of your Indian father!" Everything was done to comfort and console him, but with little success, until the old chief made up his mind that the Good Spirit called his son away to his own people; and after choosing the best of the furs, and everything that he thought would be valued, he took a last parting farewell, and turned his face towards the Lake Michigan. My uncle proceeded to New York, where his extraordinary adventures had travelled before him, and every one was anxious to see the handsome Indian chief. This desire was most strongly felt by the ladies; and a fair American girl, who heard him relate his romantic tale with modesty and ingenuousness, shewed that she loved him for the dangers he had passed; and he was too gallant a soldier not to be flattered by the interest she expressed. And while he gained a step in the 42d, he lost his heart in New York; and fearing to be called a heartless man, he had nothing for it but to agree to

an exchange or barter. The regiment was ordered to England, and Charles along with it. If his adventures had made a sensation in New York, he was still a greater lion in London. And one of his majesty's ministers wrote my uncle, that it would be agreeable that he should spend an evening at his house, and that a certain member of the royal family would honour the company with his presence, having a desire to see him, in the Indian costume, dance the celebrated war-dance. All of these requests my uncle did not consider himself at liberty to refuse, and acquitted himself so well, that his dance and tremendous war-whoop electrified the whole assembly.

'After remaining a short time in London, he returned home to his native glen, to visit his relations; and recollecting, after a reasonable time, that his heart was on the other side of the Atlantic, and finding himself uncomfortable without it, he set out again for New York, to unite himself to his lady-love; leaving, as parting gifts, his Indian dress, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, which are hung up in the hall as memorials of the true tale of Michigan John, *alias* Charles Grant of Glen.'

TRIP ON THE CLYDE AND LOCH LOMOND.

At six o'clock precisely, on a fine morning of June, we—that is to say, a friend and I, tourists both—met at the Broomielaw, to start for Loch Lomond. We had our choice of two steamers at that hour, both of them lying a few yards below the New Glasgow Bridge, and close to each other. After being subjected to a little rival solicitation, we went on board of one, and about five minutes after six, the steam was put on, and the vessel commenced her route.

There is a delightful exhilaration of spirits, resulting from the rapid cleaving of the fresh cool morning air which accompanies the motion of a steam-boat. The

sensation resembles closely the buoyancy attendant on horseback exercise. Such, at least, was the nature of our own feelings on this summer morn. For a considerable way below Glasgow, the banks of the Clyde do not present any objects of remarkable interest. We get glimpses, it is true, of villas and smoke-emitting villages here and there in the distance, but we wish to confine our remarks more immediately to the river-side. A few miles down, on the left bank, a ruined mansion appears, which was once a seat of the noble family of Sempill, one of the decayed Scottish houses, which are deeply interesting from the distinguished figure which they played in our history of old. The Sempills were noted through several generations for their poetical abilities. The song of *Maggie Lauder*, and that called, *She rose and loot me in*, were the productions of one of the family in James VII.'s time. They had large possessions once in Renfrewshire, as the names of 'Castle Semple' and other places indicate to this day. The ruined house on the Clyde is still, we believe, the property of the inheritor of the family honours—the Baroness Sempill. We do not know how other Scotsmen feel in these times on the subject, but we confess that it goes to our own heart to think of the decay of our old historical houses, and such ruins as these are full of a melancholy interest in our eyes. In itself, the crumbling mansion is noway remarkable, being comparatively modern in its architecture.

About five miles below Glasgow, the shire of Dumbarton begins on the right bank of the Clyde, and presents a number of fine seats to the eye of the steam-boat traveller, in the course of the several miles of coast above the town of Dumbarton. As you draw near to the latter place, a projecting point is shewn to you, close on the river, where it is said the Roman Wall between the Forth and Clyde terminated. In the neighbourhood of this promontory appears a remarkable hill or eminence, of a volcanic or basaltic character, and styled Dumbuck. But by far the most striking object, we need scarcely say, in this region, is one which fills the eye and attracts the chief

attention of the voyager for many miles ere he reaches it —the rock and castle of Dumbarton. The rock is, at its loftiest point, 560 feet in height, and has a most extraordinary effect on the eye, from the abrupt manner in which it shoots up from the water, or rather from the alluvial beach formed by the confluence of the River Leven with the Clyde. Dumbarton Castle rock measures one mile nearly in circumference, and splits, about half way up its ascent, into two peaks, the one a very little lower than the other. On the peaks, there are buildings, or the remains of buildings, but the chief erections occupy the middle of the rock, and the fork between the summits. These dwellings are inhabited by a small garrison; but all that art has done to the pyramid, looks most scurvily inefficient, when compared with the naked strength and grandeur of its natural position and appearance. We had a fine opportunity of seeing it fully, being rowed under and almost around it by the boatmen, who pulled out from the mouth of the Leven on the approach of our steamer, and conveyed us on shore. (Some steamers go up the Leven to Dumbarton, but this was going direct to Clyde foot.) We saw the part of the rock which was ascended in the night-time, in the days of Wallace, by a few soldiers, who captured the castle. The difficulty of the feat seems to have mainly consisted in the time chosen for it, as good cragsmen can ascend by the same place at the present day, without so much peril as generally attends any attempt to imitate the traditionary feats of old. It is but fair, however, to say, that when *we*—looking at the spot—declared our belief of having done deeds of as great 'derring-do' in our day, the boatmen shook their heads with a rather mortifying smile of incredulity, though — not having yet received their fare — common prudence and civility forbade them to shew their disbelief further. The rock is basaltic in its character.

Being put on shore a few yards below Dumbarton town, we walked up to it, and entered the Elephant Inn to get breakfast, before the coach started at nine o'clock to take

us across the strip of country lying between us and Loch Lomond. As a measure of precaution, we immediately engaged seats in the said coach, paying for them the sum of one shilling and threepence each. We then made an excellent breakfast, and went out to spend the few minutes we had still to spare, in examining the town. Dumbarton is a small place, consisting principally of one street, at the back of which lies the Leven, with a few boats moored on its waters. The houses are of a humble and even mean order; nor were there any signs of stir or business about the town, though it is the capital of the shire.

Off went the coach at nine for the loch, between which and Dumbarton there is a beautiful tract of country, above four miles in length, along the Leven's banks. One of the most interesting objects on this route is the obelisk, erected on the west side of the road, about two miles from Dumbarton, to the memory of Tobias Smollett, the novelist. The old mansion-house of Dalquhurn, in which he was born, stood at a little distance from this spot, and the family of Smollett of Bonhill, of which he was a cadet, is still a flourishing one in the district. Two or three considerable villages, the largest called Renton and Alexandria, add beauty to the scene in this quarter. The loch narrows so gradually into its effluent stream, the Leven, that it is difficult to tell at what precise spot the loch commences at its southern end. However, about four miles and a quarter from Dumbarton, you turn down from the road to the river-side, and there find a steamer ready to receive you, and to sail immediately up the lake. Being discharged from the coach, we went on board, and found everything neat and clean to admiration. In general, the steamer requires to be towed up a little way, on account of the shallowness of the water; but the previous rains enabled her on this occasion to start at once without such aid. We were soon on the broad bosom of Loch Lomond, and saw before us some of the large islands which beautify the sheet at the lower end. The first of these which we came to, is called Inch Murrin, a long copse-covered island, which the Duke of Montrose

uses as a deer-park. We were fortunate enough to get a distant glimpse of one deer of a pure white colour—a rare species of the breed. An old ruined fortalice is also seen here, entitled Lennox Castle, and said to have been a seat of the ancient Earls of Lennox. The name of Lennox, which is contracted from *Levenax*, is now borne, with a dukedom of the same name, by the English Dukes of Richmond, whose real family appellation, however, is Stewart, they being descended (illegitimately) from the royal family of Stuart. Moving onwards along the eastern side of the loch, we saw to the left hand a number of other islands, including Inch Cro (the Isle of Cattle), Torr Inch (the Wood Isle), Inch Caillach (the Isle of Women, so named from having been the site of a nunnery), and Clar Inch (Flat Island). Buchanan House, the seat of the Duke of Montrose, proprietor of the greater part of the country on the eastern shore of the lake, is not seen from the steamer, but the extensive woods among which it lies form a beautiful prospect. Indeed, the passage of the vessel around these islands gave one of the most delightful spectacles to the eye which it could possibly rest on. Leaving the west shore to be viewed in returning, the vessel coasted still along the eastern side, and we beheld other islands, of which Inch Fadd, Inch Moan, and Inch Cruin, are the principal. Inch Cruin contains an asylum for the insane. Thirty islands in all, small and large, deck the bosom of Loch Lomond, being chiefly situated at the lower end. After leaving the chief group behind, the lake lost none of its loveliness in our eyes, its broad tenantless expanse, walled round by lofty hills, seeming to us a spectacle equal in attractions to what we had passed. The lofty sides and summit of the lord of the region, Ben Lomond, had been long in sight—even from Dumbarton—and we now approached its steep sides, sloping abruptly into the lake. We had now sailed about twelve miles—half way—up the loch, and the smoke of Rowardennan Inn curled up before us on the eastern shore. We have much to say about Rowardennan.

A young Pole had accompanied us in the boat down the Clyde, and up the loch. We had met him on a former excursion, and on observing us going into the vessel at the Broomielaw, he had started forward and accosted us. 'Are you going down de vater?' said he eagerly. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Then I vill go vith you, if you vill give me your permission,' said he. We were glad of his company, and he was still more pleased with ours, for we regret to say that he complained of not always finding civility among the lower classes here. The respectable orders were always civil—always kind to him, he said; but occasionally his foreign accent and pronunciation, although but slightly perceptible, provoked some coarse word or taunt from the vulgar, notwithstanding that he was, as he modestly said, a 'refugee.' How much is expressed in that simple word! It implies involuntary banishment from home and country—a compulsory separation, in short, from all that the heart holds dear. Our Sarmatian friend had been a student in the University of Warsaw at the period when the last struggle for independence began. Though very young, he had joined the ranks of the patriots, and at the close of the ill-fated contest, had to choose between slavery on the hills of Caucasus or amid Siberian snows, and exile in a strange land. He fled, and ultimately came to that country which is honoured by being the chosen home of so many refugees. A sorrowful sight it is, however, to see youths of this order wandering far from home, among aliens, kind though these aliens may usually or uniformly be.

Rowardennan Inn, a little hostelry on the eastern shore of the loch, was the spot whither our Polish friend was bound; we determined upon going on shore with him. Sweet Rowardennan!

> 'The very music of the name has gone
> Into our being,'

as poor John Keats said of Endymion, the moon-struck Latmian boy. Capital are the veal-cutlets of Rowardennan!—so much so, that we cannot apply the words of

Shakspeare to the man who plays the conjunct part of shepherd and butcher on the braes of Ben Lomond, and say that 'it was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.' Capital are the fresh herrings of Rowardennan, brought as they are almost every morning across the hill from the waters of Loch Long. Capital is the ham of Rowardennan, capital are its eggs, and thrice capital its cream, particularly when used, as it was our good-fortune to taste it, with delicious pudding, made by the not unlovely hands of the damsels dwelling in that sweet little inn of the loch! But we are rhapsodising too much. Rowardennan, be it known to all who knew it not before, is a small *auberge* situated about half-way up the loch, and at the very base of Ben Lomond. The house is beautifully placed near a tiny bay, out of which a boat regularly issues, as the steamer passes, to learn if any passengers mean to land there. Those who do so, and intend to go down to the foot of the loch again with the same vessel, have only a two hours' sojourn permitted to them, for in that time the steamer repasses the spot, after having visited the head of the lake.

But in two hours what may not be seen and done! Some agile persons, we believe, have found that space of time even sufficient for ascending and descending Ben Lomond. We, however, did not venture on such an attempt. Having gone from the shore to the inn, and ordered dinner to be ready in an hour and a half—the dinner which has caused such a burst of ecstatic remembrance in us—we strolled out to enjoy the green braes of Ben Lomond, and to gratify our eyes with a continued view of the lake, which is broad at the spot, and of which many miles, lengthwise, are seen from Rowardennan. To the north of the small anchorage alluded to, the base and acclivity of the great mountain are covered to a considerable extent with low copsewood, and particularly on the sides of a burn or streamlet that enters the lake here, and which is seen at a great height on the hill, dashing over the rocks, the very image of a rugged white ribbon; for to nothing can it be more justly compared. To the

dell or ravine formed by this stream we directed our steps, and had not gone far until we began to surmise that this was one of the richest places to which an amateur of the natural sciences could bend his course. The ground, or rather rocks, on which we trod, presented pure white quartz at every step. Every craggy mass shewed blocks of it peeping through—so much so, that we cannot help conceiving a great part of the base, at least, of Ben Lomond, to be formed of quartz. Moreover, we found stones in great plenty in which glittering mica was abundantly mixed up. Various other geological appearances interested us; and our interest was not diminished, when, on entering one of the lanes or paths in the low copsewood, we found the region to be equally rich in vegetable productions. Wild-flowers were scattered around profusely, exhibiting every tint and shade, from the bright-yellow broom to the purple foxglove (or *deil's thimble*, as we used to call it at school) and the bonny blue-bell. These, however, are comparatively common flowers of the wild, but on Ben Lomond braes there are others of a rarer kind. In one little nook on the burn mentioned, we found no less than six varieties of one single flower, which, unfortunately, we are unable to name. The hues of these varieties ranged between a pure white and a streaked purple. All the intermediate varieties were also streaked; and more learned naturalists may know the flower, when we state it to have had a straight stalk, with the petals, small and numerous, projected from its topmost part, in the form of a neat cone. It resembles much the full-blown flower of Lucerne grass, and most probably is a species of grass akin to that. This was but one of the many flowers which we saw, and which were, to us at least, rare denizens of the fields and woods. The nook referred to was remarkable on other accounts. We reached it by creeping up the sides of the channel of the burn, and turning a sharp angle. A deep, dark pool lay at the bottom of the nook, formed by a sheet of water, white as snow, that streamed over a high perpendicular rock above. From the steep banks on each side, the

rough-leaved alder and the birch shot out their arms, almost closing out the light of day. Beneath them, the ground was thickly covered with the green and yellow broom, foxglove, and other flowers of various tints. Altogether, the contrast of colours presented in this retired nook was as charming as astonishing; and we thought to ourselves, that if Rob Roy, who often found a hiding on Ben Lomond, had searched it round and round, he could not have discovered a sweeter or more secure spot than this. And, indeed, seeing that much of the copsewood appears to be natural, and consequently of long standing, there is no improbability in thinking that the renowned freebooter may have lain on the banks of this pool, listening to the sparkling dash of the cataract, and watching the trouts—for fish are there—disporting below; while, at the same time, he may have been meditating revenge for the unrelenting hatred of the neighbouring chieftain of the Grahams, the lordly Montrose. It was pleasant, at all events, to fancy this, while one stood gazing on the beauties of this delightful nook.

If the land has many attractions, in the sweet summer prime, at Rowardennan, not less engaging are its aquatic advantages. One or two small neat skiffs or boats lie constantly on the shores of the bay, in which visitors may enjoy all the pleasures of a pull on the loch; though we hope all who read this would scorn the dishonourable trick, played on the day before we were there, by two fellows—gentlemen in *seeming*—who took one of the boats across the lake, and having reached the other side, deserted it, and were not seen again. Besides breaking their faith, they broke an oar, which they left with their undischarged bill as a memorial of their presence. Though so deep in the more northern parts of it, as to range between sixty and a hundred fathoms, there is little danger of any accident in boating upon the loch. And yet it has been famed for presenting 'waves without winds;' which, most probably—if there be any truth in the saying—is caused by the influx of rills in its upper

part. 'Fish without fins, and a floating island,' are said to be also among the wonders of the loch. The finless creatures were probably vipers passing between the isles; and the floating island is understood to have been a fragment of moss, which has now been long settled. The delicious fish of which the lake is full, would make Rowardennan, or any other neighbouring spot, a glorious scene for a day or two's angling. What with boating and fishing, indeed, and occasionally stepping up the six-mile-long sides of Ben Lomond for a view, the time might pass away delightfully here. Edinburgh and Stirling Castles, Ailsa Rock, and the isles of Bute and Arran, and even the coast of Ireland, are visible in a fine day from the summit. In truth, being almost entirely isolated, the prospect which Ben Lomond commands is almost unparalleled in extent.

But we must now—reluctantly—leave Rowardennan. We have dined, and the steam-boat has returned from the head of the lake. The boat which puts us on board of the steamer takes out of it two persons, a lady and gentleman, whom we look at with interest. The gentleman seems a man under forty, handsome, good-looking, and plainly though respectably attired. The lady is considerably younger—not much above twenty to appearance—very sweet-looking, and more plainly dressed than her companion. We had seen this pair formerly come on board, and seat themselves in a quiet way among the other passengers, but had paid little further attention to them. We now, however, looked at them with interest, for we had learned that these were the lordly rulers of the scene—that theirs were the lake and the hill—almost all, in short, that we saw around. As far as politeness would permit, we glanced at the gentleman's countenance, endeavouring to trace the lineaments of the great Montrose. It might be partly fancy, but we could not help thinking that the duke—for it was the present head of the house of Graham whom we now saw—most strikingly resembled the common portraits of his famous ancestor. We could not but think it a pleasing trait in these noble

persons, that they should come out in this simple way to enjoy themselves amongst their fellow-creatures, instead of yawling or yachting it, in all the unapproachable dignity of rank and riches.

Again we have digressed, but we now begin to sail down the loch in good earnest. In its return, the steamer always takes the west side, to permit the passengers to see that shore in turn. The first point of much interest which we saw here was the little village of Luss, situated delightfully on a promontory, and a place much resorted to in summer. A little farther down we again entered among the islands, sometimes beholding new ones, and sometimes the old in new lights. At the same time on the west shore, we saw a number of fine seats in succession; among others, Arden (Buchanan), Belvidere, and Belretiro. Not to linger on what we have perhaps said too much about already, we finally reached Balloch—the place where we started—left the vessel, and took to coach again. As soon as this vehicle arrived at Dumbarton, the steamer, which was lying ready at the quay, took us on board, and started immediately for Glasgow. We reached the Broomielaw safely at nine in the evening.

Here, having finished this excursion, let us say a word of expenses. The fare by the steamer from Glasgow to Dumbarton is 1s.; coach to Balloch, 1s. 3d.; boat up the loch, 2s.; down again, 2s.; coach to Dumbarton again, 1s. 3d.; steamer to Glasgow, 1s.—in all, 8s. 6d. Of course, victuals, which can be got in all variety in the steam-boats, are to be added to this sum; but, taking it all in all, we conceive that a cheaper and more pleasant trip can scarcely be made anywhere. Recently, the trip has been facilitated by a railway from a steam-boat station on the Clyde, to Balloch at the foot of the lake.

SERGEANT MAXWELL:

A TALE OF THE LATE WAR.

Not a single cloud floated over the clear blue sky, and the full effulgence of a September sun was reflected in the brightest gold from the dancing waters of the broad sea, whose glittering wavelets came rippling in with gentle sounds. The pier at Ramsgate exhibited gay groups assembled to witness one of those exhilarating scenes which so often took place during the late war—the embarkation of troops for foreign service. A small fleet of transports, gaily decorated, their sails bent and colours flying, formed an interesting portion of the spectacle. From the decks of these vessels came the peculiar and picturesque sounds which, when mellowed by distance, have a thrilling effect upon the ear—the animating cries of the sailors, who on board the smaller class of merchant-ships still weigh the anchor and hoist the sails to the wild chant of 'Yoe, heave-ho!' These sea-strains came mingled with the spirit-stirring notes of a regimental band upon the shore, where, ever and anon, the sharp blast of the trumpet, and the loud peal of the drum, broke in upon softer melodies, affording types and images of the vicissitudes of military life. Boats were passing to and from the beach, filled with gallant hearts, high in hope and in courage, the greater number delighted with the opening of their adventurous career, and none as yet weary and toil-broken, or casting vain regrets towards those homes which many were destined never to behold again.

The younger portion of the male spectators, whose more peaceful lot was placed in scenes of inglorious ease, cast envious looks upon the brilliant pageant; for every female eye beamed with delighted encouragement, and sent radiant glances towards the chivalric band, who, with

cheers and shouts of exultation, quitted their native country to combat with a foreign foe. Not one of the young and fair creatures gazing with elated hearts upon the splendid array, could in this moment of excitement rejoice that their male relatives were secured from the horrors of war; to their inexperienced minds, the triumph of that proud hour seemed to be worth all of suffering of which they had as yet formed any notion. Alas! how little did they know of the fearful price too frequently paid for that military glory which now seemed so dazzling and so precious! Happy were those to whom the whole gay spectacle afforded merely the passing amusement of a morning-walk, who could go home and calm their excited feelings, and lose in other occupations all save a pleasing remembrance of the sights and sounds of the embarkation. There was a group overlooked amid the blaze of scarlet uniforms, and the waving of military plumes, which might have taught a sad lesson to those thoughtless gazers, who saw nothing beyond the bright side of the picture—the wives and families of the soldiers, who, permitted to accompany the regiment destined for foreign service, were, by the orders of government, directed to embark on board one of the transports fitted up as an hospital for the sick. These poor women were strangers at Ramsgate; they had long ago quitted their native homes to follow the often miserable fortunes of their husbands; and, now inured to hardships, had prepared to meet the dangers and hazards of a foreign campaign with a sort of reckless fortitude. But they had not anticipated the separation which had been deemed expedient; and their situation was rendered unusually forlorn, by their being compelled to make the voyage unaccompanied by those who were wont to cheer them in periods of the utmost peril. One family, in particular, felt deeply the misery of submission to this arbitrary mandate—the wife and daughters of the sergeant-major of the regiment. Maxwell, amid the toils and dangers of a military career, had often regretted, for the sake of the patient partner in all his sufferings, that he had induced her to leave the

rural cottage, where, far from the tumults of the world, she had spent her early days in tranquillity and comfort. Frequently in his mind's eye would arise the substantial dwelling of his unsuccessful rival; the rustic porch, mantled with a vine, leading into a well-cropped garden; the smiling fields, stretching to the back; the poultry gathering round the door; and the cow, whose fragrant breath came mingling with the perfume of the blossoming beans. Then the comfortable interior would contrast painfully with the squalid abodes in which he was but too often happy to find a shelter for his wife and children; the bright fire, the carved oaken chairs, the handsome clock, and the abundance of delf and pewter; where there was everything for use, and much for show.

Maxwell sighed as memory conjured up these things, and he wished that he had left his beloved Mary to be the contented mistress of so fair a home. Well did he recollect his own invasion of this paradise, the pride he had experienced in exhibiting his becoming uniform, military air, and superior intelligence, before the eyes of a girl who could not afterwards look with complacency upon the plain and homely suitor who had seen nothing beyond his native fields. Mary shared in the reminiscences, but not in the regrets: though long ago the fascinations of a red coat had lost all charm in eyes accustomed to the sad realities of a soldier's life, she never once lamented advantages which she could only have tasted in relinquishing the chosen of her virgin heart for another. Often, indeed, did she wish for such a rural retreat as she had left, yet never unless it was to be shared by the man for whom she was still ready to sacrifice every earthly good. Mrs Maxwell had borne the rough and thorny places of the path she had, perchance incautiously, ventured to tread, with enduring meekness, never once wearying in her efforts to impart comfort to the most desolate abode to which their wandering life would lead them. She maintained a decent pride under the most adverse circumstances; and though frequently pale and wasted by fatigue, and the absence of nourishing

food, she and her children were always cleanly and respectably attired. The deserted wife had, upon former occasions, been left in camps and garrisons, while her husband had accompanied his regiment to the field; but, excepting to go into action, she had never been separated from him before, and she felt the measure which was now adopted as one of peculiar cruelty and hardship. Maxwell entertained the same opinion, and too late he wished that he had made arrangements for the settlement of his family at home. More than once it had occurred to him, that he ought to have insisted upon their remaining in England during this campaign; but his wife, discarded by her own relatives, and clinging solely to him, could not be persuaded of the advantages of the plan. How gladly would the husband and father have entered upon the present service alone, could he have felt certain that those he most loved in this world were in a place of security! but to be parted from them while they were exposed to danger and distress, to sail in a different vessel, and thus be prevented from calming their fears, or procuring for them any alleviation under the pressure of bodily suffering, pierced him to the very soul. For the first time in his life, Maxwell felt himself to be unmanned. Margaret Maxwell, the elder daughter, a girl of twelve, was old enough to enter into all the feelings of her parents. Though born amid the din of arms, and brought up in a camp, she had little or none of the Amazon about her: courage she possessed, for she had faced danger, and learned to endure discomfort without murmuring; but her tender and affectionate spirit recoiled from the boisterous gaiety which characterised many of her companions. From her childhood, she had felt strong, though secret yearnings, for a quiet and permanent home; and her mother, in teaching her to avoid the evil examples of those with whom they were in some degree compelled to associate, presented such sweet pictures of domestic seclusion to her mind, that she learned to loath the public and vagrant sort of life which she was condemned to lead. Her courage failed in the

present emergence; and when Maxwell, called away by his duty to superintend the embarkation of the privates of his corps, left her with an entreaty that she would support her mother through the trial, she could not obey him, but sat down upon the green in such utter brokenheartedness, as to subdue the glee of her younger companions, who until then had echoed the cheers of the soldiers, and danced to the inspiring music of the fife and drum.

The sun had set, and the gay crowd had dispersed before Maxwell's forlorn family had reached the vessel destined to receive them. The commencement of their voyage was inauspicious. Through the ignorance or carelessness of the pilot, the transport ran foul of another vessel, and sustained a greater degree of damage than was at first apprehended. Before they quitted the Channel, it fell astern of the rest of the fleet, and in the Bay of Biscay totally lost sight of the convoy. Considerable alarm was felt by the unfortunate passengers, apparently abandoned to their fate in the midst of a wild and stormy ocean; for the sea, according to that most expressive phrase, employed to describe its forthcoming tumults, was 'getting up.' Wave lashed itself on wave against the sides of the devoted bark; the master lost confidence; and the crew, feebly assisted by a few sick soldiers, found themselves inadequate to the management of the vessel, which was driven out of her course, and in a short time stranded on the coast of France. Mrs Maxwell, from the moment that she had parted from her husband, resigned herself to despair; prescient fears weighed upon her soul. On the evening of her departure, she looked upon the clouds which obscured the golden light of the magnificent orb that had a short time before so brilliantly illumined the scene, and upon the dark waters through which the disabled bark made its sullen way, and she felt that the sun of hope and happiness would never rise for her again. She gathered her children round her, and, amid the frightful confusion of the tempest, calmly awaited the event. The vessel was indeed doomed to perish, and few

of the luckless beings it contained survived the general wreck. The Maxwell family were, however, amid this small number. When the transport went to pieces, they clung to one of the masts, which had fallen across the place where they were all huddled together, and, though severely injured, and for some time lost to consciousness, escaped with life.

Mrs Maxwell, upon opening her eyes, found herself and her children in a very decent apartment of a French house, and attended by a kind-looking woman, who made herself well understood by the good offices which she lavished upon her unfortunate guests. Madelon St Alois was a widow, and childless; she was established in a good business at Bayonne, and had only come to the small town on the coast where the transport had been wrecked, to look after a property lately inherited. She became attached to Mrs Maxwell and her fair daughters, and began to consider whether she could not render them useful as assistants in her shop; and having sufficient interest in Paris to obtain the custody of her *protégées*, who were considered in the light of *detenus*, rather than prisoners of war, she carried them with her to her own home. Painfully anxious to make her husband acquainted with her existence, Mrs Maxwell wrote repeatedly, and through every channel she could think of; but it was very difficult at that period to get a letter transmitted to England, and the ignorance of the language, which prevented her from communicating all her thoughts and wishes to her new friends, likewise threw many obstacles in her way. She, however, persevered; and in the fond expectation that the pleasing intelligence would reach the beloved object for whom it was intended, hope revived in her breast. Madame St Alois had no reason to repent the benevolent arrangements which she had made, for the family were very diligent and efficient. The young girls speedily learned to speak the language of the country, and, full of hope and animation, they were cheerful and happy. Mrs Maxwell, though grateful and even resigned, experienced many anxious feelings about

her husband; all her present comforts were embittered by a separation which rendered correspondence difficult, nay, perhaps, impossible. No answers arrived to her numerous letters—none from the agents of the regiment in London: at length there came intelligence of a great battle fought in Spain, in which, of course, in the Parisian bulletins, the victory was given to the French. The corps to which Maxwell belonged was stated in this account to have been entirely cut to pieces. A dreadful apprehension weighed upon the wife's heart; yet still she did not give entire credit to intelligence coming from so doubtful a source. By this time, she had attained a tolerable degree of proficiency in the French language, while Margaret spoke it perfectly; they could, therefore, communicate freely with all their acquaintance, and one kindly undertook to procure the *London Gazette*. With some difficulty, and after the lapse of a considerable period, this official document was obtained, and it gave a miserable confirmation of a part of the French statement: the regiment had suffered severely, and the name of Sergeant-Major Maxwell was amongst the list of the killed. The blow did not fall the less heavily for the delay: the patience with which the faithful wife had borne all the evils of her lot, changed to the deepest dejection; she was oppressed by the gaiety of her French friends, and even the cheerfulness of her own children augmented her distress. Their smiles seemed to her to be a sort of profanation, when their father's bones lay mouldering, perhaps, upon the battle-field. The two younger girls grieved at their mother's unhappiness, and often checked themselves in the midst of their glee, as her sad looks reminded them of their father's fate; but it was impossible for them to enter into her feelings, or to comprehend the depth and extent of her anguish; and the shade of melancholy soon passed away from their brows, and they became gay and joyous as before. Margaret sympathised more tenderly in her mother's sorrow; she was well acquainted with all the excellences of the parent she had lost; she knew, that until the fatal

parting, no misfortune or privation had rendered the hearts so fondly linked together impatient of their lot. The holy harmony of the domestic circle had never been disturbed, the devoted pair being certain of receiving the support and assistance from each other which each in turn could give. New scenes and new objects could not divert the mind of Margaret from dwelling upon the past. She could not help admitting, that, with respect to worldly circumstances, her family had gained by their shipwreck on the French coast; but they were in a land of strangers, and she saw that her mother drooped under that home-sickness which so often embitters the life of the exile. Mrs Maxwell, since this last bereavement, pined, indeed, for her native land. Often, during her pilgrimage through life, had she cast longing looks at those well-remembered scenes, wherein childhood and youth had been spent, but never did they recur so frequently as now, when she saw the destiny of her children, though not an unhappy one, cast in a foreign country, and could no longer hope to drag herself to the church-yard of her native village, and die upon the turf that covered the humble graves of so many of her ancestors. Meantime, the children grew up in strength and beauty, and Margaret had become a young woman. Thoughts of peace between England and France had long ceased to be indulged; war seemed to be an inevitable necessity, only to end when no country remained to be conquered. Madame St Alois had taken Mrs Maxwell into partnership; business flourished; and but for one corroding care, the family would have been happy. Though life had lost all its charms in the mother's eye, still she wished to live for the sake of her children; and while hoped seemed dead in her heart, she was conscious occasionally of a feeling akin to it—a faint expectation mixed with her earnest desire that she should live to see England again, and that her parents would pardon her, and take her daughters to their bosom. About this time, her mind was disturbed by a dream, and she could scarcely determine upon the effect which it produced upon her,

whether the idea it presented reconciled her to her situation, or revived all the keenness of anguish which she had suffered when the certainty of her bereavement reached her. She dreamed that Maxwell was alive, but that, in the full conviction that she and her daughters had perished in the stranded vessel, had married again, and was now the happy husband of a young and beautiful woman. This dream was never absent from her thoughts. Such an event might have happened, and Maxwell yet be blameless. Could she, with this chance now revealed to her, regret that he was dead; that she had been spared a calamity more dreadful than any she had yet experienced? Perplexed by so new a view of the circumstances of her situation, poor Mrs Maxwell now suffered from an apprehension that she was doing wrong; and that, whether she ceased to lament the loss of her husband, or deplored a misfortune providentially occurring to preserve her from a more terrible fate, her feelings could not be blameless.

Though the people of Bayonne were kept in a considerable degree of ignorance concerning the events of the war in Spain, rumours of reverses both in the Peninsula and elsewhere were whispered abroad. The party inimical to the ruler of France, hitherto condemned to silence and patient endurance of a government which they disliked, now began to utter their sentiments, and to deprecate measures which they considered injurious to the welfare of the country. Slow to entertain hope, Mrs Maxwell could scarcely believe in the possibility of a free choice being offered to her with respect to a return to England. Could she fancy that some of her day-dreams would be realised, and that she should yet live to present her children to her own and to Maxwell's relatives? How often had they talked together of a visit to the green hills of his native land, and how fondly had she anticipated the welcome she would receive in the homes of his kinsfolk! The younger girls, pleased with the idea of change, were delighted with the prospect of peace, without knowing what it was to bring them; and Margaret felt a strange joy at her heart at the thought of dividing her time

between her English and her French home, for she loved the good Madame St Alois as a second mother. The reports, however, when they had attained a certain height, were silenced, and some time elapsed without bringing decisive intelligence of the state of the war, or the real aspect of public affairs. The greater part of the community seemed to be aware that a crisis was at hand, though perhaps few understood the actual state of events. The Maxwells had been accustomed to hear of war at a distance, but soon it was brought beneath the walls of the city which had sheltered them so long. They knew that the British were engaged in a desperate contest with the army of Soult. What were their sensations during their state of suspense, and when convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that their countrymen had triumphed! The gates of Bayonne were thrown open to the victors. It was pleasant to Madame St Alois to have so good an excuse to share in the joy of the conquerors, rather than in the mortification of the defeated party; so she gladly assisted in decorating her house with garlands and white cockades, and in spreading tapestry over the balconies. Janet and Helen Maxwell had prepared baskets full of bouquets, and were wild with delight at the idea of greeting the British soldiers in their own language. Mrs Maxwell, overpowered by recollections of other days, could not look upon the well-known uniforms; and Margaret fancied that she ought to stay by her mother's side, though longing with a painful eagerness to feast her eyes upon countenances which she had never expected to behold again. For some time she retained her post, but the first full burst of the trumpets shook her resolution: it was the same sound which had filled her ears on the pier at Ramsgate: she had listened to many French trumpets since, but they had not conveyed notes like these; and scarcely knowing what she did, she rushed to the balcony, and gazed intently upon the soldiers as they passed. A shriek at length burst from her parted lips; she flew down stairs out into the street, and, hurrying along, flung herself into the arms of a tall, erect, but toil-worn and

weather-beaten man, exclaiming: 'It is my father—it is my father!' An officer who observed the scene, directed Maxwell, for he it was, to fall out of the ranks; and the bewildered man was carried rather than led into the house of Madame St Alois. Janet and Helen, though retaining no personal recollection of their father, comprehended the whole matter at once, and welcomed him with a thousand caresses. Margaret now sought her mother: she endeavoured to steal softly to the apartment in which she had left her, and to break the intelligence by degrees; but even her very footsteps betrayed extraordinary tidings. Mrs Maxwell looked up at once, and read in her daughter's face something she knew not what, of joy. In another moment she exclaimed: 'He is alive—you have seen him!' and then a violent burst of tears enabled her to listen to the confirmation of her hopes. Who shall describe the joy of that meeting? Maxwell was indeed alone, and had never ceased to think of the wife and children whom he believed to be buried in the ocean. His name had been amongst the list of the killed, but he had survived after several days' exposure on the field of battle. Compelled to go home for the recovery of his health, he had visited Scotland, and had also been received by the parents of his wife, who, too late, lamented their conduct to their daughter. To find his family thus prosperous, and in every way so well worthy of pride and affection, more than repaid him for all that he had suffered. Mrs Maxwell, too, how was she rewarded for the dreary past! Meekly and patiently as she had borne her afflictions, she sometimes accused herself of not having been sufficiently submissive to the will of Heaven, and felt that she scarcely deserved this excess of happiness. Madame St Alois, who loved nothing so well as merry faces, became at once a confirmed supporter of the Bourbons; and though for a time compelled to part with the family of her adoption, it was only to meet again. Maxwell, at the conclusion of the war, found no difficulty in obtaining his discharge. Though he had gained nothing besides honour during his long and meritorious services, his wife

had been placed in a situation which enabled her to realise a sum sufficient for their future comfort; and at the death of the good Madame St Alois, the younger Maxwells were amply provided for by the bequest of all her savings.

JOHN SPENCE, A NATURAL MECHANICAL GENIUS.

JOHN SPENCE was the son of a tanner in Linlithgow, and from the early age of four or five years, exhibited a taste for mechanics. He could not study the subject in books, from his ignorance of the technical terms, but, as he grew up, he cultivated his favourite propensity by visiting many and various machines, observing them in motion, and meditating on the principles developed in their construction. Wheels and levers occupied all his boyish thoughts, and he was happy only when inventing, and constructing what he invented. At the age of twelve, he was sent to a shoemaker to learn that business, but was never indentured. Such was his readiness in taking up any handicraft employment, that, after looking on for a week or two in the shoemaker's workshop, he began the trade at his own hand, requiring no further superintendence to teach him its whole mystery.

Some years afterwards, having imbibed a dislike to the shoemaker trade, and being desirous of getting near some of the great machinery in Glasgow, John Spence went to that city, and made an unsuccessful attempt to procure employment in some of the factories there. He then returned to Linlithgow, where, to his great satisfaction, he obtained the humble place of keeper of a small steam-engine. His duty here was to oil the machinery and feed the furnace; and though his friends were altogether unable to conceive what pleasure he could find in such an occupation, he felt perfectly happy in it, from the opportunity it afforded him merely of seeing

wheels in motion. Tired at length with the sameness of the scene, Spence, at the end of two years, returned to the trade of a shoemaker. But the mechanical powers still haunted his imagination, and he continued to invent and construct, neither to the benefit of his purse, nor to the satisfaction of his friends and his wife. In 1814, he was so much disgusted with the shoemaking, that he resolved to try the weaving trade. He constructed the whole apparatus of a loom, except the hiddles and the reed, got a professional weaver to put in the first web, and, without any other instruction, made cloth not distinguishable from the manufacture of those regularly bred to the business.

A restless desire to accomplish something of greater moment in the mechanic arts, appears to have soon led Spence away from the weaving scheme. Among other curious subjects, he turned his attention to the invention of travelling machines, where the moving power was to be supplied by the traveller's hands or feet. He came from Linlithgow to Edinburgh in a car of this kind, which was afterwards exhibited in the latter city. This car stood on four wheels, and could hold three persons, two of whom wrought at a time in propelling it by means of two handles acting on the wheels, and which handles revolved like those of bucket-wells or milk-churns. Various other machines, evincing much mechanical ingenuity, were invented by John Spence, but we are unable to describe these in detail, and now turn to the great feat which brought him into general notice, or rather, notoriety.

Spence was just the man to be tempted into the pursuit of the Will-o'-the-Wisp, called the Perpetual Motion. His scientific knowledge was too limited to guard him against the delusive belief in the practicability of such an invention; and the honours which would undoubtedly attend success, formed a most seductive prospect to his ambition. After directing his ingenuity long to this difficult point, he at last announced to his friends in Linlithgow, that he had attained the object of his desires.

This occurred between the years 1814 and 1818. After a time, the intelligence of the ingenious Linlithgow shoemaker's discovery of the perpetual motion spread generally over the country, and great numbers of strangers, scientific and otherwise, visited his house, and saw his machine. Everybody admired the ingenuity and seeming simplicity of the contrivance. In the *Edinburgh Magazine* for May 1818, a description of the invention is thus given. After stating the difficulty of explaining it clearly, the writer proceeds:—'Suffice it to say, that a wooden beam, poised by the centre, has a piece of steel attached to one end of it, which is alternately drawn up by a piece of magnet placed above it, and down by another placed below it; and that, as the end of the beam approaches the magnet, either above or below, the machine interjects a non-conducting substance, which suspends the attraction of the magnet approached, and allows the other to exert its powers. Thus, the end of the beam continually ascends and descends betwixt the two magnets, without ever coming into contact with either; the attractive power of each being suspended precisely at the moment of nearest approach. As the magnetic attraction appears to be a permanently operating power, there appears to be no limit to the continuance of the motion, but the endurance of the materials of the machine.' The novelty here, it will be seen, lies in the ingenious manner in which the magnetic power seems to be rendered inoperative, at the proper moment, by the intervention of the non-conductor. The magnet had often been thought of as the source of a perpetual movement, but Spence had the merit of inventing this mode of bringing it into play.

Such are the principles upon which the perpetual-motion machine of Spence was ostensibly constructed. Being seen by several persons of eminence, the inventor was recommended to bring his wonderful engine to Edinburgh, for exhibition before the great ones of the capital. He adopted the advice given to him, and came to Edinburgh in the middle of the year 1818. He at

once excited the greatest attention among the scientific people, some of the most eminent of whom seem to have sincerely adopted the belief that Spence had succeeded in discovering the grand desideratum. The whole world ran after the extraordinary shoemaker of Linlithgow. The great machine itself was, after a time, shut up in a convenient place (on the Calton Hill, we believe), in order to test the *perpetuity* of its movements, and it was there visited by thousands. Drawings of it were exhibited in the streets, and the ingenious sect of the phrenologists examined the inventor's skull, where they found everything to coincide with the possession of great mechanical genius. There is one point in the report of the phrenologists upon Spence's head, which strikes us as extremely *naïve*, considering what came out afterwards. 'I found,' says the phrenological reporter, 'that he had a very large development of *cautiousness;*' and afterwards, 'so far as I have been able to observe, he is *very* cautious; and some persons who have been attempting to impetrate his secret from him, regarding the perpetual motion, will be able to confirm my testimony from their own experience.' When addressed himself on the subject, Spence said: 'You may judge yourself whether I am *cautious.*' All this, though reflecting credit rather than otherwise upon phrenology, tends to excite a smile when one considers how little Spence's real reason for caution and concealment was thought of at the time; for, after a season, the *perpetual movement* came to a pause, like all earthly things! The inventor had permitted no one to examine the interior of the machine, and was himself excluded from doing what he chose to it; and, in consequence, the movement came to an end, after having continued for about a month. It was then found, that the operation of the magnetic power was merely the *ostensible* cause of the movement, and that the real source was a *large spring* in the interior. The machine ran out in the same way as does an eight-day clock.

The deception which Spence had practised was certainly

an unjustifiable one, and he was punished for it, by losing all the credit which his real ingenuity entitled him to. Notwithstanding this unfortunate declension, the mechanical shoemaker continued to indulge in his favourite pursuits. He turned his attention, among other things, to the construction of *velocipedes*, or horse-like machines, where the rider fulfils the double part of horse and horseman. On a machine of this order, consisting of two wheels, one behind and one before, with an intermediate bar, shaped like a saddle, in the centre, Spence once travelled between Edinburgh and Glasgow. He propelled himself by pushing his feet occasionally against the ground, and could keep up for a mile or two with a gig, going at a common pace. Although an unpractised person, from the narrow base presented by the wheels, could with difficulty balance himself on this machine even in a seated posture, Spence had acquired by practice such dexterity in managing it, that he could stand on the saddle on one foot, and with the other projected in the air as a balance, guide the engine down a declivity of nearly a mile in length, going all the while at a bounding pace. For some time he contrived to draw a little money by shewing this velocipede, and teaching people to ride on it, in a court-yard which he rented for the purpose.

Another production of John Spence's ingenuity was a house—a wooden house, which he erected at Fountainbridge, a suburb on the south-west of the Scottish metropolis. This house was twelve feet square, and consisted of three floors, reckoning a cellar and garret under that denomination. Twelve posts or standards, each about four inches square, composed the solid supports of the building, and these were clad outside and inside with deals, forming the walls. The space between might be filled up with any loose stuffing to increase the warmth within. An excavation beneath formed a cellar. The roof was of wood, and a trap-stair led from the main floor to the garret. The materials of the house were bound together by long screw-bolts, where required. This house was perfectly portable. Spence took it down

one morning, moved it on one cart for six miles, and had it up on the new site before night. He dwelt in it with his family for two years, and here one of his children was born. His wife kept a sort of fruit-shop in it, and people used to come from far and near to see 'the portable house.' The whole cost of it amounted to little more than L.30. He sold it to a person in Fife, and, for aught known to the contrary, it now forms one of the respectable habitations of that ancient kingdom.

After various vicissitudes, John Spence settled down in Edinburgh in his old trade of a shoemaker, and the passion for mechanical invention remained till the last in as great force as ever, and, indeed, seemed only to have gathered strength with his increasing years. His attention, latterly, was directed chiefly to two objects. One of these was the invention of a reaping-machine; the other was the construction of skates for dry land: these last-mentioned machines were just skates, fixed upon little wheels, and they really answered the purpose wonderfully.

Such are a few of the works of this untutored lover of the mechanic arts. Spence appears to us to have been a man who would have unquestionably distinguished himself under more favourable circumstances. As it happened, the pursuits to which his mind turned itself were unfortunately incompatible with the steady prosecution of the labours upon which his bread depended. He was, in short, one of those men whose fortune it is, seemingly, never to find inclination and interest pulling one way. Take him all in all, he presented a remarkable instance of a character stamped with such indelible force by nature, or by early direction of his mind to a particular object, that no circumstances whatever have the slightest impression in eradicating the original lineaments.

ODE TO HOPE.

BY DR JOHN MASON GOOD.

O GENTLE Hope! whose lovely form
The plunging sea-boy, 'midst the storm,
  Sees beckoning from the strand;
If yet thy smile can chase the sighs
From love and adverse fate which rise,
  O view this lifted hand!

Through dire despair's tremendous shade,
Supported by thy secret aid,
  The troubled spirit flies.
Thy sight sustains his drooping powers,
Thy finger points to brighter hours,
  And clears the distant skies.

Then haste thee, Hope, and o'er my head,
While yet impervious tempests spread,
  Obtrude thy magic form:
O give me, ere gay youth decline,
To view the fair Zelinda mine,
  And I'll despise the storm.

LIFE:

ITS APPARENT LENGTH OR BREVITY.

LIFE appears long and tedious to the man who employs it ill—long and pleasant to him who employs it well. The pleasures of existence are indeed susceptible of extension, provided we apply ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge. To some, a single day yields more

true enjoyment and lasting gratification than is gained by others during a series of years spent in sensual indulgence. The good that may be done in even such a little space of time as half an hour, is only conceivable by those whose minds are energetic in well-doing. 'There is a famous passage in the *Alcoran*,' says Addison in the *Spectator*,' which looks as if Mohammed had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the angel Gabriel took Mohammed out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held 90,000 conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mohammed at his return found his bed still warm; and took up an earthen pitcher—which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel Gabriel carried him away—before the water was all spilt. There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales, which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mohammed's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd; but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of Mohammed, if he would consent to do what he would desire of him. Upon this, the sultan was directed to place himself by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bade him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again. The king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly,

he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood; these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long, that he had by her seven sons and seven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day, as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mohammedans, before he said his prayers. After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water, than he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again. The Mohammedan doctor took this occasion of instructing the sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that He, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay, a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.' Leaving the reader to smile at these fables, we shall only, by way of application, desire him to consider 'how different is the view of past life, in the man who has grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who has grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields,

and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.'

INFANT CRIMINALS.

Of all the secrets of the prison-house, the most dreadful and appalling are those of which the prisoners themselves are the depositaries. It is not probable that the history of a man who has grown gray in the commission of crime and outrage against the law, will ever be truthfully written. Some idea, however, of what such a revelation would be, may be derived from the narratives of the young, who, nurtured in an atmosphere of dishonesty, and bold and hardened as they become in the practice of it, have not yet learned to lock up the past in impenetrable silence. The following few brief narratives, the personal experience of mere children, be it remembered, are given much as they fell from the lips of the narrators. The names only are fictitious, at least if the young criminals have spoken the truth, as, having no motive for using deception when making a voluntary confession, they may be supposed to have done.

David Cottle, aged fourteen, says: 'I've got no father; my father died when I was five year old. I got a stepfather; I don't know as my mother is married. I am a Roman Catholic; so is my stepfather: he is a tailor. I can work at tailorin', but I never liked it, and used to run away from it whenever I could. When I got home, I got beat for runnin' away. Four year ago, I stayed out all night, and was took up along of four more for sleepin' in a iron tank. They said I was a vagabon', and gave me a month on it. I hadn't done nothin'. When I come out, mother beat me. I was in agin for two months more the year arter. I only took some victuals, because I didn't want to go home. When I was in the second time, I became acquainted with "Goosey"

Goosey was in for pickin' pockets, but it was never proved agin him, and he got off. He shewed me the trick, and I learned it well. When I come out, I never went home; I left the town, and went to a larger place. I lived with thieves, but I worked on my own account, and done very well before I got knowed. I was twelve year old afore I got into prison agin; 'twas for a hankecher. I got a whippin' and three months. The police began to look out for me now, and I got in agin the same year; but they couldn't prove nothin', and I only had a month. I began a new dodge now. I gave up workin' in the town, and went round to the country markets. I dressed well, like a young gentleman, and took as much as I wanted from the old farmers when I seen they got money, and where they put it. I got as much as forty pounds in a day in one place. At one time, I had as much as a hundred and thirty pounds, all my own earnin'. I got most on it from ladies. 'Tis easier, if you knows how, to pick a woman's pocket than a man's; besides, you can get off if they catches you at it. When I got notes, I knowed what to do with 'em: I didn't get half their value—not near. When I went to a new place, I had a new name; so if I was took up, they wouldn't ha' knowed I'd a been in jail afore. I got took at ——, because I slipped and fell when I was a-cuttin' off. I was committed and tried at the Sessions: I had nine months' imprisonment and hard labour. I made up my mind then to have no more to do with it; but I forgot that when I come out I had nothin' else to turn to. What is a fellar to do? I knowed it would go hard with me if I was took agin, so I only worked at night, and took every care what I was about. I've wished a thousand times I'd never learned the trick, but when I see a chance, then I can't help tryin' it on. I kept out of harm's way pretty well for nigh a year, but I got a drop too much one night along of some pals, and then I cut an old gentleman's guard, and bolted with the watch; and arter a long chase, I was nabbed. 'Twas all clear enough on the trial, because the watch was found on me. I didn't throw it away,

as I could ha' done; the reason was, I made sure of gettin' clear off. I was sentenced to transportation for seven years. I don't think that many fellars as takes to pickin' pockets ever gives it up. There's a pleasure and a glory, like, in it, besides the temptation, which is very great. Then you *must* live.'

Samuel Riddle, aged fourteen, says: 'My father is a labourer; he works on the railway. We are of no religion. I can read and write a little. I never went to church that I can remember. I never learned any trade before I went to prison, where I learned shoemaking. Mother died when I was little. I have not lived with father since I was ten years old; we didn't agree together. I've lived in lodgings when I had money; sometimes I lived nowhere particular, sleeping about where I could. I don't know as I ever took anything when I didn't want it before I went to prison. I've been sent to prison ten times in all. I've had three months three times in one year. I have picked pockets of course: the most I ever made that way in one day was five pounds. I consider for a boy like me a pound or a pound or two a day very good work. I have tried it on in a good many places, but I never come out in the swell line: I aint up to it. Some do very well at that, and go on for years, and never gets took; but you ought to be able to look like a gentleman, if you wear a gentleman's clothes—else you get suspected, and of course found out. I have been in prison on and off more than two years out of the last four. Father never come to see me when I was in, and I've kept out of his way when I was out. I don't want to see him: he's no good to me. I was tried last Sessions for taking a purse and money from a farmer. He swore I took it, and if I say I didn't, you won't believe me no more than the jury did. I was sentenced to seven years' transportation.'

Robert Dutton, aged thirteen, says: 'My father is a respectable man, and fills a respectable situation. My mother died many years ago. I've got a step-mother; she never used me well. I cut away from her when I was

eleven years old. I never stole anything but victuals when I was at home. I used to be sent to church of a Sunday, but I never learned to read nor write. I was sent to prison as a rogue and vagabond soon after I left home. I had a month first time; after that, I had two months and a whipping. I've been in prison seven times, and whipped three times. Whipping is nothing when it's done. I got my living how I could. I never picked pockets much. I took anything that come to hand, mostly by night-time. I've had no lodgings for a year together: I could sleep very well in barns and sheds. I've took ducks and fowls sometimes when nothing better offered. I've done a good deal in the linen way off the drying-lines, and among the gentlemen's coats on the pegs in the passages; sometimes a work-box or a writing-desk out of a parlour-window — anything of that sort. I was tried last Sessions about some silver spoons off a gentleman's sideboard in the hall, and sentenced to transportation for seven years.'

Ned Bratton, aged thirteen, says: 'I don't recollect having a father; my mother is a washerwoman. She sent me sometimes to the Sunday school, but I didn't learn nothing; I can't read. I can get my own living; I can help myself out of any shop in the town to anything I want. This is the way I does it: I'm a little un, you see, and when I wears India-rubber shoes, a mouse couldn't hear me step. I crawls under the counter when there's nobody in the shop, and shoves the till out over my head, and puts it on the floor, and helps myself, and there I leaves it. It wants a plucky cove to come that dodge. I've done it twenty times, and was never nabbed at it once. I've been in prison five times for other things, and have been flogged three times. I've been tried for taking a copper-kettle, which I shouldn't have took at all if there had been any money in the man's till. The pleeceman see me a-bringing of it out. I am to be transported for seven years for a eighteenpenny kettle!'

Thomas Pike, aged fifteen, says: 'I have lived in London all my life. My father kept a shop, and bought anything

(that is, was a receiver of stolen goods.) He got transported for life about four years ago, along of some watch-cases he bought of a foreigner. My mother sold everything, and set off after him, and left me to do for myself. I couldn't keep on the shop without money, so I gave it up, and took to the bag-line. The bag-line is this here: you goes about in a clean apron and holland sleeves, with a tidy bag over your arm. You keeps your eye on a good shop, where there is plenty of trade a-goin' on—say Mr Sole's boot-shop: well, you sees a cove come out with a pair of boots, or may be two, and you follers him: he goes, mayhap, a mile or more, and then he knocks at a gentleman's door, and leaves a pair, or perhaps both of 'em. You marks him clear off the ground, and then you goes and knocks at the same door, and presents Mr Sole's compliments, and says he 's sorry to give trouble, but he have sent the wrong boots; will the servant have the goodness to give 'em to you, as you have got to take 'em to St John's Wood? You gets the boots easy enough most times, and then you bags 'em, and walks off. Of course, it don't matter whether its boots, or a new coat, or anything else, so long as you gets it in the bag. The bag is very useful other ways. Suppose you goes out early in the morning into the outskirts, just when the maids is sweeping out the street-doors: they likes to gossip with one another, and leaves the doors open while they does it. You walks into the passage quite cool and respectable, and looks about: perhaps the breakfast is laid in the parlour, and of course you haves an eye to the spoons, or to anything else that's hanging up or lying about. If anybody comes when you are there, you asks to see Mr Johnson on particular business; and you makes a polite bow when you are informed that he don't live there; and then you ask if that aint Foxmoor Terrace, No. 11, when you knows well enough 'tis no sich place. There's very good pickings to be had of a morning that way. A good bagsman will do a deal of work, too, on the pavement at sundown, among the goods that the shopkeepers shoves out upon the stones. A regular old hand would bag a joint of meat before your

eyes, and you shouldn't see it, if the gas wasn't lighted. If you look sharp, you can do well with a bag at the railway stations. You takes a big un, as draws up tight with a string; you looks out for a chance in the dark and bustle of a night-train. You've got your bag labelled large with your own address, and you claps it over a good carpet-bag of somebody's, and ties it tight, and then you bothers the porter for your bag, and tips him a tizzy because you are in a hurry: he brings a light, and looks out for a blue bag with Mr Pike's address upon it, and hands it over to you, while the yokel what owns it is a-looking on. That dodge aint so good now as it used to be, because it have been rather overdone; but very few people knows how 'tis managed. I've been in prison for one thing and another more than a dozen times, but nothing of any account. They can't prove anything against me now, and I shall get off for a month or two, do what they will.' This voluble worthy prophesied truly. Nothing was proved against him upon trial, and he is again at large, and in all probability engaged in stuffing his bag.

John Jenkins, aged twelve, says: 'I was born and brought up in Westminster. I've been on the town, one way or other, ever since I can remember. The first thing I can rek'lect is a-crying with cold in the streets along with a woman a-leading me and a lot more young uns, and a-singing psalms. She wasn't my mother: my mother worked in the river among the coal-barges, a picking up at low-water. If I had a father, I never knowed him. I never went to no school 'cept in prison. I can read now a little. When I got biggish, I wouldn't go out on the chant no more. They gives nothing for it but your wittles, and not much o' that; so I cut it. Then mother said, I must get my own livin'; she gave me very little but my lodgings. I used to sleep along of her. Sometimes she come home drunk and savage, and turned me out in the middle of the night; so I left her, and went to live along wi' Brown Jem. Brown Jem gave me plenty of wittles and drink too, and a glass of gin at times, and shoes

and stockins, and set me right, all dry and comfortable. I done the sneak for Brown Jem. This is how you does it: you sees when a shopkeeper goes into the parlour for his tea or supper, then Jem he stans with his back to the shop-door, a-lookin' on up and down the road, and you crawls in, and takes what's wanted, and creeps out agin under Jem's long-tailed coat, and you cuts away. If they comes arter you, you runs for it; and when you turns a corner, you plants what you got, and Jem comes up arter the chase is done, and swags it. There aint no chase once in twenty times, and when there is, Brown Jem is first in the hunt, and puts 'em on the wrong scent. Jem had five boys altogether; he wasn't the father of none on 'em, but he lodged 'em, and gave 'em what they wanted. "Doey" was one of Jem's boys; he could run as fast as a dog. Sometimes when Doey was agreeable, we would do the snatch. 'Tis done in this way: I looks about among the shops, and finds out where there's plenty o' money in the till. When the shopkeeper goes into his tea, Doey slips in after him, reaches over, and grabs the till, and shoves it into a sack, and starts like the wind. We waits round the corner with a string stretched across the road. Doey runs over it, and when the shopman comes a-rushin' arter him, we tightens the string, and trips him up; and arter that we picks him up, and takes pity on him; and when he's much hurt, we axes him where he lives, and takes him home. There are many dodges I could tell. I've a laid snug in a shop under the window, along with the shutters, a whole arternoon afore now, and heerd the man count his money arter the customers was gone, and then I've took the lot, all but the coppers. I've been in prison seven times afore; I've been whipped twice. I never sees nothin' of Jem when I'm in trouble; I'm sure to find him somewheres when I gets out. I can do a little shoemakin'; I learned it in prison. I don't mind work, but I don't like it much. I'm in now on a charge of shopliftin'. I shan't say nothin' about it. I don't know how long I shall get. They won't transport me, I reckon; I aint old enough.'

Andrew Mills, aged nine, says: 'I was born in London; I can't tell where. I've lived in fifty different places; never more than a month or two at a time in one place. I've got a father and mother too. I can't read; I never see father or mother read: they got no books. Big Bob reads the newspaper to father sometimes when he is at work: he reads about murders and hangin' of a man, and about the fightin' men in the ring. Father works at makin' shillins and half-crowns; they are made out of tin stuff and pewter-pots. Big Bob brings the stuff, and melts it up together, and helps father when he's busy—that's most times of a Sunday. Father makes the shillins, and mother and me smashes 'em. We goes out together, and walks about the town all day; mother carries stay-laces, and pincushions, and pins and needles, in a big basket; she don't sell much of that—a little sometimes. She buys hare-skins and rabbit-skins, and gives a new shillin', and haves ninepence or tenpence in change, along of the skin. Whenever we sees a ooman behind a counter, I goes into the shop and buys something, and gives a shillin' or a half-crown, and haves the change. If they says it aint good, I says I'll fetch another, and then I goes away. Sometimes a man comes into the shop, and wants to know where I live, and how I come by the bad shillin', and perhaps he won't let me go; and then mother comes in, in a hurry, and fetches me a slap in the head for staying on errands; and blows up the shopkeeper for keepin' of me, and then she shoves me out; and we go and try it on somewhere else. I has a penny for myself when I does well. I don't know what becomes of half the money as father makes. Big Bob takes most of it away in papers: there is a pound's worth in every paper. Sometimes we haves very bad luck, and don't pass more than two or three shillins in a day. Night-time is the best for it, when the markets is doin' a trade. Mother goes regular to two or three places, where they takes a lot; but they gets it cheap, because they got to smash it theirselves. There's plenty of it about Wapping and Rotherhithe, and along the river side, *I* know. Mother and I done this for more

than two years, in a many places besides London, all about for twenty miles round. I knows the names of some of the places—not all. We used to go at fair-times and on market-days to Greenwich, and Croydon, and to Barnet, and to Barking and Epping, and to Edgeware and Hampton Court, and lots of places. Mother got too well knowed: she's a big ooman. At last, the pleece dodged us home, and broke in upon us one night, and took father, and mother, and me, and the shillins and half-crowns, and the metal pot and the plaster, and all. Father and mother is to be transported over sea; I don't know what they'll do to me; they says as how I am to learn a trade. I should like working well enough if there aint too much on it. I've never been in prison afore. I've been took to the station-house many a time; but they let me go when they couldn't get nothin' out of me—I was so little.'

Harry Bird, aged thirteen, says: 'I'm a Roman Catholic; I never go to church or chapel. I can read tolerably well, and likes to read a funny book well enough. My father is an Irishman; he can talk Irish. He keeps a house (meaning a house of ill-fame.) I have worked in a mill for a year a'most; but I give it up because I likes my liberty. They calls me a rogue and a vagabond for that. I've been in prison a dozen times a'most. What of that? I can't help it, if they will put me there. They takes me up, and claps me in jail, because other boys as I knows is found out a-pickin' of pockets, and I am found in their company. They never proved nothin' against me. If I choose to walk about the town of a night, or all night long, what odds is it to anybody? I can go in and out when I like. Let 'em prove a charge against me if they can. I'm in for a month; I've had months enough in my time. I shall be out in a little more than a week, and then I shall be a rogue and a vagabond again, I suppose, if I ha'n't lost the use of my limbs.'

This impudent young scoundrel, though only thirteen, is the presiding genius of a juvenile gang of

marauders, most of whom he has seduced to the practice of dishonesty. He has the cunning of the maturest villain, and contrives never to be implicated in the execution of the plans which he concocts for his followers. He has been well trained to this delicate business by his own parents, who are known and experienced *fences;* and so well skilled in the management of their trade, as to have escaped all contact with the police for seven years together.

The above are a few of the infant voices which cry aloud from the silence of our prison-walls. What is the language which they speak? And what response does it demand? And who shall utter that response, and when?

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born, October 29, 1796, of humble parents, who resided in Moorfields, London. While a mere boy at a school in Enfield, he gave such token of the possession of poetical talents, as attracted the attention of his teachers, by whom he was encouraged to compose exercises in verse. At the age of fifteen, he was bound as an apprentice to a surgeon in the metropolis, and in this situation he continued to devote much of his attention to poetry; but it was not till he had completed his twentieth year, that any effort was made by himself or his friends to bring his productions before the world. About the close of the year 1816, a sonnet of his composition having been received into the *Examiner* newspaper, a friend of the young poet called upon the editor, Mr Leigh Hunt, with a few similar productions, to which the attention of that gentleman was respectfully invited, but without the disclosure of the author's name. According to Mr Hunt's own declaration, he had not been led by experience of such matters to expect much pleasure from the perusal of them; but

his eye had not wandered over a dozen lines of the compositions now submitted to him, when he found reason to believe that their author was, in the highest sense of the word, a poet. In an article, accordingly, entitled 'Young Poets,' which appeared in the *Examiner* of the 1st of December 1816, John Keats was introduced in favourable terms to public notice, in conjunction with two individuals, one of whom at least has amply fulfilled the anticipations of the critic. From that time pieces by Mr Keats appeared occasionally in the *Examiner*, till, in May of the ensuing year, these and other poems, chiefly composed in his teens, were presented to the world in a volume bearing his name. About the same time, Mr Keats abandoned his profession, the duties of which had never been agreeable to him.

The volume was such as might have been expected from a mind so young and inexperienced, and which was intoxicated with the spirit of poetry, rather than possessed of its power. It was full of obscure gleamings of something fine, but at the same time replete with rhodomontade and errors in point of taste. Even the editor of the *Examiner*, who had been the first to speak favourably of Mr Keats's talents, and to exert himself to make them known, mingled, with the praise he bestowed on this volume, many censures and many warnings. Yet, with all its faults, it contained passages which every unprejudiced person of poetical feeling must have pronounced to be in the highest degree beautiful—such, for instance, as the following *Aspiration after Poetry*:—

> 'O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen,
> That am not yet a glorious denizen
> Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,
> Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
> Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
> Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
> Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
> The morning sunbeams to the great Apollo
> Like a fresh sacrifice; or, if I can bear
> The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring to me the fair
> Visions of all places: a bowery nook
> Will be elysium—an eternal book

'Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves and flowers—about the playing
Of nymphs in woods and fountains; and the shade
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;
And many a verse from so strange influence
That we must ever wonder how and whence
It came. Also imaginings will hover
Round my fireside, and haply there discover
Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
In happy silence, like the clear meander
Through its lone vales; and where I found a spot
Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,
Or a green hill o'erspread with chequered dress
Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
All that was for our human senses fitted.
Then the events of this wide world I'd seize
Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease
Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
Wings to find out an immortality!'

Having fully committed himself to a literary life, Mr Keats produced, in the ensuing year, another volume, entitled *Endymion, a Poetic Romance*, in which neither the faults nor the beauties of the former were in any degree diminished. The subject was the well-known classic fable of the loves of Endymion and the Moon. The characters and histories of the Greek mythology, and the fine poetry in which they have been embalmed by the ancients, had made a deep impression on this young poet, and he had pondered and dreamed upon them till they grew into a new being under his hands. To a mind so entranced and contemplative as his, the tale of Endymion naturally became something far beyond and above what it appears in the classic originals; and the consequence was, a pouring forth of a long chain of dreamy and mystical, but most poetical imaginings upon the subject, the whole moulded into the form of a tale. It opens with the description of a procession, from which the following are extracts:—

'Now while the silent workings of the dawn
Were busiest, into that self-same lawn,
All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
A troop of little children garlanded;
Who, gathering round the altar, seemed to pry
Earnestly round as wishing to espy

Some folk of holiday: nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
With a faint breath of music, which even then
Filled out its voice, and died away again.
Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings with a gentle wave
To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking
Through copse-clad valleys—ere their death, o'ertaking
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.
* * * * *
Leading the way young damsels danced along,
Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;
Each having a white wicker, overbrimmed
With April's tender younglings; next, well-trimmed,
A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books;
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'erflowing die
In music through the vales of Thessaly:
Some idly trailed their sheep-hooks on the ground,
And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
With ebon-tippèd flutes; close after these,
Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
A venerable priest full soberly
Begirt with ministering looks; alway his eye
Steadfast upon the matted turf he kept,
And after him his sacred vestments swept.'

In *Endymion* there are many detached lines and couplets of great beauty. He speaks of Zephyrus, the deity of the west wind,

'Fondling the flower amid the sobbing rain.'

He describes Peona, the sister of Endymion, sitting beside him while he slept,

—— 'as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it.'

Endymion wanders

'Through the green evening quiet in the sun,
O'er many a heath and many a woodland dun;
Through buried paths where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer-time away.'

Of a drowned maiden, he says:

—— 'Cold, O cold, indeed,
Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed,
The sea-swell took her hair.'

The beauties of this poem were perceived, beneath its extravagances, by many individuals of talent; but there were a few critics, of political professions opposed to those of Mr Keats's principal friends, who, for no other reason, apparently, than his having received friendship at such hands, undertook to denounce his poetical pretensions —a task which it was not difficult to perform, as his poetry contained a sufficient number of passages to convince any one not disposed to look further, that he was little better than a raver. No man who has entered the world since those dismal times, could well believe that the spirit of politics could so far blind men of education and talent to the natural sense of justice, as to allow them to compose the papers which appeared respecting *Endymion*, in the two chief periodical works of the party opposed to the friends of the author. 'Calm, settled, imperturbable, drivelling idiocy,' were the terms applied to a poem characterised, as has been allowed, by much extravagance, but which was only so in consequence, apparently, of the excess in which the author was gifted with the poetical spirit. He was also recommended to 'go back to the shop, back to plasters, pills, and ointment-boxes,' as being unfit to prosecute the higher calling of the Muse. The effect of these vituperations upon the mind of so young and sensitive a being was very severe, and is said to have evidently operated in increasing the consumptive symptoms which his constitution was already exhibiting. To stigmatise the vituperators would be now of little service; but let the fact be a warning to future writers. Between assaults which wound and murder the body, and unconscientious criticisms which torture and destroy the mind, where is the difference?

About two years after the publication of *Endymion*, and when far advanced in the disease of which he died, Keats published his last volume, entitled, *Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St Agnes, and other Poems.* The second of these pieces is a tale on the groundwork of one in Boccaccio. It contains the following beautiful passage

respecting the attachment of the hero and heroine, Lorenzo and Isabella :—

'With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve, deeper and deeper still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same;

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber window he would catch
Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
And constant as her vespers, he would watch,
Because her face was turned to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning step upon the stair.'

In the *Eve of St Agnes*, there is one peculiarly beautiful picture—Madeline kneeling by moonlight, in a convent, beneath a window of stained glass—

'A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of kings and queens.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.'

In an imperfect poem entitled *Hyperion*, which appeared in this volume, and related to the dethronement of Saturn by Jupiter, and the later gods taking the places of the early powers of heaven and earth, Mr Keats's

genius rose to a height which we do not think has been surpassed, or even reached, by any modern poet. His singular imagination here carries the reader into the times of the dawning mythology of Greece, which he renders instinct with a life and nature quite of his own forming. All is huge, gloomy, and wonderful. The deposed Saturn is thus described:—

'Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade. * *
Along the margin sand large footmarks went,
No farther than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed,
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.'

There is also an ode to the Nightingale, full of sweet poetry, and touching in a most affecting manner on his own sad state. It is worthy of being given entire—

'My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known—
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sád, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not chariotèd by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To seize upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?'

Soon after the publication of his last volume, the *Edinburgh Review* noticed his works in such a candid and generous spirit as must have compensated, if anything could now have compensated, for the malignity of other critics, and arrested, if anything could now have arrested, his progress towards the tomb. While acknowledging the existence of faults, the reviewer spoke of his works as 'flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry, that, even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present.' He added, with reference to the *Endymion*, which had been so abused elsewhere: 'We do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm.' While these praises were passing upon his writings, the young poet was on his way to Italy, in the hope of staying the progress of his malady. After his arrival in that country, he revived for a short time, but soon grew worse. A few weeks before his death, a gentleman sitting close by his bedside, spoke of an inscription to his memory. He expressed his dislike of the proposal—he wished that there should be no mention

of his name or country; 'Or if any,' said he, 'let it be—*Here lies the body of one whose name was writ in water.*' He breathed his last on the 23d of February 1821, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

According to his earliest literary friend and patron, 'Mr Keats had a very manly as well as delicate spirit. He was personally courageous in no ordinary degree, and had the usual superiority of genius to little arts and the love of money. His patrimony, which was inconsiderable, he freely used in part, and even risked altogether, to relieve the wants of others, and forward their views. He was handsome, with remarkably beautiful hair, curling in natural ringlets.'

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

THE great majority of the natural excavations or caverns found on the surface of the earth, have been formed by subterranean currents of water, which have enlarged original fissures, or carried away masses of soft clay or loose sand, that were interposed between layers of hard rock. The streams, or springs, that exist in almost every cavern of any great extent, tend strongly to corroborate this view. It is observable, also, that nearly all large caverns occur in limestone formations, through which water filtrates with ease, and where, of course, it is most likely to accumulate in such quantities as to require and force for itself a vent. The subsidence of rocks, or the upheavings of them by earthquakes or volcanic agency, may doubtless have originated some caverns, but the majority of them are unquestionably to be ascribed to the escape of infiltrated water in the manner alluded to.

The most remarkable cavern which has been discovered in any part of the world, is that called the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, North America. What the true proportions of this cave are, as far as regards the length to

which it penetrates into the earth, is not yet ascertained; for though it has been explored to the distance of between *nine and ten miles*, no boundary has been reached, in any one of its numerous windings. The mere extent of this excavation is sufficient to render it an object of interest; but the Mammoth Cave is not deficient in attractions in other points also, inferior though it be to many other subterranean cavities in the variety of its productions, or in the beauty of its natural curiosities.

The Mammoth Cave was not discovered by the present inhabitants of the United Provinces of America, until the year 1816. In the district in which it exists, there are many other pits and caverns of lesser size, among the limestone formations of which that region is almost wholly composed. A deep pit leads to the mouth of the cave, which is 30 feet in width, and from 40 to 50 feet high, and which seems like some frightful chasm in nature, whose hideous yawn allures the adventurer to its interior, only to bury him in impenetrable darkness. After advancing 200 or 300 yards, however, the lofty arch of rock over the visitor's head gradually contracts on all sides, and for several paces it is necessary for a man to stoop, though oxen are admitted with facility. The passage again expands to a width of 50 feet, and about 20 in height, which proportions it retains for nearly a mile. As the visitor approaches this part of the cave, an extraordinary spectacle meets his eye, which will remind him of the fabled labours of the blacksmith-god Vulcan, in the centre of Mount Ætna. Twenty or thirty blacks are seen, engaged, with the aid of torches and fires, in the labours of the cave, which consist in the manufacturing of saltpetre—a substance yielded in abundance by the earth of which the floor is composed. The saltpetre is separated simply by steeping the earth in water, which dissolves the salt, and afterwards deposits it by evaporation. This part of the cave is called the First Hoppers, and an exploring party generally supply themselves here with a torch to each man, which is rendered absolutely necessary, by the strong current continually

rushing from the cold cave to the warm atmosphere without, and frequently blowing out some of the lights. From the First to the Second Hoppers, where saltpetre is also manufactured, the distance is about a mile, and the cave is throughout nearly 60 feet high, and 40 in width. For almost the whole way between the entrance and the Second Hoppers, the loose limestone has been laid up into handsome walls on both sides, and a good hard road has been also made. Though a few torches cannot shew it to perfection, the arches are in general regular, and the walls perpendicular.

Before the Second Hoppers are reached, several passages of nearly equal size branch off from the one generally followed, but the most of these return after a circuit, and intersect or join the main line. Beyond the Second Hoppers, the main passage expands to a height and width never less than 60 feet, which continues with little variation as far as the spot called the Chief City—an immense area, eight acres in extent, and without one pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole. Nothing can be more sublimely grand than this vault, which mocks the proudest of human erections. The Chief City is six miles from the mouth of the cave, and nearly straight south from it, though the approach is very circuitous. Five lofty avenues lead from this great area, each from 60 to 100 feet in width, and from 40 to 80 feet high.

We shall use the words of a visitor to the Mammoth Cave, Mr Nahum Ward, in describing the rest of it. Having entered the Chief City, Mr Ward determined to explore the avenues leading from it, and he thus details the result:—'The first which I traversed, after cutting arrows on the stones under our feet, pointing to the mouth of the cave (in fact, we did this at the entrance of every avenue, that we should not be at a loss for the way out, on our return), was one that led us in a southerly direction for more than two miles. We then left it, and took another that led us east, and then north, for more than two miles farther; and at last, in our windings, were

brought out by another avenue into the Chief City again, after traversing different avenues for more than five miles.

'We rested ourselves for a few minutes on some limestone slabs near the centre of this gloomy area; and, after having refreshed us, and trimmed our lamps, we took our departure a second time through an avenue almost north, and parallel with the avenue leading from the Chief City to the mouth of the cave, which we continued for upwards of two miles, when we entered the Second City. This is covered with one arch, nearly 200 feet high in the centre, and very similar to the First City, except in the number of avenues leading from it; this having but two. We passed through it, over a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which bore to the east about 300 rods, when we came upon a third area about 200 feet square, and 50 in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of the wall about 60 feet high, and which fell upon some broken stones, and was afterwards entirely lost to our view. After passing this beautiful sheet of water a few yards, we came to the end of this passage.

'We then returned about 100 yards, and entered a small avenue—over a considerable mass of stone—to our left, which carried us south, through an uncommonly black avenue, something more than a mile, when we ascended a very steep hill about 60 yards, which carried us within the walls of the Fourth City, which is not inferior to the second, having an arch that covers at least six acres. In this last avenue, the farther end of which must be four miles from the Chief City, and ten from the mouth of the cave, are upwards of twenty large piles of saltpetre-earth on one side of the avenue, and broken limestone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands. I had expected from the course of my needle, that this avenue would have carried us round to the Chief City, but was sadly disappointed when I found the end, a few hundred yards from the Fourth

City, which caused us to retrace our steps; and not having been so particular in marking the entrances of the different avenues as I ought, we were very much bewildered, and once completely lost for fifteen or twenty minutes. At length, we found our way, and, weary and faint, entered the Chief City at ten at night. However, as much fatigued as I was, I determined to explore the cave as long as my lights held out. We now entered the fifth and last avenue from the Chief City, which carried us south-east about 900 yards, when we entered the Fifth City, whose arch covers upwards of four acres of level ground strewed with broken limestone. Firebeds of uncommon size, with brands of cane lying around them, are interspersed throughout this city. These firebeds, or fireplaces, are numerous in all the avenues of this extraordinary cave, though of less size, generally, than those now seen in the Fifth City. They prove beyond a doubt that this subterranean world was once inhabited by human beings, but at what period of time this was the case, it is impossible even to conjecture. Certain it is, that the Red Men, whom we are accustomed to call the aborigines of North America, knew nothing, in recent times at least, of these caves. Cane seems to have been the fuel employed in warming these subterranean hearths.

'We crossed over to the opposite side, and entered an avenue that carried us east about 250 rods: finding nothing interesting in this passage, we turned back, and crossed a massy pile of stone in the mouth of a large avenue, which I noticed, but a few yards from this last-mentioned city, as we came out of it. After some difficulty in passing over this mass of limestone, we entered a large avenue, whose walls were the most perfect of any I saw, running almost due south for 500 rods, very level and straight, with an elegant arch. When at the end of this avenue, and while I was sketching a plan of this cave, one of my guides, who had been some time groping among the broken stones, called out, requesting me to follow him. I gathered up my

papers and compass; and after giving my guide, who sat with me, orders to remain where he was until we returned, and, moreover, to keep his lamp in good order, I followed after the first, who had entered a vertical passage just large enough to admit his body. We continued stepping from one stone to another, until at last, after much difficulty from the smallness of the passage, which is about 10 feet in height, we entered on the side of a chamber at least 180 feet in circumference, and whose arch is about 150 feet high in the centre. After having marked arrows, pointing downwards, upon the slab-stones around the little passage through which we had ascended, we walked forward nearly to the centre of this area.

'It was past midnight when I entered this chamber of eternal darkness, "where all things are hushed, and nature's self lies dead." I must acknowledge I felt a shivering horror at my situation, when I looked back upon the different avenues through which I had passed, since I entered the cave at eight in the morning. With the guide who was now with me, I took the only avenue leading from this chamber, and traversed it to the distance of a mile in a southern direction, when my lamps forbade my going farther, as they were nearly exhausted. The avenue, or passage, was as large as any that we had entered; and how far we might have travelled, had our lights held out, is unknown.

'It was nearly one o'clock when we descended "the passage of the chimney," as it is called, to the guide whom I had left seated on the rocks. He was quite alarmed at our long absence, and was heard by us a long time before we reached the passage to descend to him, hallooing with all his might, fearing we had lost our track in the ruins above. We returned over piles of saltpetre-earth and firebeds, out of one avenue into another, until, at last, with great fatigue and a dim light, we entered the walls of the Chief City, where, for the last time, we trimmed our lamps, and entered the spacious avenue that carried us to the Second Hoppers. I found, when in this large chamber, many curiosities such as Glauber salts, Epsom

salts, flint, yellow-ochre, spar of different kinds, and some petrifactions, which I brought out with me. We happily arrived at the mouth of the cave about three in the morning, nearly exhausted, and worn down with nineteen hours' continued fatigue.

'I have described to you scarcely one-half of the cave, as the avenues between the mouth of the cave and the Second Hoppers have not been named. There is a passage in the main avenue, about 60 rods from the entrance, like that of a trap-door: by sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend 16 or 18 feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes upon a level, and winds about in such a manner as to pass under the main passage without having any communication with it, and at last opens into the main cave by two large passages just beyond the Second Hoppers. It is called Glauber Salt-room, from salts of that kind being found there; there is also the Sick-room, the Bat-room, and the Flint-room, all of which are large, and some of them very long. The last I shall mention is a very winding avenue, which branches off at the Second Hoppers, and runs west and south-west for more than two miles: this is called the Haunted Chamber, from the echo of the sound made in it. The arch of this avenue is very beautiful, incrusted with limestone, spar, and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. I discovered in this avenue a very high dome, in or near the centre of the arch, apparently 50 feet high, hung with rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful and romantic manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most rich and brilliant.

'The columns of spar and the stalactites in this chamber are extremely romantic in their appearance, with the reflection of one or two lights. There is a chair formed of this spar, called Wilkins's arm-chair, which is very large, and stands in the centre of the avenue, and is encircled with many smaller ones. Columns of spar fluted, and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites,

drapery of various colours superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner, are shewn with the greatest brilliancy from the reflection of lamps. A part of the Haunted Chamber is directly over the Bat-room, which passes under the Haunted Chamber without having any connection with it. My guide led me into a very narrow defile on the left side of this chamber, and about 100 yards from Wilkins's arm-chair, over the side of a smooth limestone rock, 10 or 12 feet, which we passed with much precaution; for, had we slipped from our hold, we had gone "to that bourne whence no traveller returns," if I may judge from a cataract of water, whose dismal sound we heard at a considerable distance in this pit, and nearly under us. However, we crossed in safety, clinging fast to the wall, and winding down under the Haunted Chamber, and through a very narrow passage for thirty or forty yards, when our course was west, and the passage 20 or 30 feet in width, and from 10 to 18 high, for more than a mile. The air was pure and delightful in this as well as in other parts of the cave. At the further part of this avenue, we came upon a reservoir of water very clear and delightful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet.

'Within a few yards of this reservoir of water, on the right hand of the cave, there is an avenue, which leads to the north-west. We had entered it but about forty feet, when we came to several columns of the most brilliant spar, 60 or 70 feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which stand in basins of water, that comes trickling down their sides, then passes off silently from the basins, and enters the cavities of stone without being seen again. These columns of spar and the basins they rest in, for splendour and beauty, surpass every similar work of art I ever saw. We passed by these columns, and entered a small but beautiful chamber, whose walls were about twenty feet apart, and the arch not more than seven high, white as whitewash could have made it; the floor was level as far as I explored it, which was not a great distance, as I found many pit-holes in my path, that

appeared to have been lately sunk, which induced me to return.

'We returned by the beautiful pool of water which is called the Pool of Clitorius, after the *Fons Clitorius* of the classics, which was so pure and delightful to the taste, that, after drinking of it, a person had no longer a taste for wine. On our way back to the narrow defile, I had some difficulty in keeping my lights, for the bats were so numerous, and continually in our faces, that it was next to impossible to get along in safety. I brought this trouble on myself, by my own want of forethought; for, as we were moving on, I noticed a large number of these bats hanging by their hind-legs to the arch, which was not above twelve inches higher than my head. I took my cane, and gave a sweep the whole length of it, when down they fell; but soon, like so many imps, they tormented us till we reached the narrow defile, when they left us. We returned by Wilkins's arm-chair, and back to the Second Hoppers. I found a remarkable corpse or mummy at this place, whither it had been brought by Mr Wilkins, from another part of the cave, for preservation. It is a female, about six feet in height, and so perfectly dried as to weigh but twenty pounds when I found it. The hair on the back part of the head is rather short, and of a sandy hue; the top of the head is bald, and the eyes sunk into the head; the nose, or that part which is cartilaginous, is dried down to the bones of the face; the lips are dried away, and discovered a fine set of teeth, white as ivory. The hands and feet are perfect, even to the nails, and very delicate, like those of a young person; but the teeth are worn as much as a person's at the age of fifty. The preservation of this body, doubtless, is owing to the saltpetre abounding in the earth of the cave.

'She must have been some personage of high distinction, if we may judge from the order in which she was buried. Mr Wilkins informed me she was first found by some labourers, while digging for saltpetre earth, in a part of the cave about three miles from the entrance, buried

eight feet deep between four limestone slabs, seated with the knees brought close to the body, which is erect; the hands clasped, and laid upon the stomach; the head upright. She was muffled up and covered with a number of garments made of a species of wild-hemp and the bark of a willow which formerly grew in Kentucky. The cloth is of a curious texture and fabric, made up in the form of blankets or winding-sheets, with very handsome borders. Bags of different sizes were found by her side, made of the same cloth, in which were deposited her jewels, beads, trinkets, and implements of industry: all which are very great curiosities, being different from anything of the Indian kind ever found in this country.

'Among the articles was a musical instrument, made of two pieces of cane, put together something like the double flageolet, and curiously interwoven with elegant feathers: she had likewise by her side a bowl of uncommon workmanship, and a Vandyke made of feathers, very beautiful.' These trinkets and garments, exhumed with the mummy, though curious, do not throw much light on the subject of the former inhabitants of the great cave which has been described. If not of an Indian fashion, as Mr Ward avers, neither do they indicate the woman to have belonged to a highly-civilised community. Probably the skull of the mummy, which is still in Mr Ward's possession, might point out, by its shape, the woman's race.

Much light, however, yet remains to be thrown on North American antiquities, and there is no spot, we think, more likely to assist in this, on further examination, than the Mammoth Cave.

EARLY LIFE OF A COTTAGER'S CHILD.

In the Edinburgh Magazine for 1821-2, there appeared a series of articles, entitled 'A True and Authentic History of Ill Tam,' understood to be the real autobiography of an eccentric clergyman of the Church of Scotland, who rose to the dignity of a professor in one of our provincial universities. As the author and subject of the articles was the son of a widow-cottager in a remote and primitive part of Scotland, his narrative contains what we are disposed to think a very faithful and interesting picture of life in that lowly but respectable condition; while of its vivacity and drollery in many parts, there can, we believe, be no doubt. For these reasons, and because the articles, in their original form, are in few hands, we propose to revive a few passages under the above new title, which seems appropriate to the object we have in view—that of conveying a picture of the rise and progress of the child of a Scottish cottager.

'From the earliest period of my recollection, I was known by the designation of Ill Tam, by which, as it may be supposed, I was given to the practice of every species of waggish mischief. I can still distinctly recollect that, instead of being dissatisfied with my title, I was not a little proud of it; and I verily believe that my conduct then, and long afterwards, was considerably modified by my desire to act in consistency with the honourable appellation conferred upon me—namely, to be a worker of all manner of waggery, a contriver of all manner of plot, and a deviser, no matter at what expense, of all variety of fun. I was born and brought up amidst the solitude and the sublimity of mountain scenery. The clear stream ran past my feet at the cottage-door; the birds sang clearly and melodiously from an adjoining bank of wood; and the distant hill-side was covered over with flocks of white and nibbling sheep; but my earliest

impressions, notwithstanding all these external attractions, were connected with the home-department; with that fireside around, and upon which, were nightly assembled, among other more rational inmates, the dog, the cat, and myself.

'My talent for mischief was originally called into action by the instincts of these animals; for whilst they stood opposite to each other, the one in the attitude of attack, and the other in that of resistance; whilst *he* looked to me for encouragement, and *she* sputtered out her defiance and contempt for us both, it was impossible not to take an interest in what was going on; and, to my shame be it spoken, I always sided with Rover against poor Puss.

'Among the most early impressions which I can now recall, are those of devotion. My mother, from the first twelve months of my existence my sole surviving parent, was indeed a Christian, in the original and best sense of the term. Her object seemed all along to be, to convey instruction, and induce habit, not so much by any direct advice, as by example. Instead of putting words into my mouth, at an early age, when I was totally incapable of comprehending their meaning, she taught me, by her own conduct, to reverence, and to worship, in heart, and in all sincerity, the great unseen source of safety and support, upon which all alike, old and young, weak and powerful, ultimately depend.

'Ere I was five years of age, by the assistance of two excellent old women, aunts of my mother, I was enabled to read, or rather to sing—for my style of modulation was somewhat betwixt the two—the fifth chapter of St Matthew's Gospel, and even to convert this premature acquisition into a source of emolument and vanity. The cottage where I lived stood upon the side of a retired road, by which some of the most respectable farmers were accustomed to pass every Sabbath to church; and it was my weekly practice to take my station upon a green bank, in front of our dwelling, and there, from an old brass-clasped Bible, in a most audible and arresting tone, to pour forth upon the Sabbath passengers the whole

detail of the Beatitudes. "That's really a surprising elf," one would observe, tossing me at the same time a half-penny; whilst another would prophesy of my future eminence and attainments. I thus acquired a purse against the ensuing village fair, and was led to account myself a prodigy of learning. Prayers were *said*, or, in the more expressive language of the peasantry, the *book* was *taken*, every evening and morning in our little family household, consisting of two old women, my mother, and myself, and the privilege of reading "the chapter" devolved on me; an office of which I was not a little proud, and for the discharge of which, however, I was but moderately qualified. I still remember reading hanged for changed; thief-priest for chief-priest; and Galloway (the name of the neighbouring county) for Galilee.

'To this chapter regularly succeeded a family prayer, in which, without the smallest reference even in aim, much less in effect, to correctness, or propriety of expression, there occurred not only thoughts that breathed, but words that conveyed their breathings from heart to heart. Notwithstanding all my reverence, however, and respect for the exercise, in which we were so regularly engaged, my love of fun or of mischief often preponderated over every higher and more hallowed consideration. I remember once of pushing a live coal towards the shoeless soles of the person actually engaged in prayer, and of enjoying the jest amazingly, when the sudden rising took place, and even the cat and the dog awoke into fearful aspect and consternation! Whenever, according to the only index of the escape of time of which I was possessed—the drying, namely, of my wet stockings from the crook—the prayer seemed to have extended beyond a reasonable length, I had always a variety of shifts of this description at command whereby to accelerate the conclusion.

'In the absence of company better suited to my years, I was compelled to convert those aged persons, my aunts, as I was accustomed to call them, who tenanted the other end of the house, into a source of amusement, in order to pass away agreeably the long forenights of winter.

Children are very quick-sighted in the discovery of the weaknesses of those with whom they daily associate; and it was from the superstitious apprehensions of these most kindly and religious inmates, that I contrived occasionally to extract entertainment. They were genuine specimens of the old world: they rose early—always, during winter, long before daylight; they breakfasted by eight; and after spending the day in spinning upon the "wee wheel," or in providing fuel from an adjoining copsewood, they regularly hung on the supper-potatoes at eight in the evening, when family-exercise was made; and by nine they were again snugly lodged beneath the blankets. The fire was placed at some distance from the gable-wall, and the "crook," which of course behoved to be suspended directly over it, was attached in an upper and an undiscovered region of everlasting smoke, to a cross-beam, or rannel-tree, one end of which was inserted in the gable, and the other extended over a joist at a convenient distance. Under these circumstances, it was no very difficult matter to attach one end of a string, amidst the higher altitudes of smoke and obscurity, to the crook, and by passing it over a cross-beam above, to bring it down within my pull, where I sat at my evening mechanical or literary recreations.

'Previously to the suspension of my aunts' supper-potatoes, fresh fuel was added to the fire, in such a situation as to act most effectually upon the pot—in other words, directly below it. But no sooner had the flame begun to ascend, than the mistake became visible. It was evident that the partner on whom had devolved the task of making the adjustment, had misplaced the fire. The pot hung suspended over cold air and empty space, whilst the fuel was wastefully and idly consumed. A change was immediately, amidst mutual recrimination and reproach, effected on the position of the fire; but scarcely had this been done, when the pot was observed to return to its natural position, as if actuated by a spirit of contradiction, and by a determined resolution against boiling that evening. This could not fail to excite

surprise, and even some measure of alarm; but still it was possible that *both* might have misadjusted the business; so a fresh arrangement was made, and with no better success; the perverse potatoes still refusing to be boiled, and travelling it backwards and forwards with the most teasing and now mysterious and even alarming perversity. Suspicion fell, of course, upon me; but it being ascertained by my mother, that in this instance, at least, an *alibi* could be distinctly made out in my favour, there was no other alternative, after mature deliberation and investigation, left, but that of infernal agency.

'I have no recollection of any amusement in which, during the earlier period of spring, I took greater delight, than in "muirburn." The mountains, which all around my native dwelling lifted their heads, and presented their shoulders to the cloudy and encircling influence of heaven, were closely habited, from top almost to bottom, in an ancient and venerable robe of brown and blooming heather. But the spirit of innovation, under the password improvement, had pervaded the valleys beneath; and grappling with every obstacle, and triumphing in the mastery of difficulty and obstruction, she began gradually to ascend, and her pathway was marked by the lighted torch and smoking heath. There is something truly sublime in the aspect of mountain muirburn by night. The elevation not only renders the flame visible to a distance, tinging and flushing every object for miles around, but converts all the superincumbent atmosphere into one concave glare of red and flickering light, now narrowing and now extending its boundaries, as a volume of smoke or a current of air induces or dissipates obstruction. The flame advances in a curve, and, collecting all its strength and maddening fury into the centre, there it flashes, and crackles, and tears, and thunders along—emitting a mingled noise, resembling, from a distance, the violent rending of sail-cloth—sometimes giving out and throwing off scaly flashes, along the rapidly ascending smoke, and again falling back upon itself, and shortening its stretch, as if to recover breath and power after each

exhausting exertion. The rolling, too, and convolving and jetting of the smoke upwards, is a fine sight, as, in tier above tier, and swell above swell, it shoots away, under the conducting breeze, into a far, and a wide, and a fleecy projection. On a nearer approach, dark and gigantic figures pass across the flames. Well do I recollect my running out, with a burning peat in one hand, and a handful of dry and withered heath in the other, dropping fire as I went along, and studding the whole hill-side with a long train of separate and distinct points of ignition. But the enjoyment I experienced, as the various points spread out into size and junction, and, like the closely marshalled column of an army, marched forward in one combined career of irresistible destruction; as again and again I penetrated behind the flame into the dark and choking smoke, or fairly dashed through the hottest of the flame—amounted to exquisite delight.

'So soon, however, as, according to popular opinion, the "muirburn reek" has cankered the air, and the sun, after having frequently gone down with a red and angry aspect, has shrouded himself behind dark and showery clouds; so soon, in fact, as the season of incubation amongst the feathered tribes has commenced, this amusement behoves to give place to that of bird-nesting in all its fascinating varieties.

'The mavis, tuning his woodland clarionet, and sunning his speckled breast on the topmost twig of the birch; the black-bird, whistling his *réveille* from the thorn, and then clucking off suddenly with tidings to his mate of approaching danger; the linnet's little roundelay of harmony; the robin's smart and awakening chirm; the goldfinch's fully inflated throttle; the tiny wren's jerking-jinking twitter; and the lark's ascending, revolving, encircling, and suddenly suspended chorus in the cloud —all these indicate the season of love, and the proximity of a nest. *There* she sits in the very centre of that holly-bush; her eye revolving, as we cautiously and circumspectly encompass her retreat; and her smooth sloping back, erect head, and spread wings and tail,

indicating a resolution to retain her position as long as possible. Now, however, the danger approaches—the outer branches of the bush are divided—a miscreant countenance is discovered amidst the leaves—and she is compelled, first, to stir gently; then to linger an instant upon the edge of the nest; and, latterly, to hop it reluctantly along to the farther extremity of the surrounding brushwood. The eggs are blue—'tis a black-bird; they are spotted white—'tis a mavis; they are marled—they are gray—they are yellow—they are dusky red—they are composition—they are green: 'tis a linty—a shilfa—a robin—a goldy—a yoldring. Here is a nest all lined with dried mud, hardened into a paste, impenetrable to the rain. This one, which is fixed upon the cleft of the oak, is covered all over with stone, raw, and lichen. This other, amidst the roots of the hazel, is lined with down, and feathered up to the very edge. That little nut-shell of accommodation, which hangs pendulous at the extremity of the birchen twig, is the matrimonial residence of little tomtit, which, secure from Ill Tam himself, swings in the breeze, and defies approach. Beneath this hollow brow, incumbent over the stream, are snugly lodged the wren's numerous progeny, in an abode which pays no window-tax. And, amidst that close and matted grass, the lark sits in her straw-built *cup*, exposed, from faithfulness of affection, to be crushed by every passing foot!

'There is a pernicious tendency in boys to tame, or rather to torture, the young of birds. From the little gaping linnets, that swallow fragments of worm at the hand, to the more robust and clamorous progeny of the gled, no species or variety of the feathered race is safe. The truth is, a favourite has no friends; and so soon as you take a young hawk or mavis under your patronage and protection, the whole chapter of accidents, the whole of inanimate as well as of animated nature, is up in arms against him. You have cruelly cut asunder the sympathies of kindred; you have reduced a sentient being to a dependence upon, which was formerly altogether

independent of, your humanity, vigilance, and providence; and you have sent adown the wind, in poignant and clamorous lamentation, these lately happy parents, who, in nursing and rearing their progeny, were obeying a wise and a benevolent arrangement of God. The flat-roofed turf-house, which you have erected for the accommodation of your more vigorous pet, is accidentally converted into a seat, and the helpless inmate is crushed to death in the ruins; or it may be, that he chokes himself upon the wing of a frog, or gasps himself to death, in attempts to bolt large morsels of tough and waxy dough; or, upon the almost incredible supposition of his surviving for a few months, he retains only a mutilated existence, being generally deprived of a wing, lame of a leg, and blind of an eye, all at the same time. His whole aspect is the most abject and pitiable possible. His plumage is torn, and besmeared with every variety of batter; and the wicks of his bill appear as if fastened together with glue; till at last, having happily fluttered, and screamed, and torn, and lived himself out of your good graces, he is either starved to death by neglect, or suffers the martyrdom, some Saturday afternoon, of St Stephen. Suppose, however, that a young black-bird, or linnet, is the favourite, and that out of a nest of five raw-throated gorlings, *one*, by some unusual chance, has survived the first three days of captivity; still, under what inauspicious circumstances does the little downy, half-naked deformity exist! All, indeed, is soft and comparatively comfortable around, above, and beneath him: like a Russian furred up against the winter, he is sunk to the chin in sheep's wool; but in admitting his food, in gobbling his worms and his doughy lumps, an unfortunate communication is established betwixt his stomach and the materials of his abode; the wool sticks and tangles in his gizzard, and he expires in convulsions. Or, grant that he survives to take possession of his newly-constructed cage, seeded drawers, and suspended glass of water, the cat thrusts in her claw betwixt the cage-bars, extracts, and devours him!

'The season, however, advances, and

"Gentle spring and 'lamb-time' bring
The sweets of *summer* back again."

The lambs, which have long, with every demonstration of vivid enjoyment, pounced and tugged at their mothers' teats, are now to be speaned, and thus deprived, for the future, of that rich and nutritious supply which nature has so bountifully and wisely provided for their use. The step-dame providence of some frugal, managing gudewife interposes her cheese-and-butter claims betwixt them and their birthright. In the upper recess of a withdrawing glen, the weaned mourners are stationed, in perfect bewilderment of grief, passing this way and that, across and athwart, and listening to every variety of bleat from afar, and chasing and coursing each other in the fruitless hope of a maternal recognisance. In the meanwhile, the old ewes are collected from the height; they line, and stream from the hill, like tears coursing, in rapid and separate descent, the weather-beaten cheeks of age. They are impelled and driven from heath to spret, and thence to the green and freshening sward. In one of the sinuosities of a pure mountain stream, a stone enclosure, resembling, in intricacy and bewilderment of construction, the fabled walls of Troy, rises into view. This is the "pen," or fold, and stands now precisely where, and under what aspect and construction, it has stood for ages past. Behind the advancing flock, all is clamour, and motion, and exertion; the shepherd, waving his plaid from his arm, projecting, in a lateral direction, his staff, and ejecting, from time to time, jets and jerks of arousing, sheep-compelling voice. The herd-callan and Ill Tam skipping and glancing from side to side, as if playing betwixt alternating and opposite attractions. The gudeman himself "wouffing" and wearing, hurling out large fragments of inflated wrath and indistinct command, whilst tail after tail escapes, in bobbing and swirling speed, betwixt his legs, or immediately under his nose, to the hill. The shepherd curs walking up behind,

talking incessantly on the top of their tongues, swinging, about their shaggy tails, or necking, with the utmost precision and ease, some stirring and bounding runaway. The milkmaids, with their petticoats carefully gathered down upon and strapped *around* their ankles, cogs in their hands, and the coronet hassock on their heads, laughing, and walloping, and flaughtering on, making bad worse, and good no better, by premature mirth and ill-timed garrulity. So, so! now they are bughted; now the horny heads bristle all along through the wattlings; a sea of goggle, green, meaningless eyes, black faces and erect noses, extends from end to end, from side to side. The milkmaids, with the cogs jammed betwixt their knees, as if they were fixed in a smiddy vice, make a rearward advance upon the prisoners. The milky deluge pours audible and long.

'Tell me not of the hilarity which obtains at routs, balls, plays, or assemblies; give me a brace of stout, ruddy-visaged lads on the outside, and double that allowance of springy, gleesome milkmaids, on the inside of a sheep-bught at milking-time, and then we shall talk of real fun and convulsive merriment—of that attack and retort, which are made and returned, in perfect good-nature, yet in all the boisterous seeming of contested victory. This was an amusement in which I took great interest. To pin the maids' petticoats together, from behind, or to invest some of the most remote ewes with thistle or bur heads under the skirt, were everyday tricks. But to accomplish, by means of a plashy descent, rendered still more slippery by being frequently slid upon, the downfall of one of the cog-carriers, as she pursued her way, in unsuspecting glee and careless speed, homewards, was an achievement which not only required address in the execution, but implied some degree of danger in the aftercome.

'Summer, too, was a glorious season for bumbee-binks and wasp-nests, and butterfly pursuits. Nor did the earth only afford interest and amusement during this sunny season. I have stretched myself out supine, upon

a green and sloping bank, and continued for hours of mid-day heat, looking at the clouds which floated by, and wondering, from time to time, as I saw them advance rapidly towards the sun, and then gradually melt and disappear, what could have become of them. The chirp of the grasshopper, the buzz of the fly, and the hum of the bee, would not unfrequently lull me into that delightful stupor, amidst which the feelings, borne on the wings of fancy, repair to flowery bowers and Arcadian streams —dwell in viewless intimacy with things unknown, and convert the scattered fragments of half-perceived realities into fairer and more fascinating forms than ever did modern kaleidoscope present to view.'

BORROW'S ADVENTURES IN SPAIN.

Mr Borrow, the author of a well-known work on the *Gipsies of Spain*, has also published, under the somewhat quaint title quoted below,* a very remarkable work, abounding in the most vivid and picturesque descriptions of scenery, and sketches of strange and wild adventure. Of his personal history, he tells us little; but the hints and allusions scattered throughout this and the former work, shew that, in various respects, it has been a very strange one—'fuller of adventure than anything we are at all familiar with even in modern romance.' It was in the character of an agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society that Mr Borrow visited Spain towards the close of the year 1835. He spent the greater part of five years in this service, partly in superintending the printing of a Spanish Bible at Madrid, partly in personally distributing copies of the sacred Scriptures in the provinces. His work does not assume the form of a regular narrative,

* *The Bible in Spain.* By George Borrow. 3 vols. Murray: London.

but is rather a series of sketches descriptive of the scenes through which he passed, and of the persons and adventures encountered by him in the course of his missionary enterprises. We purpose giving, as far as the fragmentary character of the work will permit us, a connected view of his efforts to circulate the Bible in the Peninsula, and of the success which has attended his labours.

Mr Borrow landed at Lisbon about the middle of November 1835, and proceeded without delay to take measures for the circulation of the stock of Portuguese Bibles and Testaments which had been placed at his disposal. A part of his stock was put into the hands of the booksellers of Lisbon, and at the same time *colporteurs* were employed to hawk the books about the streets, receiving a certain profit on every copy they sold. As Mr Borrow's stay in Portugal was limited, he determined, before leaving the country, to establish depôts of Bibles in one or two of the provincial towns. With this view, he set out for Evora, the principal city of the province beyond the Tagus, and one of the most ancient in Portugal, and formerly the seat of a branch of the Inquisition. After a dangerous passage across the Tagus, in which he narrowly escaped drowning, he reached Aldea Gallega about seven o'clock in the evening, shivering with cold, and in a most deplorable plight; and having engaged with a person for mules to carry him to Evora, started next morning in company with the proprietor of the mules and his nephew. 'When we started, the moon was shining brightly, and the morning was piercingly cold. We soon entered on a sandy hollow way, emerging from which we passed by a strange-looking and large edifice, standing on a high, bleak sand-hill on our left. We were speedily overtaken by five or six men on horseback, riding at a rapid pace, each with a long gun slung at his saddle, the muzzle depending about two feet below the horse's belly. I inquired of the old man what was the reason of this warlike array. He answered, that the roads were very bad—meaning that they abounded with robbers—and that they went armed in this manner

for their defence; they soon turned off to the right towards Palmella. We reached a sandy plain studded with stunted pine; the road was little more than a foot-path, and as we proceeded, the trees thickened, and became a wood, which extended for two leagues, with clear spaces at intervals, in which herds of cattle and sheep were feeding; the bells attached to their necks were ringing lowly and monotonously. The sun was just beginning to shew itself; but the morning was misty and dreary, which, together with the aspect of desolation which the country exhibited, had an unfavourable effect on my spirits. I got down and walked, entering into conversation with the old man. He seemed to have but one theme—"the robbers," and the atrocities they were in the habit of practising in the very spots we were passing. The tales he told were truly horrible, and to avoid them, I mounted again, and rode on considerably in front. In about an hour and a half we emerged from the forest, and entered upon a savage, wild, broken ground, covered with mato, or brushwood. The mules stopped to drink at a shallow pool, and on looking to the right, I saw a ruined wall. This, the guide informed me, was the remains of Vendas Velhas, or the Old Inn, formerly the haunt of the celebrated robber Sabocha. I dismounted, and went up to the place, and saw the vestiges of a fire and a broken bottle. The sons of plunder had been there very lately. I left a New Testament and some tracts amongst the ruins, and hastened away.'

The goat-herd of Monte Moro—the night-scene at Evora, where Mr Borrow had taken up his quarters in the midst of a motley company of smugglers of the border—the fugitive, frantic with terror at the idea that he had been pursued by witches, and wearing rosemary in his hat, to elude their malicious search—and the benighted horseman encountered on the return to the metropolis—are sketches worthy of especial notice, and strikingly illustrative of the author's graphic powers. At Evora, he found a book-seller willing to undertake the sale of the Bibles and Testaments, and to him he intrusted one-half of his stock,

the other half he consigned to the secretary to the government at Evora, who, in conjunction with the governor, was endeavouring to establish a school in the vicinity, and who promised to use all his influence to make the knowledge of the Scriptures the basis of the education which the children were to receive. During the time of his sojourn at Evora, Mr Borrow paid a visit every day to a fountain where the muleteers and other people who visit the town are accustomed to water their horses, and entered into conversation with every one who halted at the fountain, upon matters relating to their eternal welfare. None of them, he tells us, had seen the Bible, and not more than half-a-dozen had the slightest inkling of what the holy book contained, but they listened with attention and apparent interest to the statements addressed to them. The belief in witchcraft is very prevalent among the peasantry of Portugal, and many of them wear charms, fabricated and sold by the monks for protection against witches and robbers. Mr Borrow, however, bears emphatic testimony to the decline of the influence of the monks both in Spain and Portugal. Even the smugglers whom he met in the inn at Evora spoke of priestcraft and the monkish system with the utmost abhorrence, and said that they should prefer death to submitting again to the yoke which had formerly galled their necks.

The following description of the manner in which a fidalgo found it necessary to travel on the simple occasion of a household removal, gives a striking picture of the insecurity of the traveller, and of the perils of a wayfaring life in the Peninsula:—'Had they been conveying the wealth of Ind through the deserts of Arabia, they could not have travelled with more precaution. The nephew, with drawn sabre, rode in front; pistols in his holsters, and the usual Spanish gun slung at his saddle. Behind him tramped six men in a rank, with muskets shouldered, and each of them wore at his girdle a hatchet, which was probably intended to cleave the thieves to the brisket should they venture to come to close-quarters. There

were six vehicles, two of them calashes, in which latter rode the fidalgo and his daughters; the others were covered carts, and seemed to be filled with household furniture: each of these vehicles had an armed rustic on either side; and the son, a lad about sixteen, brought up the rear, with a squad equal to that of his cousin in the van. The soldiers, who by good-fortune were light horse, and admirably mounted, were galloping about in all directions, for the purpose of driving the enemy from cover, should they happen to be lurking in the neighbourhood.'

About a fortnight after his return from Evora, Mr Borrow set out for Madrid by way of Badajos. At Elvas, he encountered the oldest woman in Spain, who described the great earthquake as having happened within her recollection. Shortly after crossing the Spanish frontier, he fell in with those singular people, the Zincali, Gitanos, or Spanish gipsies. One of them, named Antonio, who is mentioned in his former work, offers to be his guide to Madrid. The hankering for gipsy society, and the desire to make himself acquainted with the ways of the Spanish gipsies, proved an irresistible temptation. Mr Borrow accepts the offer, and for more than a week we find him pursuing his way mounted on a spare pony from the gipsy camp, lodging as gipsies are wont to lodge, sometimes in field and forest, sometimes in town or village, and passing through some very queer scenes, in company with his gipsy guide. At Merida, they stayed three days in the house of an old gipsy crone, who astonished our author with wonderful tales of the Moors, prison escapes, thievish feats, and one or two poisoning adventures, in which she had been engaged in her early youth. The old lady became so much attached to Mr Borrow, as to offer him her grand-daughter in marriage, and resolutely to combat the excuses by which he sought to evade this tender proposition. After various other singular adventures, Antonio, who, for very excellent reasons, was afraid of being recognised in the towns through which they required to pass, found that he had no chance of escape,

except in quitting the high road altogether. Mr Borrow, therefore, proceeds on his journey alone. But near Talavera, he overtakes another traveller, the tallest and bulkiest man he had hitherto seen in Spain, dressed in a manner strange and singular for the country. The stranger spoke good Castilian, but in the course of conversation, a word escaped him which betrayed the *Moresco;* and the subsequent communications which he made to Mr Borrow, bring to light some interesting facts respecting the condition of his race in Spain.

On reaching Madrid, Mr Borrow lost no time in taking steps to obtain permission from the government to print the New Testament in the Castilian language, for circulation in Spain. Having received from our minister, Mr Villiers (now Lord Clarendon), a letter of introduction to Mendizabal, who was at that time prime minister of Spain, he repaired to his office. 'Several individuals were admitted before me; at last, however, my own turn came, and I was ushered into the presence of Mendizabal. He stood behind a table covered with papers, on which his eyes were intently fixed. He took not the slightest notice when I entered, and I had leisure enough to survey him. He was a huge athletic man, somewhat taller than myself, who measure six feet two without my shoes; his complexion was florid, his features fine and regular, his nose quite aquiline, and his teeth splendidly white; though scarcely fifty years of age, his hair was remarkably gray; he was dressed in a rich morning-gown, with a gold chain round his neck, and morocco slippers on his feet. His secretary, a fine intellectual-looking man, who, as I was subsequently informed, had acquired a name both in English and Spanish literature, stood at one end of the table with papers in his hands. After I had been standing about a quarter of an hour, Mendizabal suddenly lifted up a pair of sharp eyes, and fixed them upon me with a peculiarly scrutinising glance. My interview with him lasted nearly an hour. As I was going away, he said: "Yours is not the first application I have had. Ever since I have held the reins of government, I have been

pestered in this manner by English, calling themselves evangelical Christians, who have of late come flocking over into Spain. What a strange infatuation is this, which drives you over lands and waters with Bibles in your hands! My good sir, it is not Bibles we want, but rather guns and gunpowder, to put the rebels down with, and, above all, money, that we may pay the troops. Whenever you come with these three things, you shall have a hearty welcome; if not, we really can dispense with your visits, however great the honour."'

A change of ministry having taken place shortly after this interview, Mr Borrow renewed his application, but found his designs thwarted by the secretary of the Duke of Rivas, an obstinate Aragonese, who had got an idea into his head on this subject which it was found impossible to dislodge. Galiano, minister of marine, gave Mr Borrow a letter of introduction to the duke, in whose department was vested the power of granting permission to print the Bible. The interview ended in the disappointment of our author; and we next find him engaged in describing the revolution of the Granja and the death of Quesada, events which he has painted with a master-hand; but we can only find room for an incident illustrative of the coolness and activity of English newspaper reporters. '"These men mean mischief," said I to my friend D—— of the *Morning Chronicle*, "and depend upon it, that, if they are ordered, they will commence firing, caring nothing whom they hit." .... Taking me by the arm, "Let us get," said he, "out of this crowd, and mount to some window, where I can write down what is about to take place, for I agree with you that mischief is meant." Just opposite the post-office was a large house, in the topmost storey of which we beheld a paper displayed, importing that apartments were to let; whereupon we instantly ascended the common stair, and having agreed with the mistress of the house for the use of the front-room for the day, we bolted the door, and the reporter producing his note-book and pencil, prepared to take notes of the coming events, which were already

casting their shadow before. What most extraordinary men are these reporters of newspapers in general—I mean English newspapers! Surely, if there be any class of individuals who are entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites, it is these. . . . . The activity, energy, and courage which they occasionally display in the pursuit of information, are truly remarkable. I saw them during the three days at Paris, mingled with canaille and gamins behind the barriers, whilst the *mitraille* was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against these seemingly feeble bulwarks. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books, as unconcernedly as if reporting the proceedings of a reform meeting in Covent Garden or Finsbury Square; whilst in Spain, several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerillas in some of their most desperate raids and expeditions, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of the summer sun.'

Shortly after the revolution of La Granja, Mr Borrow returned to England, for the purpose of consulting with his friends, and for planning the opening of a Biblical campaign in Spain. He lost no time in returning to the scene of his labours, and, having landed at Cadiz, proceeded through Seville and Cordova to Madrid. He had received intimation from the proper Spanish minister, that though a formal licence could not be given to print the Bible, yet his operations would not be interfered with by the government; and acting upon this tacit permission, an edition of the New Testament, consisting of 5000 copies, was speedily published. As soon as this was accomplished, the indefatigable agent resolved to put into execution a plan on which he had mused off Cape Finisterre in the tempest, in the cut-throat passes of the Morena, and on the plains of La Mancha, as he jogged along with his smuggler guide. 'I had determined,' says he, 'after depositing a certain number of copies in the shops of the booksellers of Madrid, to ride

forth, Testament in hand, and endeavour to circulate the Word of God amongst the Spaniards not only of the towns, but of the villages; amongst the children not only of the plains, but of the hills and mountains. I intended to visit Old Castile, and to traverse the whole of Galicia and the Asturias—to establish Scripture depôts in the principal towns, and to visit the people in secret and secluded spots—to talk to them of Christ, to explain to them the nature of His book, and to place that book in the hands of those whom I should deem capable of deriving benefit from it. I was aware that such a journey would be attended with considerable danger, and very possibly the fate of St Stephen might overtake me; but does the man deserve the name of a follower of Christ, who would shrink from danger of any kind in the cause of him whom he calls his Master?' Into the details of this journey, which occupied a considerable portion of the year 1837, our limits forbid us to enter. It abounds in strange and deeply-interesting adventures and hairbreadth escapes, not merely from the banditti, by whom the roads were infested, but especially from the partisans of Don Carlos, who were at that time ravaging the country with fire and sword. At Finisterre, Mr Borrow was mistaken for the redoubtable Don Carlos himself, or at the very least one of his partisans, and narrowly escaped being shot, by the orders of a stupid, ill-tempered alcaid. The results of the journey, however, were on the whole propitious, as regarded the great object which the missionary had in view. He succeeded in securing the friendly interest and co-operation of the booksellers of Salamanca, Leon, Compostella, and the other towns through which he passed, and, moreover, disposed of a considerable number of Testaments with his own hands to private individuals of the lower classes. On his return to Madrid, he took the bold step of establishing a shop for the sale of Testaments; and to call public attention to it, he resorted to the English practice of covering the sides of the streets with coloured placards, no doubt to the great surprise of the Spaniards; and, besides this,

inserted an account of it in all the journals and periodicals. These proceedings, of course, caused a great sensation in Madrid, and excited no little indignation and alarm among the priests and their partisans; and their fury was so much increased by the publication of the Gospel in the Spanish, Gipsy, and Biscayan languages, that they procured from the governor a peremptory order prohibiting the further sale of the New Testament in Madrid. Mr Borrow was even threatened with assassination unless he would discontinue selling his 'Jewish books,' and shortly after, on some frivolous charge, was committed to prison. This last step, however, was taken in such an illegal manner, that the authorities were glad to release him, after making a humiliating apology for the violence to which he had been subjected. Mr Borrow's sketches of the prison and its robber inmates are among the most interesting portions of his work. Snow-white linen, it seems, constitutes the principal feature in the robber foppery of Spain. But it is only the higher classes among them—in other words, the most hardened and desperate villains—who can indulge in this luxury.

Various interesting incidents are mentioned by Mr Borrow, to shew the desire which the people manifested to obtain possession of the Scriptures. 'One night,' says he, 'as I was bathing myself and my horse in the Tagus, a knot of people gathered on the bank, crying: "Come out of the water, Englishman, and give us books; we have got our money in our hands." The poor creatures then held out their hands, filled with small copper coins of the value of a farthing; but, unfortunately, I had no Testaments to give them. Antonio, however, who was at a short distance, having exhibited one, it was instantly torn from his hands by the people, and a scuffle ensued to obtain possession of it. It very frequently occurred that the poor labourers in the neighbourhood, being eager to obtain Testaments, and having no money to offer us in exchange, brought various articles to our habitation as equivalents; for example, rabbits, fruit, and barley; and I made a point never to disappoint them, as such articles

were of utility either for our own consumption or that of the horses.'

A poor old schoolmaster expended all the money he possessed in purchasing a dozen Testaments for his scholars. 'An old peasant is reading in the portico. Eighty-four years have passed over his head, and he is almost entirely deaf; nevertheless, he is reading aloud the second of Matthew; three days since, he bespoke a Testament, but not being able to raise the money, he has not redeemed it till the present moment. He has just brought thirty farthings.' Our limited space prevents us from entering further into these enthusiastic proceedings. We regret to say that sudden illness compelled Mr Borrow to return to Madrid, and afterwards to visit England for change of scene and air. On the last day of the year 1838, Mr Borrow again visited Spain for the third time, and resumed his labours, with considerable success, among the villages to the east of Madrid; but he soon found that his proceedings had caused so much alarm amongst the heads of the clergy, that they had made a formal complaint to the government, who immediately sent orders to all the alcaids of the villages in New Castile to seize the New Testament wherever it might be exposed for sale. Undiscouraged by this blow, Mr Borrow determined to change the scene of action, and abandoning the rural districts, to offer the sacred volume in Madrid from house to house. This plan he forthwith put into execution, and with such success, that, in less than fifteen days, nearly six hundred copies had been sold in the streets and alleys of the capital; and many of these books found their way into the best houses in Madrid. One of the most zealous agents in the propagation of the Bible was an ecclesiastic. He never walked out without carrying one beneath his gown, which he offered to the first person he met whom he thought likely to purchase. The circulation of these volumes has produced a powerful effect on the minds of the Spanish people; indeed, their influence is already beginning to be felt. Mr Borrow informs us that, in two churches of Madrid, the New

Testament was regularly expounded every Sunday evening by the respective curates, to about twenty children who attended, and who were all provided with copies of the Scriptures. By the middle of April, Mr Borrow had sold as many Testaments as he thought Madrid would bear. Every copy of the Bible was by this time disposed of; and with the remaining copies of the Testament, he betook himself to Seville, where he succeeded in circulating about two hundred. Finding, however, that the authorities still continued to thwart his exertions, he determined to repair for a few months to the coast of Barbary, for the purpose of distributing copies of the Scriptures amongst the Christians whom he hoped to meet with there. He accordingly sailed from Cadiz to Gibraltar, and thence to Tangier, where his narrative abruptly terminates. The extracts we have given will enable our readers to form some idea of the nature of this work, which has been pronounced on high authority to be 'about the most extraordinary one that has appeared in our own, or, indeed, in any other language for a very long time past.' We have confined our notice of Mr Borrow's book almost entirely to the events connected with the main object which he had in view in visiting Spain; but some of his episodical narrations are among the most remarkable and interesting portions of the work.

LAVALETTE.

Count Lavalette, in early life, was an attached friend of the Bourbon dynasty, but the exciting events of the Revolution having opened up to him the prospect of an ambitious career, he became one of the most intrepid soldiers and supporters of the French Republic. During the latter years of the reign of Napoleon, he held the chief place in the post establishment, from which he retired on the introduction of the Bourbons. He was

now accused of having been an accomplice in the conspiracy which brought on the events which terminated in the battle of Waterloo, and, after two days' discussion, was condemned to death. Immured in prison, he endeavoured to avert his fate by a writ of error, but this, along with a petition for pardon presented by Madame Lavalette, was refused. 'The day of his execution approached,' says the writer of his memoirs; 'the unfortunate man had no hope left; the turnkeys themselves trembled. On the eve of that last day, the Countess Lavalette entered his prison. She had put on a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to wear when she left a ball-room; in her reticule, she had a black silk gown. Coming up to her husband, she assured him, with a firm voice, that all was lost, and he had nothing more to hope than in a well-combined escape. She shewed him the woman's attire, and proposed to him to disguise himself. Every precaution had been taken to secure his escape. A sedan-chair would receive him on his coming out of prison; a cabriolet waited for him on the Quay des Orfevres—a devoted friend, a safe retreat, would answer any further objections. M. Lavalette listened to her without approving of so hazardous a plan—he was resigned to his fate, and refused to fly from it. "I know how to act my part in a tragedy," he said, "but spare me the burlesque farce. I shall be apprehended in this ridiculous disguise, and they will perhaps expose me to the mockery of the mob! On the other hand, if I escape, you will remain a prey to the insolence of prison valets, and to the persecution of my enemies." "If you die, I die: save your life to save mine!" The prisoner yielded to her urgent entreaties. "Now, put on the disguise," she added; "it is time to go: no farewell—no tears—your hours are counted!" And when the toilet was finished, "Adieu," she said. "Do not forget to stoop when you pass under the wickets, for fear the feathers of your bonnet should stick fast." She then pulled the bell, and rushed behind a screen. The door opened—he passed, followed by an old servant of his

wife, and leaning on his daughter's arm. When they arrived at the sedan-chair, the chairmen were not there. The soldiers of the guard-house had assembled to see Madame Lavalette, and looked on without moving! This was a fearful moment. The men arrived at last; the chair went off. A few minutes later, a cabriolet, drawn by a swift horse, rolled over the stones of the Pont Michel. This took place on the 23d of December. M. Lavalette remained concealed in Paris until the 10th of January. A singular favour of fortune gave him as a retreat the very roof under which lived one of his political enemies, equally powerful by his name, his station, and his wealth. From the garret floor which Lavalette inhabited, he heard persons crying in the streets the police ordinance which prescribed search after his person. The barriers were shut; the delivery of passports suspended; expresses bearing the description of his person were flying about on every side. In the chambers, in the court circles, the utmost consternation prevailed among those who were convinced that all was lost if M. Lavalette was not taken. Paris, however, rejoiced, while the police, falsely accused of connivance, burned with impatience to damp the public joy, and answer, by a feat worthy of its zeal, the complaints of the gilded drawing-rooms, and the reproaches that re-echoed from the tribune. In the midst of all these dangers, Count Lavalette lived, protected by a family to whom he was personally unknown, but whose courageous friendship helped him to bear the agonies of his concealment. His days passed on between agreeable conversation and diversified reading; a double-barrelled pistol hid under his pillow, like a talisman, secured to him some nightly rest. This lasted seventeen days. Finally, on the 9th of January 1816, at eight o'clock in the morning, he went on foot with a friend to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings; and next day, at the very hour when a gibbet was being put up on the Place de Grève for his execution in effigy, he set off, dressed in English regimentals, with Sir Robert Wilson, crossed the barriers in an open cabriolet, and

proceeded to Mons. During this journey, M. Lavalette, who did not know one word of English, was forced to keep a handkerchief to his face, as if he had been suffering from a violent toothache, that he might not be under the necessity of speaking to the numerous English officers that stopped his guide on the road. Once, at Compeigne, having entered a public room in an inn, a travelling clerk of a trading-house told him the whole history of his escape from prison, accompanied by the most ridiculous circumstances, and adding between every sentence the words: "You may believe me, for I was in Paris at the time." Another time, near the frontiers, a captain of gendarmerie asked for their passports, and took them with him. M. Lavalette travelled under the name of Colonel Lossack. The captain came back a long while afterwards, saying that there was no colonel of that name in the English army. Sir Robert replied that he was talking nonsense; that they were fools for staying so long; and making a sign to the postilions, they set off at full speed. At Mons, his generous guide was to leave him. M. Lavalette, very deeply affected, pressed his hands while expressing his gratitude; but Sir Robert, still maintaining his wonted gravity, smiled without replying. At last, after half an hour's silence, he turned to M. Lavalette, and said in the most serious manner possible: "Now, pray, my dear friend, why did you not like to be guillotined?" M. Lavalette stared at him, surprised at such a question. "Yes," added Sir Robert; "I have been told you solicited as a favour to be shot." "Because the condemned person is placed in a cart, his hands tied behind his back; then he is bound to a plank, which is slipped under the axe." "Ah, I understand: you did not wish to have your throat cut like a calf." M. Lavalette crossed a part of Germany, and soon entered upon the hospitable soil of Bavaria. The king received him with great zeal, and protected him against the French ministry, who insisted on his being delivered up to them. The Duchess of St Leu offered him her house, and Prince Eugene lavished on him all the

consolations of friendship.' In 1822, Lavalette was restored to his native country, by letters of pardon granted by Louis XVIII.

ST CUTHBERT'S BEADS.

THIS is the name given by the peasantry of Northumberland to certain small stony substances of curious form which are found on the beach at Holy Island. St Cuthbert was a bishop of Lindisfarn in the seventh century, and his memory was long held in the greatest veneration. His connection with the place where the substances are found, may be presumed to have been the cause of his name being associated with them. The peasantry believe that the 'beads' are made by St Cuthbert, notwithstanding the acknowledged fact of his having died twelve centuries ago. The story is, that he sits on a rock beside Lindisfarn, and, using another rock as an anvil, forges the beads, which he leaves on the shore to be picked up by his votaries. The legend is thus introduced into *Marmion*:—

> ——— 'On a rock, by Lindisfarn,
> St Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
> The sea-born beads that bear his name:
> Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
> And said they might his shape behold,
> And hear his anvil sound;
> A deadened clang—a huge dim form,
> Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
> And night were closing round.'

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the use made of beads in Catholic times as a means of reckoning out a tale of prayers, enters into the set of ideas in which the popular name originated. Probably, being round, with generally a hole in the centre, they were actually used in many instances as beads before the Reformation.

It is remarkable that, though the rustic account of their origin was not, of course, to be believed by the more

intelligent part of the community, the actual character or natural history of these beads was totally unknown fifty years ago. The learned, by whom they were then known to exist in many places besides Holy Island, called them *entrochi*, or wheel-stones, but could give no rational account of them. A gentleman, describing the Holy Island specimens in a popular miscellany, so lately as 1792, is at a loss to say whether they grow after the manner of corals, or are petrifactions, or the result of crystallisation. He states, that on the north-east side of the island there is a large tract of limestone rock, which contains a vast number of them embedded; and he asks, are they *formed* in the limestone rock?—a question which now sounds odd in the ears of a man of science, but was not then to be so regarded.

It has only been ascertained within the last few years what the entrochi, or St Cuthbert's beads, really are, and how they have been formed. They are simply *vertebræ*, so to speak, of a plant-like animal which lived at the bottoms of ancient seas. Of this animal, there were many species, to which the general name of *Crinoideans* is applied; but the family is now nearly extinct. The crinoideans were composed generally of a stalk, rooted to the bottom of the sea; a mass at the top of the stalk, resembling the head of a flower, but containing the mouth and stomach of the animal; and a multitude of long tentacula or fingers, which extended from the flower-like part, and floated about in search of prey, which, on catching, they conveyed to the mouth. Within the stalk there was an alimentary canal. The whole body was a collection of small bones or shelly masses, joined together by a muscular substance; and the effect of this structure was, that the stalk and tentacula easily yielded and moved about under the will of the animal or the impulse of the sea; only the basis of the stalk being fixed. The thin detached plates forming the vertebral column, or stalk—and which, as already mentioned, are called St Cuthbert's Beads—are placed above each other, like a pile of the bone-moulds used by tailors for the making of vest buttons; and their

surfaces, where they adjoin to each other, are adapted in the nicest manner to each other. In some species, there is a larger plate of vertebra at short intervals. In one kind, the column, and, of course, the plates also, are five-cornered, for which reason, the name of *Pentacrinites* is given to that species. These animals, although we know them almost solely through the remains of them which are found embedded in rocks, have been classed in an order, comprehending several genera and many species; and several splendid books have been published respecting them. Each individual, says Dr Buckland, exhibits 'in every one of its many thousand component little bones, a mechanism which shews them all to have formed parts of a well-contrived and delicate mechanical instrument; every part acting in due connection with the rest, and all adjusted to each other with a view to the perfect performance of some peculiar function in the economy of each individual. The joints or little bones, of which the skeletons of all these animals were composed, resemble those of the star-fish. Their use, like that of the bony skeleton in vertebral animals, was to constitute the solid support of the whole body, to protect the viscera, and to form the foundation of a system of contractile fibres pervading the gelatinous integument with which all parts of the animal were invested.'

While the place assigned to crinoideans in the animal creation was extremely humble—merely a stationary post at the bottom of a sea, where they caught and gorged themselves with marine animalcules—they have been formed with an amazing degree of care, and exhibit a structure even more complicated and wonderful than that of many animals which act a more conspicuous part in the world. An enumeration of the bones in an individual of a particular species (*Encrinites moniliformis*, or lily-shaped encrinite) presents curious matter of reflection. First, there are ten arms, with six bones in each; then, proceeding from the ten arms are twenty fingers, each with forty little bones; then, branching from these, a great number of tentacula, or smaller fingers, each

consisting of so many bones, as makes up the whole number to 26,680! Great as this number is, it is exceeded by that of the ossicles, or little bones of another species, the *Briarean Pentacrinite*, which amount to no less than 150,000. These animals seem to have had that power, resting in all creatures liable to much personal damage, of repairing any minor injury which might befall them. Many of the fragments found in a fossil state exhibit the marks of such repairs having been in progress, or completed.

The fragments of decayed encrinites must have formed vast accumulations at the bottoms of ancient seas, for immense beds of rock formed in that situation are composed mainly of this rubbish. Such are many of the limestone beds of the transition period, and the entrochal marbles which extend over such large tracts in Northern Europe and North America. The fragments are of all sizes—sometimes a piece of stalk of considerable length, or a whole flower-like part; sometimes only a short bit of the former, or a mass of detached vertebræ. Many a parlour chimney-piece, composed of that kind of marble, affords opportunities for studying the encrinite structure, without the necessity of stirring from the fireside. The fragments may there be seen in complete confusion, as they were originally deposited at the bottom of their native element, the saw of the marble-cutter having cut through some pieces lengthwise, some obliquely, and some directly across. But it must be allowed that these masses of ruins give but a poor idea of the complete animal, as it lived in its original stately form, rooted to the rock below, and throwing abroad its many filament-like fingers in search of prey.

It will now, then, be understood by the lovers of the marvellous, that what superstition has thought fit to term St Cuthbert's Beads, are the loose vertebral bones of an animal, petrified by long enclosure in fossil rocks, and now dislodged and rolling about like pebbles in the bed and on the shores of the ocean.

EFFECTS OF ATMOSPHERICAL INFLUENCES UPON THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

> Not always actions shew the man: we find
> Who does a kindness is not therefore kind:
> Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast;
> Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east.
> POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

THERE are some who deny that particular states of the weather have influence upon the sensations and powers of the mind, but for no other reason than that they never were sensible of anything of the kind in their own case. They do not advert to the possibility of persons of a different constitution from themselves being liable to influences of which they are insensible. Milton is stated by his nephew to have been most able and disposed to write between the autumnal and vernal equinox; and this provokes a sneer from Johnson, who felt nothing of the kind; though elsewhere, at a subsequent period, he was brought to acknowledge, that there might be differences amongst men in this respect. It is one of the few places where Boswell exceeds in wisdom the subject of his biography, when, in reply to a remark of Johnson on the silliness of those who believe their minds to be affected by meteorological causes, he exclaims: 'Alas, it is too certain that, where the frame has delicate fibres, and there is a fine sensibility, such influences of the air are irresistible!' 'Our country,' says Sir William Temple, 'must be confessed to be what a great physician called it—a *region of spleen;* which may arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year. And how much these affect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest temperaments, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations. This makes us unequal in our humours, inconstant in our passions, uncertain in our ends, and even in our desires.' These, of course, are only opinions, not physiological

proof; but, as proceeding from men of observation and experience, they are entitled to respect. That particular winds, states of the weather, seasons, and climates, do exercise some power over the minds of men in general, is not now generally denied, though perhaps some rather fanciful speculations have been indulged in on the subject.

It is a remarkable fact, that the nations living in the tropical and frigid zones have neither of them such energetic intellects, generally speaking, as those which reside in the temperate latitudes. Dr Copland says: 'Countries situate between 45 degrees and 63 degrees of northern latitude are inhabited by the most robust and enduring of our species, in respect of both physical and intellectual powers. It may be stated, in general, of the northern temperate zone, that the inhabitants of its more southerly countries have made the earliest advances in civilisation, and that those of its middle and more northerly climates, have carried the useful sciences and arts to the highest perfection. Within the range of this zone, man presents the greatest variety of temperament, of constitution, and of mental endowment.' He adds, that 'climates which are the most variable as to both the commencement and the course of the different seasons, are, notwithstanding the many disadvantages imputed to them, the most favourable to the advancement of the various bodily and mental powers.' Certainly, a remarkable contrast exists between the people of temperate and those of tropical and frigid climes. The intertropical nations are generally of an enervated or effeminate character, the easy conquest and the ready slaves of whatever energetic neighbour chooses to invade them; while the inhabitants of the arctic regions are, again, stunted in mind as well as body, as if the excessive cold literally *froze* the genial current of the soul. What furnishes strong proof of the operation of these causes, is the fact, that elevation of situation gives all the advantages of a medium latitude; hence, for one example out of many, the great difference between the timid children of the plain of the Ganges, and the energetic tribes which

hold by the mountains of Mysore. Well might Milton speak of 'the *mountain* nymph, sweet Liberty'—though that is a term that only can be applicable in climates not exceeding the medium temperature.

When we come to personal sensations, we readily see how this should be. Every one must have been conscious of the lassitude and indolence produced by an unusually hot summer day, especially when the air has been moist as well as hot. He easily imagines how little business he could get through in a year, how little advance he could make in study, and how useless a being he would become in general, if the same degree of heat and moisture were constantly, or all but constantly, maintained. On the other hand, all must be sensible of the obstruction which extreme cold gives to intellectual operations. In that state, the mind is absorbed in its own uneasy feelings, and the means of alleviating them; there is no roaming abroad for pleasure or instruction; the thoughts and sympathies are all alike confined to the narrow circle around the domestic hearth. Hence there can be no mental progress. Such a state of things, experienced in generation after generation, at length tells upon the organic structure of a people; and behold, as an ultimate result, the puny forms, flat heads, and impoverished intellects of the Samoiedes, Laplanders, and other races of the colder latitudes.

The warmer of the temperate climates, though they probably operate to some extent against the development of the active powers of the intellect, may be allowed to have the effect of elevating the spirits and contributing essentially to the happiness of life. The inhabitants of southern Europe are less industrious, and, as a necessary consequence, poorer than those of the north; but, to judge from external appearances, they pass more cheerful lives. The clear mild weather seems to give directly the happiness which the children of the north are obliged to seek through the circuitous route of a constant application to hard work. It serves them for everything besides a small modicum of the most ordinary necessaries of life.

'There is,' says Lady Blessington, writing at Genoa, 'a peculiar lightness and elasticity in the air of this place, which begets a buoyancy of spirits even in us children of a colder clime. It is positive enjoyment to look out on the blue unclouded skies, and the not less blue waters, that are glistening beneath the sunbeams, which are at this moment shining as brightly as if it were June instead of April. Then the look of cheerfulness that each countenance wears is exhilarating. Climate, aided by the light yet nutritious food in general use in Italy, is productive of a disposition to be pleased, that robs the asperities of life of half their bitterness; although it may indispose people to studious pursuits, or unfit them for laborious ones.'* This is conformable to what is stated on the same point by most travellers in the southern regions of Europe. The rule is only confirmed by occasional exceptions from the fine weather of these countries, to which we shall presently advert.

The influence of certain winds and states of the atmosphere upon the mind, are subjects of familiar remark. Every one is sensible of the exhilarating effects of a clear sunny sky accompanied by a dry light wind, and of the contrary effects of an overclouded sky or a rainy day. Probably, there are two kinds of consequences from states of the atmosphere. All are cheered by sunshine, and depressed by gloom, from a simple principle of the mind taking pleasure in what looks bright and cheerful, and being dejected by the sight of whatever is dull and dismal. Here it is merely a natural language in things which addresses us and produces the effect; and this, we believe, is all that the great bulk of healthy persons in Britain are sensible of in respect of weather. The other class of effects only tells on certain delicate or enfeebled constitutions. In their case, it is not the mere external appearance of nature, but probably some positive virulent quality of the atmosphere which operates. The east wind, for example, seems to wither up their genial feelings, and

* *Idler in Italy.*

elicit every particle of ill-nature in their constitution. While that reigns, they have no enjoyment in life, and will scarcely allow anybody else to have. There is certainly nothing to forbid our supposing that this wind, desiccated by its passage across the continent of Europe, possesses some character, though one not easy of detection, which renders it actually injurious to the nervous system of such persons. At the same time, its effects might perhaps be less felt by elderly and weakly persons, if they were to make an attempt to brave it, and for that purpose were to engage in active and cheerful exercise. To illustrate this, we shall relate a brief anecdote. The officers of a little garrison placed in Tynemouth Castle during the time of the last war, had scarcely any amusement but that of shooting rabbits on the neighbouring downs, and dining occasionally with a respectable old married officer, who resided permanently there as storekeeper. Whenever the old gentleman accompanied them on their sports, of which he was extremely fond, he invited them to dinner; so it became an important point to get him out with them. An east wind came, and the old gentleman detested east winds, during the prevalence of which nothing could induce him to leave his sofa. Within sight of that place of repose there was a weathercock, which he consulted every morning. 'Ah, east wind still—humph—no going out to-day.' The young officers tired dreadfully of this state of things, and, by way of remedying it, caused a boy to climb up to the weathercock during the night, and tie it with its point to the west. Up rose the old gentleman. 'Ah, west wind at last; well, we'll have some sport to-day.' The young gentlemen were not long in making their appearance, when an excursion on the downs was of course agreed upon. 'And you'll dine with me, my lads.' They bowed assent, and off went the party. The old gentleman never once remarked the east wind during the whole day, although he afterwards learned the trick which had been played with the weathercock, and was for the future more chary of his invitations.

In Italy, the moral effects of certain winds have been remarked from ancient times. Horace speaks of *plumbeus auster*, alluding to the mind-oppressing character of what is now called the *sirocco;* and Celsus tells us of the horror-exciting effects of the *Tramontana*, or north wind of the same country. The sirocco is a south-east blast, charged with the heat of Africa, and deprived thereby of its natural moisture. It is nearly the same air which some ill-judging architects produce from hot iron-plates for the warming of public buildings, disregarding the fact, that moisture is an element of the air indispensable to health. All travellers speak of the depressing effects of the sirocco. Matthews, in his *Diary of an Invalid*, describes its consequences as 'that leaden oppressive dejection of spirits, which is the most intolerable of diseases.' The Italians themselves have a proverb about a stupid book: 'Era scritto in tempo del sirocco'—[It was written in the time of the sirocco.] In Spain, the same wind is experienced in a modified form, and is called the *solano*. The people of that country have a proverbial remark, that no animals except a pig and an Englishman are insensible to the solano; and they add, 'No rogar alguna gracia en tiempo de solano'—[Do not ask a favour in the time of the solano]; it being presumed that men are then too much out of humour to do any kindness to their neighbours.*

The irritability and ill-humours attributed to these winds, would seem to be much exceeded by those of the Viente Norte, or north wind of Buenos Ayres, which Mr Parish, in his work on that country, describes as amounting to little less in some men than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. 'It is a common thing,' he says, 'to see men amongst the better class shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst among the lower orders, it is a fact well-known to the police, that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are infinitely more

* Traill's *Physical Geography.*

frequent during the north wind than at any other time. Not many years back, a man named Garcia was executed for murder. He was a person of some education, esteemed by those who knew him, and, in general, rather remarkable than otherwise for the civility and amenity of his manners: his countenance was open and handsome, and his disposition frank and generous; but when the north wind set in, he appeared to lose all command of himself; and such was his extreme irritability, that, during its continuance, he could hardly speak to any one in the street without quarrelling. In a conversation with my informant a few hours before his execution, he admitted that it was the third murder he had been guilty of, besides having been engaged in more than twenty fights with knives, in which he had both given and received many serious wounds; but, he observed, it was the north wind, not he, that shed all this blood. When he rose from his bed in the morning, he said he was at once aware of its accursed influence upon him; a dull headache first, and then a feeling of impatience at everything about him, would cause him to take umbrage even at the members of his own family on the most trivial occurrence. If he went about, his headache generally became worse; a heavy weight seemed to hang over his temples; he saw objects, as it were, through a cloud, and was hardly conscious where he went. He was fond of play, and if, in such a mood, a gambling-house was in his way, he seldom resisted the temptation; once there, any turn of ill-luck would so irritate him, that the chances were, he would insult some of the bystanders: those who knew him, perhaps, would bear with his ill-humours; but, if unhappily, he chanced to meet with a stranger disposed to resent his abuse, they seldom parted without bloodshed. Such was the account the wretched man gave of himself, and it was corroborated afterwards by his relations and friends; who added, that no sooner had the cause of his excitement passed away, than he would deplore his weakness, and never rested till he had sought out and made his peace with those whom he had offended.'

The susceptibility of Garcia, if we are to suppose it correctly described, obviously reaches a degree which is totally unknown in this country. It is by no means unlikely that there is a susceptibility of impressions of all kinds in the people of such climates as that of Buenos Ayres, far beyond any which we find exemplified in more cool latitudes. The passionate character of the people of the south of Europe is well known; and that this depends in some measure on the operation of climate, may be not unreasonably inferred from certain facts in their natural history. Physicians remark that in Italy the doses of medicine given in England would be enormous and highly injurious. Narcotics, taken at Naples in smaller quantity than in England, operate with much more powerful effect. There is also in Italy a liability to strong nervous affections from simple and even agreeable odours, of which we see no trace in our temperate climate. Dr Harrison states,* that he has known flowers and perfumes in a chamber produce syncope in healthy persons. On this last point we have some interesting information in Sir James Clark's work on *Climate*. 'The next circumstance,' says he, 'connected with the diseases of Rome, which deserves notice, is the peculiar sensibility of the nervous system of its inhabitants. This is evinced in a very particular manner, by the disposition to convulsive affections, and the singular sensitiveness of the Romans, especially the females, to perfumes. This peculiar susceptibility of the nervous system appears to be of recent origin. We learn from ancient authors, that the Roman matrons were fond of perfumes; and, as this peculiarity is not mentioned by the Roman medical authors who have more recently written on the climate and diseases of Rome, there can be little doubt that it did not exist in their time. "But in our times," says a modern Roman writer, "nervous affections, vulgarly termed tirature or convulsions, are extremely common, attacking females more particularly, but likewise delicate

* Paris's *Pharmacologia*.

individuals of the other sex. So easily affected are such persons, that they cannot even bear the odour of the most pleasant flowers without suffering." It is to be remarked, that it is not disagreeable odours which produce such effects on the nervous system, but the more delicate, and, to northern nations, agreeable odours of flowers, also vegetable and other perfumes. Hysteric headaches and numerous nervous affections are produced by such odours. The Roman physicians cannot fix upon any other circumstance to which this malady can be fairly attributed, except the indolent manner of life of the Romans, which favours, especially in such a climate, the relaxation and sensibility of the system. Such was most likely the principal source of this idiosyncrasy, and this no doubt still tends to maintain it; while the morbid sensibility of the nervous system once acquired, is doubtless, in some degree, transmitted from parent to child. But though much may depend on the effeminate and indolent manner of living at Rome, the *climate*, I believe, has some specific effect in inducing this state of the nervous system. The habits of the Romans differ little, I think, from those of the inhabitants of the other large towns in Italy—for instance, Naples, Florence, Genoa, &c.—and yet this morbidly sensitive state of the nervous system does not exist by any means in the same degree in those places. Even a temporary residence of some duration at Rome produces a degree of the same morbid sensibility, and in cases where the Roman mode of living cannot be adduced as the cause. Something depends also, I believe, on the moral education, though it must not be forgotten that the sensibility of the nervous system in all warm climates is naturally more exalted than in the colder, and the influence of the passions far greater in producing and modifying bodily disease. This is particularly the case with the Romans; and, in tracing the chronic diseases of such of them as came within my observation, I was struck with the general reference of their origin to violent mental emotions.'

THE STOLEN PRESIDENT.

THE custom of stealing away voters, so as to balk the election of a particular member of parliament, and which was, until recent times, of no very rare occurrence, meets with a parallel in early periods of our history in the abduction of persons of considerable influence in the state or on the bench. An incident of this nature, illustrative of the former unsettled state of Scotland, may here be related for the amusement of our readers.

In the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William or Willie Armstrong, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and upon some marauding party, he was seized and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing this border moss-trooper, inquired the cause of his confinement. Willie replied he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters); but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Willie from bondage. Some time afterwards, a lawsuit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the earl had recourse to Willie Armstrong, who at once offered his service to kidnap the president.

Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Willie, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Figgate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; received his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits, for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at the dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more into the cloak, without speaking a single word; and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years

afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Maudge* and *Batty*, the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times, it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*. Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports well known in the Scottish law under the title of *Durie's Decisions*. He was advanced to the station of an Ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July 1621, and died at his own house of Durie, July 1646.

A TALE OF THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH.

In several parts of Scotland, such things are to be found as *tales* of the plague. Amidst so much human suffering as the events of a pestilence necessarily involved, it is of course to be supposed that occasionally circumstances would occur of a peculiarly disastrous and affecting description—that many loving hearts would be torn asunder, or laid side by side in the grave—many orphans left desolate, and patriarchs bereft of all their descendants—and that cases of so painful a sort as called forth greater compassion at the time, would be remembered after much of the ordinary details was generally forgotten. The celebrated story of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray is a case in point. So romantic, so mournful a tale, appealing as it does to every bosom, could not fail to be commemorated, even though it had been destitute of the great charm of locality. In the course of our researches, we have likewise picked up a few extraordinary circumstances connected with the last visit paid by the plague to Edinburgh, which, improbable as they may perhaps appear, we believe to be, to a certain

extent, allied to truth, and shall now submit them to our readers.

When Edinburgh was afflicted, for the last time, with the pestilence, such was its effect upon the energies of the citizens, and so long was its continuance, that the grass grew on the principal street, and even at the Cross, though that *Scottish Rialto* was then perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in Britain. Silence, more than that of the stillest midnight, pervaded the streets during the day. The sunlight fell upon the quiet houses as it falls on a line of sombre and neglected tombstones in some sequestered church-yard — gilding, but not altering their desolate features. The area of the High Street, on being entered by a stranger, might have been contemplated with feelings similar to those with which Christian, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, viewed the awful court-yard of Giant Despair; for in that well-imagined scene, the very ground bore the marks of wildness and desolation; every window around, like the loopholes of the dungeons in Doubting Castle, seemed to tell its tale of misery within; and the whole seemed to lie prostrate and powerless under the dominion of an unseen demon, which fancy might have conceived as stalking around in a bodily form, leisurely dooming its subjects to successive execution.

When the pestilence was at its greatest height, a strange perplexity began, and not without reason, to take possession of the few physicians and nurses who attended the sick. It was customary for the distempered to die, or, as the rare case happened, to recover, on a particular day after having first exhibited symptoms of illness. This was an understood rule of the plague, which had never been known to fail. All at once it began to appear that a good many people, especially those who were left alone in their houses by the death or desertion of friends, died before the arrival of the critical day. In some of these cases, not only was the rule of the disease broken, but what vexed the physicians more, the powers of medicine seemed to have been set at defiance; for several patients

of distinction, who had been able to purchase good attendance, and were therefore considered as in less than ordinary danger, were found to have expired after taking salutary drugs, and being left with good hopes by their physicians. It almost seemed as if some new disease were beginning to ingraft itself upon the pestilence — a new feature rising upon its horrid aspect. Subtile and fatal as it formerly was, it was now inconceivably more so. It could formerly be calculated upon; but it was now quite arbitrary and precarious. Medicine had lost its power over it. God, who created it in its first monstrous form, appeared to have endowed it with an additional sting, against which feeble mortality could present no competent shield. Physicians beheld its new ravages with surprise and despair; and a deeper shade of horror was spread in consequence over the public mind.

As an air of more than natural mystery seemed to accompany this truly calamitous turn of affairs, it was of course to be expected, in that superstitious age, that many would attribute it to a more than natural cause. By the ministers, it was taken for an additional manifestation of God's wrath, and as such held forth in not a few pulpits, accompanied with all the due exhortations to a better life, which it was not unlikely would be attended with good effect among the thin congregations of haggard and terrified scarecrows, who persisted in meeting regularly at places of worship. The learned puzzled themselves with conjectures as to its probable causes and cures; while the common people gave way to the most wild and fanciful surmises, almost all of which were as far from the truth. The only popular observation worthy of any attention was, that the greater part of those who suffered from this new disease died during the night, and all of them while unattended.

Not many days after the alarm first arose, a poor woman arrested a physician in the street, and desired to confer with him a brief space. He at first shook her off, saying he was at present completely engaged, and could take no new patients. But when she informed him that

she did not desire his attendance, and only wished to communicate something which might help to clear up the mystery of the late premature deaths, he stopped, and lent a patient ear. She told him, that, on the previous night, having occasion to leave her house, in order to visit a sick neighbour who lay upon a lonely death-bed in the second flat below her own garret, she took a lamp in her hand, that she might the better find her way down. As she descended the stair, which she described as a *turnpike*, or spiral one, she heard a low and inexpressibly doleful moan, as if proceeding from the house of her neighbour—such a moan, she said, as she had never heard proceed from any of the numerous death-beds it had been her lot to attend. She hastened faster down the stairs than her limbs were able to carry her, under the idea that her friend was undergoing some severe suffering, which she might be able to alleviate. Before, however, she had reached the first landing-place, a noise, as of footsteps, arose from the house of pain, and caused her to apprehend that all was not right in a house which she knew no one ever visited in that time of desolation but herself. She quickened her pace still more than before, and soon reached the landing-place at her neighbour's door. Something, as she expressed it, seeming to *swoof* down the stairs, like the noise of a full garment brushing the walls of a narrow passage, she drew in the lamp, and, looking down beyond it, saw what she conceived to be the dark drapery of the back of a tall human figure, loosely clad, moving, or rather gliding, out of sight, and in a moment gone. So uncertain was she at first of the reality of what she saw, that she believed it to be the shadow of the central pile of the stair gliding downwards as she brought round the light; but the state of matters in the inside of the house soon convinced her, to her horror, that it must have been something more dreadful and real—the unfortunate woman being dead; though as yet it was three days till the time when, according to the old rules of the disease, she might have lived or died. The physician heard this story with astonishment; but

as it only informed his mind, which was not free from superstition, that the whole matter was becoming more and more mysterious, he drew no conclusions from it, but, simply observing, with a professional shake of the head, that all was not right in the town, went upon his way.

The old woman, who, of course, could not be expected to let so good a subject of gossip and wonderment lie idle in her mind, like the guinea kept by the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, forthwith proceeded to dissipate it abroad among her neighbours, who soon—to follow out the idea of the coin—reduced it into still larger and coarser pieces, and paid it away, in that exaggerated form, to a wider circle of neighbours, by whom it was speedily dispersed in various shapes over the whole town. The popular mind, like the ear of a sick man, being then peculiarly sensitive, received the intelligence with a degree of alarm, such as the news of a lost battle has not always occasioned amongst the people; and as the atmosphere is best calculated for the conveyance of sound during the time of frost, so did the air of the plague seem peculiarly well fitted for the propagation of this fearful report. The whole of the people were impressed, on hearing the story, with a feeling of undefined awe, mixed with horror. The back of a tall figure, in dark long clothes, seen but for a moment! There was a picturesque indistinctness in the description, which left room for the imagination; taken in conjunction, too, with the moan heard at first by the old woman on the stair, and the demise of the sick woman at the very time, it was truly startling. To add to the panic, a report arose next day, that the figure had been seen on the preceding evening, by different persons, flitting about various stairs and alleys, always in the shade, and disappearing immediately after being first perceived. An idea began to prevail that it was the image of Death—Death, who had thus come, in his impersonated form, to a city which seemed to have been placed so peculiarly under his dominion, in order to execute his office with the greater

promptitude. It was thought—if so fantastic a dream may be assigned to the thinking faculty—that the grand destroyer, who in ordinary times is invisible, might perhaps have the power of rendering himself palpable to the sight in cases where he approached his victims, under circumstances of peculiar horror; and this wild imagination was the more fearful, inasmuch as it was supposed that, with the increase of the mortality, he would become more and more distinctly visible, till, perhaps, after having despatched all, he would burst forth in open triumph, and roam at large throughout a city of desolation.

It happened, on the second day after the rise of this popular fancy, that an armed ship, of a very singular construction, and manned by a crew of strangely foreign-looking men, entered Leith Harbour. It was a Barbary rover; but the crew shewed no intention of hostility to the town of Leith, though at the present pass it would have fallen an easy prey to their arms, being quite as much afflicted with the pestilence as its metropolitan neighbour. A detachment of the crew, comprising one who appeared to be the commander, immediately landed, and proceeded to Edinburgh, which they did not scruple to enter. They inquired for the provost, and, on being conducted to the presence of that dignitary, their chief disclosed their purpose in thus visiting Edinburgh, which was the useful one of supplying it in its present distress with a cargo of drugs, approved in the East for their efficacy against the plague, and a few men who could undertake to administer them properly to the sick. The provost heard this intelligence with overflowing eyes; for, besides the anxiety he felt about the welfare of the city, he was especially interested in the health of his daughter, an only child, who happened to be involved in the common calamity. The terms proposed by the Africans were somewhat exorbitant: they demanded to have half of the wealth of those whom they restored to health. But the provost told them that he believed many of the most wealthy citizens would be glad to

employ them on these terms; and, for his own part, he was willing to sacrifice anything he had, short of his salvation, for the benefit of his daughter. Assured of at least the safety of their persons and goods, the strangers drew from their ship a large quantity of medicines, and began that very evening to attend, as physicians, those who chose to call them in. The captain—a man in the prime of life, and remarkable amongst the rest for his superior dress and bearing—engaged himself to attend the provost's daughter, who had now nearly reached the crisis of the distemper, and hitherto had not been expected to survive.

The house of Sir John Smith, the provost of Edinburgh, in the year 1645, was situated in Cap and Feather Close, an alley occupying the site of the present North Bridge. The bottom of this alley being closed, there was no thoroughfare or egress towards the North Loch: but the provost's house possessed this convenience, being the tenement which closed the lower extremity, and having a back-door that opened upon an alley to the eastward—namely, Halkerston's Wynd.* This house was, at the time we speak of, crammed full of valuable goods, plate, &c. which had been deposited in the provost's hands by many of his afflicted fellow-citizens, under the impression that, if they survived, he was honest enough to restore them unimpaired, and, if otherwise, he was worthy to inherit them. His daughter, who had been seized before it was found possible to remove her from the town, lay in a little room at the back of the house, which, besides one door opening from the large staircase in the front, had also a more private entry communicating with the narrower and obsolete turnpike behind. At that time, little precaution was taken anywhere in Scotland about the locking of doors. To have the door simply closed, so

* This miserable place possesses an interest of which the most of our readers cannot be aware. It receives its name from the circumstance of a brave young man, by name David Halkerston, the brother of the ancestor of the celebrated Hackstoun of Rathillet, having been killed in it in 1544, when defending the town against the English under the Earl of Hertford.

that the fairies could not enter, was in general considered sufficient, as it is at the present day in many remote parts. In Edinburgh, during the time of the plague, the greatest indifference to security of this sort prevailed. In general, the doors were left unlocked from within, in order to admit the cleansers, or any charitable neighbour who might come to minister to the bedrid sick. This was not exactly the case in Sir John Smith's house; for the main door was scrupulously locked, with a view to the safety of the goods committed to his charge. Nevertheless, from neglect, or from want of apprehension, the posterior entrance was afterwards found to have been not so well secured.

The Barbary physician had administered a potion to his patient soon after his admission into the house. He knew that symptoms either favourable or unfavourable would speedily appear, and he therefore resolved to remain in the room, in order to watch the result. About midnight, as he sat in a remote corner of the room, looking towards the bed upon which his charge was extended, while a small lamp burned upon a low table between, he was suddenly surprised to observe something like a dark cloud, unaccompanied by any noise, interpose itself slowly and gradually between his eyes and the bed. He at first thought that he was deceived — that he was beginning to fall asleep—or that the strange appearance was occasioned by some peculiarity of the light, which, being placed almost directly between him and the bed, caused him to see the latter object very indistinctly. He was soon undeceived by hearing a noise — the slightest possible — and perceiving something like motion in the ill-defined lineaments of the apparition. Gracious Heaven! thought he, can this be the Angel of Death hovering over his victim, preparing to strike the mortal blow, and ready to receive the departing soul into the inconceivable recesses of its awful form? It almost appeared as if the cloud stooped over the bed for the performance of this task. Presently, the patient uttered a half-suppressed sigh, and then altogether ceased the

regular respirations, which had hitherto been monotonous and audible throughout the room. The awe-struck attendant could contain himself no longer, but permitted a sort of cry to escape him, and started to his feet. The cloud instantly, as it were, rose from its inclined posture over the bed, turned hastily round, and, in a moment contracting itself into a human shape, glided softly but hastily from the apartment. Ha! thought the African, I have known such personages as this in Aleppo. These angels of death are sometimes found to be mortals themselves: I shall pursue and try. He therefore quickly followed the phantom through the private door by which it had escaped, not forgetting to seize his semicircular sword in passing the table where it lay. The stair was dark and steep, but he kept his feet till he reached the bottom. Casting, then, a hasty glance around him, he perceived a shadow vanish from the moonlit ground, at an angle of the house, and instantly started forward in the pursuit. He soon found himself in the open wynd above mentioned, along which he supposed the mysterious object to have gone. All here was dark: but being certain of the course adopted by the pursued party, he did not hesitate a moment in plunging headlong down its steep profundity. He was confirmed in his purpose by immediately afterwards observing, at some distance in advance, a small jet of moonlight, proceeding from a side alley, obscured for a second by what he conceived to be the transit of a large dark object. This he soon also reached, and finding that his own person caused a similar obscurity, he was confirmed in his conjecture that the apparition bore a substantial form. Still forward and downward he boldly rushed, till, reaching an open area at the bottom, part of which was lighted by the moon, he plainly saw, at the distance of about thirty yards in advance of him, the figure as of a tall man, loosely enveloped in a prodigious cloak, gliding along the ground, and apparently making for a small bridge, which at this particular place crossed the drain of the North Loch, and served as a communication with the village

called Mutries Hill. He made directly for the fugitive, thinking to overtake him almost before he could reach the bridge. But what was his surprise, when, in a moment, the flying object vanished from his sight, as if it had sunk into the ground, and left him alone and objectless in his headlong pursuit. It was possible that it had fallen into some concealed well or pit, but this he was never able to discover. Bewildered and confused, he at length returned to the provost's house, and re-entered the apartment of the sick maiden. To his delight and astonishment, he found her already in a state of visible convalescence, with a gradually deepening glow of health diffusing itself over her cheek. Whether his courage and fidelity had been the means of scaring away the evil demon, it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that the ravages of the plague began soon afterwards to decline in Edinburgh, and at length died away altogether.

The conclusion of this singular traditionary story bears, that the provost's daughter, being completely restored to health, was married to the foreigner who had saved her life. This seems to have been the result of an affection which they had conceived for each other during the period of her convalescence. The African, becoming joint-heir with his wife of the provost's vast property, abandoned his former piratical life; became, it is said, a douce Presbyterian; and settled down for the remainder of his days in Edinburgh. The match turned out exceedingly well; and it is even said that the foreigner became so assimilated with the people of Edinburgh, to whom he had proved so memorable a benefactor, that he held at one time an office of considerable civic dignity and importance. Certain it is, that he built for his residence a magnificent *land* near the head of the Canongate, upon the front of which he caused to be erected a statue of the emperor of Barbary, in testimony of the respect he still cherished for his native country; and this memorial yet remains in its original niche, as a subsidiary proof of the verity of the above relation.

VICTIMS.

VICTIMS are persons who have dropped out of the ranks of society, and become a prey to fortune. There are tasks which philosophers apply to, less worthy of them than might be an inquiry into the various causes which degrade men from their place in society. Some are vicious and imprudent, which of course are causes of very direct operation; but there is also an immense number whose decline is strictly the effect of that for which they cannot be blamed — want of the intellect and courage necessary for the place to which they were born. A certain quality, called by the common world softness, but which a metaphysician would trace to weak judgment, excessive kindness of disposition, and want of ambition and self-love, brings about a great number of bankruptcies in the mercantile world, and causes many a youth to forfeit commissions and appointments obtained for him by friends, even where there has been little to find fault with in the moral life. We must remember that this is a very artificial kind of world which prevails now-a-days: every individual is not to be expected to be suitable for a system. In the pastoral stage, all can make a certain livelihood, for all can tend sheep and cattle; but all are not calculated to adapt themselves to the many nice requirements of a mechanical era, such as is now passing. Hence victims are in some measure an unavoidable result of our social condition. The men, baffled in one thing, might go a step lower and try another; but we very well know that all men cannot do so, however much they ought.

There is, nevertheless, generally an element of bad conduct in the lives of *victims*. If their first decline is not the result of any such cause, they are sure to go wrong in some way before they are allowed by friends to attain the ripeness of the character. And for such errant

behaviour there is usually but too much temptation or stimulus in the unpleasant circumstances in which they are placed. Friends, too, perhaps, are not always sufficiently forbearing. It is, unluckily, so very easy to pick holes in the doublets of unfortunate men. A rejected advice is enough to set off a rich uncle any day. Others, it must be owned, are more lenient, and stick longer. Still, one way or another, men out of suits with fortune are extremely apt to be thrown off the right balance. And it is only then that victimhood commences, or can commence. So long as there is self-respect, it may be considered as almost impossible. This recalls to mind that married men are far less liable to victimisation than single. The wife is a conservative being. A family system goes on by its greater weight, where a bachelor's establishment stands still. There is more to struggle for against misfortune, and considerations of wife and small children bring many well-wishers and supporters. Ergo, a married man must be a considerably worse man before he victimises than a single one needs to be.

After the first decided step towards disrespectability, the incipient *victim* may for some time keep up appearances in a small degree. He may venture to appear on the principal thoroughfares in the evening, or in a crowd going to church; and if you meet him, he shakes you off a remarkably good-humoured nod from one side of his head, as if there had been nothing the matter with him. But by and by, this last shred of privilege leaves him, and he becomes condemned to the back streets and the shabbiest parts of the town. He is now found wearing white hats when all other people are wearing black ones, indulging in obsolete fashions of coats, and adopting a strange habit of carrying one of his gloves in his hand, even in cold weather. In time, the apparel gets worn—threadbare—slit—torn—patched—darned—let ink, thread, and judicious arrangement of person, do their best. He begins to wear a suspicious amount of whity-brown linen in the way of cravat. Collars fail. Frills retire. The vest is closed to the uppermost button, or even

with a supplementary pin—a pin, in some circumstances, is the most squalid of all objects—at top. Still, at this period, he tries to carry a jaunty, genteel air; he has not yet all forgot himself to rags. But, see, the buttons begin to shew something like new moons at one side; these moons become *full;* they *change;* and then the button is only a little wisp of thread and rags, deprived of all retention over button-hole. His watch has long been gone to supply the current wants of the day. The vest by and by retires from business, and the coat is buttoned up to the chin. About this period, he perhaps appears in a pair of nankeen trousers, which, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, he tries to sport in an easy, genteel fashion, as if it were his taste. If you meet him at this time, and inquire how he is getting on the world, he speaks very confidently of some excellent situation he has a prospect of, which will make him better than ever; it is perhaps to superintend a large new blacking manufactory which is to be set up, and for which two acres of stone-bottles, ten feet deep, have already been collected from all the lumber-cellars in the country — quite a nice easy business; nothing to do but collect the orders and see them executed; good salary, free house, coal, candle, and *blacking;* save a pound a year on the article of blacking alone. At length — but not perhaps till two or three years have elapsed—he becomes that lamentable picture of wretchedness which is his ultimate destiny; a mere pile of clothes without pile—a deplorable—a *victim.*

Mr John Kier was at one time, to all appearance, a respectable nursery and seedsman in Edinburgh. He seemed an unusually smart and active man, and therefore well qualified to make his way in life. I well remember with what an almost magical degree of celerity he could tie up little parcels of seeds. The eye nearly lost sight of his fingers, as it ceases to individualise the spokes of a wheel which is turned with great rapidity. Kier was the inventor of a curious tall engine, with a peculiar pair of scissors at top, for cutting fruit off trees.

This he sent through the principal streets every day with one of his boys, who was instructed to draw the string every now and then, so as to make the scissors close sharply. The boy would watch his men—broad-skirted men with top-boots—and, gliding in before them, would make the thing clip. 'Boy, boy,' the stranger would cry, 'what's that?' The boy would explain; the interrogator would be delighted with the idea of cutting down any particular apple he chose out of a thickly-laden and unapproachable tree; and after that, nothing more was required than to give him the card of the shop. Unfortunately, Kier, with all his cleverness, was wanting in steady habits. This, with defective capital, ruined his business prospects. He failed—tried in vain to get a situation as traveller, clerk, or even shopman—and erelong sunk into victimhood. After losing sight of him for two or three years, I one day met him on a road a little way out of town. He wore a coat buttoned to the chin, and which, being also very long in the breast, according to a fashion which obtained about the year 1813, seemed to enclose his whole trunk from neck to groin. With the usual cataract of cravat, he wore a hat of uncommonly melancholy aspect. His face was inflamed and agitated; and as he walked, he swung out his arms with a strange emphatic expression, as if he were saying: 'I am an ill-used man; I shall tell it to the world.' Misery had evidently given him a slight craze, as it often does. Some time afterwards, I saw him a little revivified through the influence of a somewhat better coat, and he seemed, from a small leathern parcel which he bore under his arm, to be engaged in some small agency. But this was a mere flash before expiration. He relapsed to rags and to wretchedness, and finally disappeared, and was seen no more.

Looking at *victims* as they appear in their daily walk, it is difficult to imagine how they obtain the means of livelihood. They hang much about taverns in the outskirts of the town. Perhaps a decent man from Penicuik, with the honest rustic name of Walter

Brown or James Gowans, migrates to the Candlemaker Row or the Grassmarket, and sets up a small public-house. You may know the man by his corduroy spatterdashes, and the latchets of his shoes drawn through them by two pyeholes. He is an honest man, believing everybody to be as honest as himself. Perhaps he has some antiquated and prescribed right to the site of a haystack at Penicuik, and is not without some glimmerings of a wish to try his fortune in the Parliament House. Well, the victims soon scent out his house by the glare of his new sign, and upon him they fall tooth and nail. Partly through simplicity, partly by having his feelings excited regarding the stance of the haystack, he gives these gentlemen some credit. For awhile you may observe a flocking of victims towards his doorway, like the gathering of clean and unclean things to Noah's Ark. But it is not altogether a case of deception. Victims, somehow or other, occasionally *have* money. True, it is seldom in greater sums than sixpence; but then, consider the importance of sixpence to a flock of victims. It effects a lodgment, and meat and drink for a day follows as an unavoidable consequence. Walter's barrels in time run dry, and he ceases to have the ability, even if he had the will, to give further supplies; but then there is always some new Walter ripening up as another gets exhausted. Our men have only to shift their ground.

One thing is always very remarkable in victims—namely, their extraordinary frankness and politeness. A victim might have been an absolute bear in his better days; but hunger, it is said, will tame a lion, and it seems to have the same effect in subduing the asperities of a victim. Meet a victim where you will—that is, before he has become altogether deplorable—and you are amazed at the bland, confidential air which he has assumed; so different, perhaps, from what he sported in better days. His manner, in fact, is most insinuating—into your pocket; and if you do not get alarmed at the symptoms, and break off in time, you are

brought down for half-a-crown as sure as you live. Victims keep up a kind of constant *civil* war with shops. They mark those which have been recently opened, and where they see only young men behind the counter. They try to establish a kind of credit of face by now and then dropping in and asking, in a genteel manner, for a sight of a Directory, or for a bit of twine, or for 'the *least* slip of paper,' occasionally even spending a half-penny or a penny in a candid, honourable way, with all the air of a person wishing to befriend the shop. In the course of these transactions, they endeavour to excite a little conversation, beginning with the weather, gradually expanding to a remark upon the state of business, and perhaps ending with a sympathising inquiry as to the prospects which the worthy shopkeeper himself may have of succeeding in his present situation. At length, having laid down what painters call a *priming*, they come in some day, in a hurried fiddle-faddle kind of way, and hastily and confidentially ask across the counter: 'Mr —— [victims are always particular in saying *Mister*], have you got such a thing as fourpence in ha'pence? I just want to pay a porter, and happen to have no change.' The specification of 'fourpence in ha'pence,' though in reality nonsense, carries the day; it gives a plausibility and credit-worthiness to the demand that could not otherwise be obtained. The unfortunate shopkeeper, carried away by the contagious bustle of the victim, plunges his hand into the till to fulfil the request, and next instant finds himself standing alone in the shop, in pensive meditation on the folly of mankind, and the transitoriness of all earthly possessions.

The subsistence of a victim is the most precarious thing perhaps in the world. He is a man with no continuing dinner-place. He dines, as the poor old Earl of Findlater used to say, at the sign of the Mouth. It is a very strange thing, and what no one could suppose beforehand, that the necessitous are greatly indebted to the necessitous. People of this sort form a kind of community by themselves, and are more kind to each other mutually

than is any other particular branch of the public to them as a class. Thus, the little that any one has will be shared by a great many companions, so that all have a mouthful. The necessitous are also very much the dupes of the necessitous: they are all, as it were, creatures of prey, the stronger constantly eating up the weaker. Thus, a victim in the last stage preys upon men who are entering the set; and all prey more or less upon poor tradesmen, such as the above Walter Brown or James Gowans, who are only liable to such a spoliation because they are poor and anxious for business. I remember a victim who had long passed the condition of being *jail-worthy*, and who lived in a great measure upon a man who had just begun a career of victimisation by being thrown into jail. This creature was content to be a kind of voluntary prisoner, for the sake of sharing the victuals and bed of his patron. It would astonish any man, accustomed, day after day, to go home to a spread table at a regular hour, to know the strange shifts which victims have to make in order to satisfy hunger—how much is done by raising small hard-wrung subsidies from former acquaintance—how much by duping—how much by what the Scotch people very expressively call *sorning* — how much by subdivision of mites among themselves. The victim is often witty, can sing one good comic song, has a turn for mimicry, or at least an amusing smack of worldly knowledge; and he is sometimes so lucky as to fall in with patrons little above himself in fortune, but still having something to give, who afford him their protection on account of such qualifications.

Natural gifts, and the force of habit, put it in the power of persons in the most wretched circumstances to exercise a fascinating influence over the veneration of some still humbler creature. Hence it is not surprising that there are such beings as *fag-victims*.

Nisbet of ——, in Lanarkshire, originally a landed gentleman, and an advocate at the Scottish bar, was a blood of the first-water in the dissolute decade 1780–90. He had a coat edged round with goldlace; wore a

gold watch on each side — an extravagant fashion then prevalent; and with his cane, bag-wig, and gold-buckled shoes, was really a fine figure of the pre-revolutionary era. His house was in the Canongate — a good flat in Chessels's Court—garrisoned only by a female servant called Nanny. Nisbet at length squandered away the whole of his estate, and became a victim. All the world fell away from him; but Nanny still remained. From the entailed family flat in Chessels's Court, he had to remove to a den somewhere about the Netherbow: Nanny went with him. Then came the period of wretchedness. Nanny, however, still stuck fast. The unfortunate gentleman could not himself appear in his wo-begone attire upon those streets where he had formerly shone a resplendent sun; neither could he bring his well-born face to solicit his former friends for subsidies. Nanny did all that was necessary. Foul day and fair day, she was to be seen gliding about the streets, either petitioning tradesmen for goods to her master on credit, or collecting food and money from the houses of his acquaintance. If a liquid alms was offered, she had a white tankard, streaked with smoky-looking cracks, for its reception; if the proffered article was a mass of flesh, she had a plate or a towel. There never was such a forager. Nisbet himself used to call her *True and Trusty*, by way of a compliment to her collective powers; and he finally found so much reason to appreciate her disinterested attachment, that, on reaching the usual fatal period of fifty, he made her his wife! What was the catastrophe of their story I have not heard.

A second instance of the *fag-victim* is of a still more touching character. Some years ago, there flourished, in one of the principal thoroughfares of Edinburgh, a fashionable perfumer, the inheritor of an old business, and a man of respectable connections, who, falling into dissolute habits, became of course very much embarrassed, and finally 'unfortunate.' In his shop

> 'From youth to age a reverend *'prentice* grew;'

a man, at the time of his master's failure, advanced to

nearly middle life, but who, having never been anywhere else since he was ten or twelve years of age, than behind Finlay's counter—Sundays and meal-hours only excepted—was still looked upon by his master as 'the boy of the shop,' and so styled accordingly. This worthy creature had, in the course of time, become as a mere piece of furniture in the shop; his soul had amalgamated with his situation. The drawers and shottles, the combs, brushes, and bottles, had entered into and become part of his own existence. He was on the best terms with everything about the shop; the handles of all things were fitted to his hand; everything came to him, like the instinctive use of his own members. Such a being was, as may be supposed, a useful servant. He knew all the customers; he knew his master's whole form of practice, all his habits, and every peculiarity of his temper. And then his fidelity; but that was chiefly shewn in the latter evil days of the shop, and during the victimhood of his master. As misfortune came on, the friendship of master and man became more intensely familiar and intimate than it had ever been before. As the proudest man, met by a lion in the desert, makes no scruple to coalesce with his servant in resisting it, so was Finlay induced, by the devouring monster Poverty, to descend to the level, and make a companion of his faithful Boy. They would at last go to the same tavern together, take the same Sunday walks—were, in reality, companions. In all Finlay's distresses, the Boy partook; 'something one day occurred about a bill,' as Crabbe says; it was the Boy who had the chief dolour of its accommodation; he would scour the North and South Bridges, with his hat off, borrowing small silver *à l'improviste*, as if to make up change to a customer, till he had the necessary sum amassed. The Boy at length became very much demoralised: he grew vicious towards the world, to be the more splendidly virtuous to his master: one grand redeeming quality, after the manner of Moses' serpent, had eaten up all the rest. It were needless to pursue the history of the shop through all its stages of declension.

Through them all the Boy survived, unshaken in his attachment. The shop might fade, grow dim, and die, but the Boy never. The goods might be diminished, the Duke of Wellington might be sold for whisky, and his lady-companions pawn their wigs for mutton-pies; but the Boy was a fixture. There was no pledging away his devoted, inextinguishable friendship. The master at last *went* to the Canongate Jail—I say *went*, because, however otherwise sentimental authors may write, imprisonment is with us generally a voluntary act, being designed for an end. The shop was still kept open, and the Boy attended it. But every evening did he repair to the dreary mansion, to solace his master with the news of the day, see after his comforts, and yield up the prey which, jackal-like, he had collected during the preceding four-and-twenty hours. This prey, be it remarked, was not raised from the sale of anything in the shop. Every saleable article had by this time been sold. The only furniture was now a pair of scissors and a comb, together with the announcement, 'Hair-cutting Rooms,' in the window. By means of these three things, however, the Boy contrived generally to *fleece* the public of a few sixpences in the day; and all these sixpences, with the exception of a small commission for his own meagre subsistence, went to his master at the Canongate Jail. Often, in the hour between eight and nine in the evening, have they sat in that small dingy back-room behind the hall, enjoying a bottle of strong ale, drunk out of stoneware tumblers —talking over all their embarrassments, and speculating how to get clear of them. Other prisoners had their wives or their brothers to see after them; but I question if any one had, even in these relations of kindred, a friend so attached as the Boy. At length, after a certain period, this unfortunate tradesman was one evening permitted to walk away, arm in arm, with his faithful young man, and the world was all before them where to choose.

For a considerable period, all trace of the attached pair is lost. No doubt their course was through many scenes

of poignant misery; for at the only part of their career upon which I have happened to obtain any light, the Boy was wandering through the streets of Carlisle in the dress and appearance of a very old beggar, and singing the songs wherewith he had formerly delighted the citizens of Edinburgh in Johnnie Dowie's, for the subsistence of his master, who, as ascertained by my informant, was deposited in a state of extreme wretchedness in a low lodging-house in the suburbs. Such is the fag-victim, following his master

'To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty;'

and such, I may add, are the virtues which sometimes adorn the most vicious and degraded walks of life, where, to the eyes of ordinary observers, there appears no redeeming feature whatever. R. C.

THE DOWNDRAUGHT.

SIDE by side with *Victims*, might be placed the kindred species *Downdraughts*, who are only different from the accident of their having friends who will rather be *weighed down* by them to the very earth, to the grave itself, than permit them to sink by themselves. The Downdraught is, in reality, a Victim, and one of the darkest shade, being generally a person totally worthless in character, and abandoned in habits; but then he has not altogether cut the cables which bound him to his native grade in society—he has not all forgot himself to stone; he is still domesticated with his friends; he has a mother, or a wife, or a brother, or a sister, or perhaps an old aunt, who will try to keep him in food and clean linen, and, having lost all hope of his ever being actively good, will do anything for him, if he will only preserve a neutrality, and not be positively evil. He is a victim in appearance—always excepting the clean shirt—but he enjoys the happy superiority over that class, of having an

open door to fly to when he pleases, and either a kind relation, who considers him 'only a little wild in the meantime,' or else one who, for the sake of decent appearances, will endeavour to patch up all his peccadilloes, and even be tyrannised over by him, rather than shock society by an open rupture. The personal tendencies of a Downdraught to victimisation are strong as the currents of the great deep, but he is withheld from it by others. He has always some anchorage or other upon decent life, to keep him back from the gulf to which he would otherwise hurry on. In many cases, the very kindness and indulgence of friends was the original cause of his becoming a Downdraught. He had everything held to his head. He was encouraged in his pretences of headaches as an excuse for staying away from school. When afterwards an apprentice, he was permitted to break off, on the score of being compelled to put on fires and sweep out the shop. Or, perhaps, it was from none of those causes. Possibly, he was just one of those persons who seem to be totally destitute of all perception of the terms upon which men are permitted to exist in this world—that is, that they are either to be so fortunate as to have 'their fathers born before them,' so that they may accede to wealth without exertion, or must else do something to induce their fellow-creatures to accord them the means of livelihood without beggary. That many persons are really born without this great leading faculty, is unfortunately but too indisputable; and, assuredly, they are as proper inmates for a lunatic asylum as more frantic madmen; for what is the use of reason, or even of talent, without the desire of exerting it, either in one's own behalf, or in behalf of mankind? The terms of existence we allude to are expressed in the text of Scripture, 'By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread;' so that the man must be considered a kind of heretic, as well as a fool, who will not, or cannot, understand them. Yet the fact is so, that many men arrive at maturity with either a sense of these conditions of life more or less imperfect, or no sense of them at

all. They perhaps conceive themselves to be born to keep down the pavement of Princes Street with boots one inch and a half deep in the heel, or to fumigate the air of that elegant street with cigars at three shillings per dozen; but that is the utmost extent to which their notions of the purposes of life ever extend. These men, of course, are predestined Downdraughts. We see them already, with our mind's eye, exhausting the kindness and patience of a brother, or a wife, yea, almost of a mother, with their idle and dissolute habits—dragging those relations slowly but surely down into misery and disgrace—and only in the meantime saved from being kicked out of doors, as they deserve, not by any regard for merits of their own, for they have none, but by the tenderness of those relations for their own reputation.

A decent citizen, of the name of Farney, retired about five-and-twenty years ago from active life, and, planting himself in a neat villa a little way beyond the southern suburbs of Edinburgh, resolved to do nothing all the rest of his life but enjoy the ten or twelve thousand pounds which he had made by business. He was a placid, inoffensive old man, only somewhat easy in his disposition, and, therefore, too much under the control of his wife, who, unfortunately, was a person of a vulgarly ambitious character. The pair had but one child, a daughter, Eliza Farney—the toast of all the apprentices in the South Bridge, and really an elegant, and not unaccomplished young lady. The only object which Mr and Mrs Farney now had in life, besides that of enjoying all its comforts, was the disposal of this young lady in marriage. Whenever there is such a thing as ten thousand pounds connected with the name of a young lady, there is generally a great deal of more fuss made about it than when the sum is said to exist in any other shape or circumstances. It is important in the eyes of all the young men who think themselves within shot of it. It is important in the eyes of all the young women who have to lament that they do not possess similar

advantages. It is important in the eyes of all the fathers and mothers of sons who think themselves within range of it. And, lastly, it is important, immensely important indeed, in the eyes of parties, young lady, mother and father, sister or brother, who have anything to say in the disposal of it. Money in this shape, one would almost think, is of a different value from money in any other: the exchange it bears against cash in business, or cash in the prospect of him who knows he can win it, is prodigious. At the very lowest computation, a thousand pounds in the purse of a young lady is worth ten thousand in the stock of a man of trade. Nay, it is astonishing what airs we have known a few hundred pounds of this kind put on in respect, or rather disrespect, of decent people, who were almost winning as much in the year. In fact, the fiddle-faddle about the disposal of an heiress is a great farce, and never fails to put either the parties concerned in the disposal, or else the candidates for the acquisition, into a thousand shabby and selfish attitudes. It is hard to say if the young lady herself is the better for it all. The only *certain* effect of her possessing a fortune is, that it deprives her of ever having the pleasing assurance, given to most other women, that she is married for her own sake alone. Sincere love is apt to retire from such a competition, through the pure force of modesty, its natural accompaniment; and the man most apt to be successful is he who, looking upon the affair as only a mercantile adventure, pursues it as such, and only hopes to be able to fall in love after marriage.

It happened that Eliza Farney was loved, truly and tenderly loved, by a young man of the name of Russell, whose parents had been acquainted with the Farneys in their earlier and less prosperous days, but were now left a little behind them. Young Russell had been the playmate of Eliza in their days of childhood; he had read books with her, and taught her to draw, in their riper youth; and all the neighbours said, that, but for the brilliant prospects of Miss Farney, she could not have

found a more eligible match. Russell, however, was still but the son of a poor man. He was himself struggling in the commencement of a business, which he had begun with slender means, in order to sustain the declining fortunes of his parents. His walk in life was much beneath the scope of his abilities, much beneath his moral deserts; but, under a strong impulse of duty, he had narrowed his mind to the path allotted to him, instead of attempting to do justice to his talents by entering upon any higher and more perilous pursuit. Thus, as often happens, an intellect and character, which might have brightened the highest destinies, were doomed to a sphere all unmeet for them, where they were in a manner worse than lost, as they only led to a suspicion which was apt to be unfavourable to the prospects of their possessor—namely, that he was likely to be led, by his superior tastes, into pursuits to which his fortune was inadequate, or into habits which would shipwreck it altogether. Russell looked upon Eliza Farney, and despaired. He saw her, as she advanced into womanhood, recede gradually from his sphere in society, and enter into one more suitable to her father's improving fortunes, into which it was not for him to intrude. Eliza had, perhaps, entertained at one time a girlish fondness for him; but it was not of so strong a character as to resist the ambitious maxims of her mother, and the sense of her own importance and prospects, which began to act upon her in her riper years.

> 'Amongst the rest young Edwin sighed,
> But never talked of love.'

Some appearance of coldness, which he saw, or fancied he saw, in her conduct towards him, caused his proud and pure nature to shrink back from the vulgar competition which was going forward for the hand of 'the heiress.' It was not that the fondest wishes of his heart were met with disappointment—perhaps he could have endured that—but he writhed under the reflection, that external circumstances should separate hearts that once

were allied, and that no conscious purity of feeling, no hope of hereafter distinguishing himself by his abilities, was of avail against the selfish and worldly philosophy which dictated his rejection. It was only left for him to retire into the chambers of his own thoughts, and there form such solemn resolutions for improving his circumstances, and distinguishing his character, as might hereafter, perhaps, enable him to prove to the cold being who now despised him, how worthy, how more than worthy perhaps, he was of having enjoyed her affections, even upon the mean calculations by which he was now measured and found wanting.

The mother, to whom this rupture was chiefly owing, now applied herself heartily to the grand task of getting her daughter 'properly disposed of.' Every month or so, her house was turned topsy-turvy, for the purpose of shewing off the young lady in gay assemblies. Care was taken that no one should be invited to these assemblies who was merely of their own rank. Unless some capture could be made in a loftier, or what appeared a loftier circle, it was all as nothing. The human race hang all in a concatenation at each other's skirts — those before kicking with all their might to drive off those behind them, at the same time that they are struggling might and main, despite of corresponding kicks, to hold fast, and pull themselves up by means of their own predecessors. This is particularly the case where a mother has a daughter to dispose of with the reversion of a few thousands. Money under these circumstances, as already explained, would be absolutely thrown away if given only to a person who estimated it at its ordinary value; it must be given to one who will appreciate it as it ought to be, and sell pounds of free-will and honourable manhood for shillings of the vile dross. At length, at a ball held in the Archers' Hall—a kind of Almacks in the east—the very man was met with: a genteel young spark, said to be the grand-nephew to a baronet in the north, and who was hand in glove with the Greigsons, a family of *quis quis* gentility in the New Town, but who

loomed very large in the eyes of a person dwelling in the south side. This fellow, a mere loose adventurer, whose highest destiny seemed to be to carry a pair of colours, if he could get them, and who positively had no claims upon consideration whatsoever, except that he kept a decent suit of clothes upon his back, and was on terms of intimacy with a family supposed to belong to the *haut ton*—this poor, unannealed wretch, recommended by impudence and a moustache, which he amiably swore he would take off when married, gained the prize from which the modest merit of Russell was repelled. In a perfect fluster of delight with the attention he paid to her daughter, terrified lest he should change his mind, or any unforeseen event prevent the consummation so devoutly to be wished, the managing mother presented no obstruction to the courtship. 'Such a genteel young man!' she would say to her husband. 'He is greatly taken out in good company. Just the night before last, he was at the Honourable Mrs ——'s party in Oman's Rooms. He danced with Miss Foster, the great heiress, who, they say, is distractedly in love with him. But he says she has naething like the elegant carriage o' our 'Liza. Indeed, between you and me, says he, jokingly, to me the other day, she's splay-footed. He could make his fortune at once, you see, however; and I'm sure it's really extraordinary o' him to particulareese the like o' us in the way he's doing'—and so forth.

The old man sat twirling his thumbs, and saying nothing, but having his own fears all the time that all was not really gold that glittered. He was, however, one of those people who, upon habit and principle, never say a single word about any speculative thing that is proposed to them, till the result has been decided, and then they can tell that they all along thought it would turn out so. It was untelling the prescience and wisdom that old Farney believed himself to be thus possessed of. Suffice it to say, the managing mother, within the month, made out a *mittimus* of destruction in favour of her daughter, Eliza Farney, spinster, consigning her to the custody of

William Dempster, Esq., blackguard by commission, and Downdraught by destiny.

The fortune of Miss Farney was not exactly of the kind that suited Mr Dempster's views. It was only payable after the death of her father. Mr Dempster, therefore, saw it to be necessary to take expedients for obtaining the use of it by anticipation. He commenced a large concern in some mercantile line, obtaining money in advance from the old gentleman in order to set the establishment on foot. He also procured his signature to innumerable bills, to enable him to carry it on. The business, in reality, was a mere mask for obtaining the means of supporting his own depraved tastes and appetites. There was hardly any kind of extravagance, any kind of vice, which he did not indulge in at the expense of old Farney. The result was what might be expected from such premises. Exactly a twelvemonth after the marriage, Dempster stopped payment, and absconded without so much as even taking leave of his wife. His folly and profligacy together had already absorbed the whole fortune with which Mr Farney had retired from business, besides a good deal more for which the unfortunate old man was security. He was in consequence totally ruined, left destitute in old age, without the least resource; while the young, elegant female, who, a short year before, was the admiration and envy of glittering circles, had just become a mother, upon the bed which only waited for her convalescence to be sold for behoof of her husband's creditors.

Farney found refuge—and considered himself most fortunate in finding it—in a beneficiary institution for decayed citizens, of which he had himself, in better days, been one of the managers, but which he did not live long to enjoy. His wife, about the same time, died of one of those numberless and varied diseases which can only be traced to what is called a broken heart. The daughter—the unhappy, and, in a great measure, guiltless victim of her wretched ambition—had no eventual resource, for the support of herself and her infant, but to open a small

school, in which she taught female children the elements of reading, writing, and sewing. The striking infelicity of her fate, joined to her own well-known taste and industrious habits, in time obtained for her considerable patronage in this humble occupation; and she would eventually have been restored to something like comfort, but for the unhallowed wretch whose fate had become identified with her own. Where this fellow went, or how he subsisted, for the three years during which he was absent, no one ever knew. He was heard to talk of the smugglers in the Isle of Man, and of the United Irishmen of the sister isle; but it can only be surmised that he joined these respectable corps. One day, as Mrs Dempster sat in the midst of her little flock of pupils, the door was opened, and in crawled her prodigal husband, emaciated, travel-worn, and beggar-like, with a large black spot upon one of his cheeks, the result of some unimaginably low and scoundrelly brawl. The moment she recognised him, she fainted in her chair; the children dispersed and fled from the house, like a flock of chickens at sight of the impending hawk; and when the unfortunate woman recovered, she found herself alone with this transcendant wretch, the breaker of the peace of her family, the murderer of her mother. He accosted her in the coolest manner possible, said he was glad to see her so comfortably situated, and expressed an anxiety for food and liquor. She went with tottering steps to purvey what he wanted; and while she was busied in her little kitchen, he sat down by her parlour fire, and commenced smoking from a nasty black pipe, after the manner of the lowest mendicants. When food and drink were set before him, he partook of both with voracious appetite. Mrs Dempster sat looking on in despair, for she saw that the presence of this being must entirely blight the pleasant scene which her industry had created around her. She afterwards said, however, that she could have perhaps overlooked all, and even again loved this deplorable wretch, if he had inquired for his child, or expressed a desire to see him. He did neither; he seemed altogether bent on satisfying his own

gross appetites. After spending a few hours in sulky unintermitted smoking and drinking, he was conveyed to a pallet in the garret, there to sleep off his debauch.

It were needless to go through all the distressing details of what ensued. Dempster henceforth became a *Downdraught* on his wife. This forlorn woman often confessed to her friends that she was perfectly willing to support her husband, provided he would be but content with the plain fare she could offer him, and just walk about and do nothing. But he was not of a temper to endure this listlessness. He required excitement. Instead of quietly spending his forenoons in the arbour, called *the Cage*, in the Meadows, among decayed military pensioners and other harmless old men, he prowled about the crowded, mean thoroughfares, drinking where he could get liquor for nothing, and roistering in companies of the most debased description. He incurred debts in all directions on the strength of his wife's character, and she was necessarily compelled to liquidate them. The struggles which she at this time made were very great. Like the mother of Gray the poet, she endured all kinds of ill-usage, and persevered under every difficulty to give her son a respectable education, in order that he might have an opportunity of wiping away the stains of his father's vices, and be a comfort to his mother in the decline of life. To do this, and at the same time continue paying the vile debts of her profligate husband, was altogether impossible. She exhausted the beneficence, and even tired the pity of her friends. It need hardly be mentioned, that the creditors of a husband have an undeniable claim upon the effects of his wife. It unfortunately happened that the wretches with whom Dempster contracted his debts were as worthless as himself. After draining every resource which his wife could command, he summed up his villainy by giving a promissory-note for fifteen pounds to one of his lowest associates. It is supposed that he struck the bargain for a couple of guineas, for with this sum he again absconded from Edinburgh, and, taking his way to Greenock, shipped

himself on board of a vessel for America. At first, his wife was thankful for the relief; she again breathed freely; but her joy was soon turned into mourning. The promissory-note made its appearance; she had just scraped up and paid her rent; she had not, therefore, a farthing in the world. In a fortnight, the whole of her effects were sold upon distraint. She was turned to the street a second time, almost bent to the dust with the burden of her miseries. The first night she received shelter in the house of a respectable 'much-tried' widow, who was the only person she could freely speak to about her destitute condition. Next day, by the advice of this good woman, she took a room in the neighbourhood, and endeavoured to gather together her pupils, who, it seems, did not desert her, but took a deep interest in her misfortunes. She had also the good-fortune to get her boy into one of the educational hospitals, and she, therefore, expressed herself thankful for the mercies she still received.

An interval of many years now occurs in the story of Mrs Dempster, during which she heard nothing of her husband, except a rumour that he was drowned on a lumbering excursion in the rapids of the St Lawrence. Through the influence of her pitiable tale and real merit, she obtained the situation of superintendent of a large public seminary for young ladies in a country town. Here she lived in peace, comfort, and honour, for some years, till she had almost forgot that ever such a wretch as Dempster existed. What was her horror one day, when, as she was entertaining a large party of respectable people at tea, the demon of her fate stood once more before her, not the mere squalid beggar which he formerly appeared, but a concentration of blackguardism and shabbiness, of utterly ruined and broken-down humanity, such as was never perhaps surpassed even in the sinks of London and Parisian vice. There was now more than mendicancy in his aspect: there was robbery, murder, and every kind of desperate deed. The wan face, blackened and battered with bruises and wounds; the troubled eye, bespeaking the troubled spirit; the ropy,

sooty attire, through which peeped the hardly whiter skin; the feet bare and ulcerated with walking; everything told but one tale of unutterable sin and misery. The guests shrunk aghast from this hideous spectre, and the hostess shrieked outright. Little regarding the alarm which he had occasioned, he exclaimed, in a hollow and scarcely earthly voice: 'Give me meat; give me drink; give me clothing; I am destitute of all. There you sit in enjoyment of every luxury, while your husband, who is flesh of your flesh, has not known what it is to eat heartily, or to be covered from the piercing wind, for weeks and months! Do not shrink from me. Wretched as I seem, I am still your husband. Nothing on earth can break that tie. Meat, I say—drink! I am in my own house, and will be obeyed. For you, gentles, get you gone; your company is not now agreeable.' The company dispersed without further ceremony, leaving the unhappy woman alone with her husband.

Next day, the stranger appeared abroad in a decent suit of clothes, and Mrs Dempster seemed to have recovered a little of her equanimity. Every sacrifice, however, which she could make for this wretch, was in vain, or only encouraged him to demand greater indulgences. An unlimited supply of liquor in his own house would not satisfy him. He required large sums wherewith to treat all the *canaille* of the town. Entreaties, indulgences, everything that could be devised to gratify him, were unavailing to impress him with a sense of his wife's situation. He intruded his unhallowed front into her school, and insulted her before her pupils. Those who laughed at his antics, he would seize by the shoulders, and turn out of doors. He had also a most perverse desire of pushing himself into her presence, whenever he thought she was conversing with any of her employers, before whom an observance of propriety and decorum was most particularly necessary. Indeed, he just delighted to do exactly what his wife wished him not to do; the grand object of his low mind being to shew how much he had her comfort and welfare in his power. At length, with

every feeling of respect for Mrs Dempster, her employers, the magistrates, found it necessary to inform her, that they could not permit her to retain the school any longer under such circumstances, as it was threatened with utter annihilation by the gradual diminution of the number of pupils. She proposed to her husband to allow him regularly the full half of her earnings, if he would only stay in some other place, and never again intrude upon her. But he scorned to be bought off, as he said. He insisted rather upon her giving up the school, and accompanying him to Edinburgh, where, with the little sum she had saved, and what besides they could raise by the sale of her superfluous furniture, he would enter into business on his own account, and should never again be obliged to work for either herself or for him. The poor woman had no alternative. She was compelled to abandon the scene where, for so many years, she had enjoyed the comforts of life and the respect of society, in order to be dragged at the chariot wheels, or rather at the cart's tail, of her husband's vices and fortunes, through scenes to which she shuddered to look forward.

In the capital, Dempster's design of entering into business, if he ever seriously entertained it, was no more talked of. Fleshed once again with a taste of his former indulgences, he rushed headlong into that infamous career which already had twice ended in voluntary banishment. His wife's finances were soon exhausted; but, with the barbarity of a demon taskmaster, he would every day leave her with a threat, which she but too well knew he would execute, of beating her, if she should not be able to produce next morning a sum necessary for the gratification of his wretched appetites. It was now in vain to attempt that mode of subsistence by which she had hitherto supported herself. So long as she was haunted by this evil genius, *that* was impracticable. By the interest, however, of some of her former friends, she obtained a scanty and precarious employment for her needle, by which she endeavoured to supply the cravings of her husband, and her own simpler wants. From

morning early, through the whole day, and till long after midnight, this modest and virtuous woman would sit in her humble lodging, painfully exerting herself at a tedious and monotonous task, that she might be able to give to her husband in the morning that sum without which she feared he would only rush into greater mischief, if not into absolute crime. No vigils were grudged, if she only had the gratification at last of seeing him return. Though he often stayed away the whole night, she never could permit herself to suppose that he would do so again, but she would sit bending over her work, or, if she could work no more from positive fatigue, gazing into the dying embers of her fire, watching and watching for the late and solitary foot, which, by a strange exertion of the sense, she could hear and distinguish long ere any sound would have been perceptible to another person. Alas, for the sleepless nights which woman so often endures for the sake of her cruel helpmate! Alas, for the generous and enduring affection which woman cherishes so often for the selfish heart by which it is enslaved!

A time at length arrived when the supplies purveyed by Mrs Dempster from her own earnings were quite incompetent to satisfy this living vampire. She saw him daily rush from her presence, threatening that he would bring her to the extremity of disgrace by the methods he would take to obtain money. She lived for weeks in the agonising fear that the next moment would bring her news of some awful crime committed by his hand, and for which he was likely to pay the last penalty of the law. She hardly knew who or what were his associates; but occasionally she learned, from mutterings in his sleep, that his practices were of the most flagitious and debased kind. He seemed to be the leader or director of a set of wretches who made a livelihood by midnight burglary. At length, one day he came home at an unusual hour, accompanied by three strangers, with whom he entered into conversation in the next room. Between that apartment and the room in which she was sitting, there was a door, which, being never used, was locked up. Through

the thin panels, she overheard a scheme laid for entering the house of ——, a villa in the neighbourhood, in order to rob the tenant, whom they described as a gentleman just returned from the East Indies, with a great quantity of plate and other valuables. One of the persons in conference had visited the house, through the kindness of a servant, to whom he had made up as a sweetheart, and he therefore was able to lead the attack through such a channel as rendered success almost certain. 'The nabob,' said this person, 'sleeps in a part of the house distant from the room in which his boxes are for the present deposited. But should he attempt to give us any disturbance, we have a remedy for that, you know'—and here the listener's blood ran cold at hearing a pistol cocked. From all that she could gather, her husband was only to keep watch at the outside of the house, while the rest should enter in search of the booty. It is impossible to describe the horror with which she heard the details of the plot. Her mind was at first in such a whirl of distracted feeling, that she hardly knew where she stood; but as the scheme was to be executed that very evening, she saw it necessary to exert herself quickly and decisively; and, therefore, she immediately went to the house of a friend, and wrote an anonymous note to the person most concerned, warning him of a design—she could use no more specific language—which she knew was entertained against a certain part of his property, and recommending him to have it removed to some more secure part of his house. To make quite sure of this note being delivered in time, she took it herself to the gate, and left it with the porter, whom she strictly enjoined to give it immediately into the hands of his master. She then went home, and spent an evening of misery more bitter than the cup of death itself. She had formerly passed many a lonely night at her cheerless fireside, while waiting for the return of her wretched husband; but she never spent one like this. When she reflected upon the happiness of her early days, and the splendid prospects which were then said to lie before her, and contrasted them with the

misery into which she had been so suddenly plunged, not by any fault of her own, but, as it appeared, by the mere course of destiny, she could have almost questioned the justice of that Supreme Power by which she piously believed the concerns of this lower world to be adjusted. What dire calamities had sprung to her from one unfortunate step! What persecutions she had innocently endured! How hopeless was her every virtuous exertion against the perverse counteraction of a being from whom society could not permit her to be disjoined! And, finally, what an awful outburst of wretchedness was at this moment, to appearance, impending over her! Then she recalled one gentle recollection, which occasionally would steal into her mind, even in her darkest hours, and fill it with an agreeable, but still painful light—the thought of Russell—Russell, the kind and good, whom, in a moment of girlish vanity, she had treated harshly, so that he vanished from her presence for ever, and even from the place where he had suffered her scorn. Had fate decreed that she should have been united to that endeared mate of her childhood, how different might have been her lot! how different, also, perhaps, might have been his course of life; for she feared that her ungenerous cruelty had also made shipwreck of his noble nature. These meditations were suddenly disturbed by the entrance of Dempster, who rushed into her room, holding a handkerchief upon his side, and pale, gory, and breathless, fell upon the ground before her. Almost ere she had time to ascertain the reality of this horrid vision, quick footsteps were heard upon the stair. The open door gave free admission; and in a moment the room was half filled with watchmen, at the head of whom appeared a middle-aged gentleman of a prepossessing though somewhat disordered exterior. 'This,' he exclaimed, 'is the villain: secure him, if he be yet alive; but I fear he has already met the punishment which is his due.' The watchmen raised Dempster from the ground, and, holding his face to the light, found that the glaze of death was just taking effect upon his eyes. The unhappy woman shrieked as

she beheld the dreadful spectacle, and would have fallen upon the ground if she had not been prevented by the stranger, who caught her in his arms. Her eyes, when they first re-opened, were met by those of RUSSELL!

It would be difficult to describe the feelings with which these long-severed hearts again recognised each other; the wretchedness into which she was plunged, by learning that her well-intended efforts had unexpectedly led to the death of her husband; or the returning tide of grateful and affectionate emotion which possessed his bosom, on being informed that those efforts had saved his life, not to speak of the deep sensation of pity with which he listened to the tale of her life. A tenderer feeling than friendship was now impossible, and, if it could have existed, would have hardly been in good taste; but Russell, now endowed with that wealth which, when he had it not, would have been of so much avail, contented himself to use it in the pious task of rendering the declining years of Eliza Farney as happy as her past life had been miserable.

SHOWMAN LIFE.

IT has been said, that 'one half of the world does not know how the other half lives;' and with a view to remedy this shortcoming in knowledge, there have of late been revelations of all kinds regarding all sections of the unknowing and unknown. Some of these revelations are satisfactory—we refer to style of narration, and not moral results—and others are very much the reverse; but the best of such descriptions necessarily fall far short of what could be communicated by any of the parties themselves, were they possessed of the requisite literary ability. Events or modes of life can never be so well narrated or described by those who record them 'second-hand,' as they would be — other circumstances being

equal—by the actors or participators in such scenes. Within a short period, our literature has been enriched by two works illustrating the life of the common sailor —Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, and Melville's *Typee and Omoo;* and it is not enough to say, that they Daguerreotype the forecastle in a way different from such as Smollett or Cooper, but they also transcend such nautical authors as Marryatt and Chamier, whose maritime knowledge admits of no dispute; and this for the simple reason, that all these belonged to the quarter-deck, and the others to the common deck—a difference as broad as that subsisting between the parlour and the kitchen.

We have stumbled on the *Autobiography of a Showman* (published by Mr Wilson, Leeds), a work which, although not written with the talent either of a Dana or a Melville, is, nevertheless, the composition of one who tells his story naturally and effectively, and whose history abounds with interest and amusement.

David Prince Miller was born in London; when, he does not tell us, and the omission is of no consequence. Like thousands of other young men, he had, in early life, an irrepressible taste for theatricals; and after a short commercial career, duly marked by spouting and grimace, at seasons convenient and inconvenient, he was launched on the ocean of professional life in this wise:—He was carrying home L.18 to his father one day, when a street-show, opposite Astley's, attracted his attention; and he dropped a shilling into the proffered hat. The showmen, observing that he was a lad that might be rendered useful, decoyed him into a public-house; a treat followed. He was put to bed, and on awakening next morning, he was ashamed to leave the wretched company into which he had unfortunately got. In a word, by an act of folly, he cast himself aloof from respectable society; and in keeping up his father's money, he may be said to have begun the world dishonestly as well as heedlessly. Wanting the courage to go home and confess his fault, he remained with the show-people, by whom he was civilly used so long as his money lasted. When it was gone, so

was courtesy, and he was at last left to shift for himself. His first engagement in professional life was as spokesman in the establishment of one Mr Richardson, of whom more anon. For standing outside and bawling out: 'Walk up, ladies and gentlemen; recollect this is Richardson's company,' with such additional reflections as fancy might suggest, he was rewarded at the rate of 7s. per diem; but after the large fairs were over, Mr Richardson curtailed his staff, and our author being amongst the dismissed, he had to look out for a new appointment. In his subsequent career, he personated a giantess, acted as a conjurer, performed as an equestrian, trod in barns as a stroller, and even exhibited as a pugilist.

Our autobiographer is copious on the impostures of beggars; and shews, very conclusively, that however helpless the maimed and the halt may appear in thoroughfares, there is no safety in giving alms to street-beggars. Pavement-caligraphers, Spitalfield-weavers, sailors with sore arms—all are cheats. As regards the last, we are told that chewed tobacco rubbed over a coat of tallow simulates skin-disease of the most horrible kind. He is also cunning in the exposition of *rouge et noir*, thimble-rig, lotteries, &c.; and we would advise those who are inclined to try their luck at these games, to consult Mr Miller in the first instance, who will undoubtedly tell them 'something to their advantage.'

We leave these deceptions, and turn to the more pleasant topic of showmen's illusions. We regard them as comparatively light offences, more amusing than vicious; and we do so on the authority of Mr Miller, who remarks, that he 'considers the extravagant tales told by the showmen regarding their exhibitions, as the most amusing thing about them; and that there are few persons who enter these places, but make up their minds to be humbugged, and many would feel disappointed were it not so.'

At one establishment where the author was doorsman, the 'wonders consisted of a giantess, nearly eight feet high; a dwarf, thirty-six inches in height; and a lady with white

hair. The dwarf was a little decrepit old woman, yet in the bills she was depicted as symmetry itself. The white-haired lady was certainly a curiosity, although now no great novelty, for there are few fairs at which a white-haired lady may not be seen. And the giantess, who was exhibited as nearly eight feet high, was in reality about five feet ten.

'Those who have seen those tall ladies exhibited must have observed, that the dress always concealed the feet, although, when sitting, they display their foot and shoe, to convince the spectator, as they say, that there is no deception. When they walk down the caravan, it is upon tiptoe; and when standing, a small stool upon rollers, concealed by the length of the dress, and which is pushed out of sight by the giantess's foot, when the level is shewn, and upon which the lady stands when displaying her amazing stature.

'After travelling some months, we arrived at Leeds, in Yorkshire, where a rival showman, by offering a higher rate of wages, deprived my employer of his exhibition. The giantess, the dwarf, and white-haired lady all left, and my manager had nothing to produce.

'Some years previous to this, he had had a black giantess, who, owing to her *getting married*, left his concern. He still retained her dress, and proposed that I should personate the black giantess, who, he said, was about my size. I at first refused, but he became so importunate that I consented, for he was not a bad sort of a man, notwithstanding his present attempt at imposition, which I considered harmless, and almost excusable under his peculiar circumstances; for as he was also very short of money, the loss of the fair might altogether ruin him. I consequently was attired in a fantastic sort of dress, which was composed of feathers, beads, &c.; and was exhibited as the great black giantess, nearly eight feet high; of course, my face had to undergo the operation of being blackened with burned cork and grease. We had a very good fair. A number expressed their doubts as to my being what was alleged. Sometimes a drunken fellow

would attempt to take liberties with me, when my ladyship would most indignantly repel the insult by giving the fellow a sound thump on the head; indeed, I was compelled to be very violent, for too close an inspection would have exposed the whole affair.

'The crowd retired from the caravan, expressing their contempt at the exhibition; but, amidst the noisy din of drums and trumpets, nobody heard them; the proprietor at the same time bawling through a speaking-trumpet: "Hear what they say of the black giantess; never saw such a sight before: hear them! They say it's worth a shilling apiece. Come on—only a penny!" And another crowd would rush in to see the tall, black Indian queen, as I was denominated.

'As a matter of course, I was totally unacquainted with the English language, and had only been in this country a few weeks; that I was brought over by Captain Somebody, at a tremendous expense, and only permitted to be exhibited for a limited period, previous to my return to my own country. A conversation was held between me and my proprietor, in a language which neither of us could understand, nor any one else comprehend, but which he interpreted to the audience.'

On one occasion, Mr Miller was concerned in shewing that famous personage, the 'Pig-faced Lady.' Her ladyship, as he tells us, 'was nothing more nor less than a *shaved bear!* The poor animal was strapped in a chair, and was compelled to retain such a position as a female would do when sitting. She was represented on the outside as a well-dressed female, of course, with a pig's face; and the man who invited the people to pay a visit to see this extraordinary woman, would represent her to be a most amiable creature. "She eats," says he, "out of a silver trough. I do not wish," he continues, "to impose upon you, ladies and gentlemen, by stating that the lady is gifted with speech, but she will convince you of her superior intellect by answering any question in writing; she writes a most beautiful hand, and plays in the most scientific and tasteful style upon the pianoforte; at times, she favours

the company with grunting in the most harmonious manner, accompanying herself upon the instrument. Again, ladies and gentlemen, I cannot think of imposing upon you by asserting that she actually sings songs; she cannot do anything of the kind, but a person with a good ear for music may easily distinguish the air the lady is grunting." . . . . The only time the lady grunts is when she receives a sly probe with some sharp instrument, which experiment is frequently inflicted upon the poor animal, when they wish the audience to believe she is answering questions.'

All visitors at shows have witnessed the gastronomic experiment of making pancakes in a hat. This is done with the aid of a tin dish, slyly slipped into the bottom of the hat. Miller was a proficient at this trick, but on one occasion the tin was unfortunately forgot to be inserted. 'I commenced,' says he, 'breaking the eggs, &c. into the jar, and with all the assurance the conjuring fraternity generally assume, poured it into, as I supposed, the tin dish within the hat. It was never my system to look into the hat, for fear of exciting suspicion, and I never doubted but the dish was inserted within; but what was my consternation when I *did* look into the hat, to find that the uncooked pancake was spread all over the lining—my attendant having forgotten to slip the dish in. The fact was, a curious old gentleman had so bothered me and my assistant, that he forgot to put it in. I looked very spooney for a few seconds, but I considered the loss of a hat nothing to them, and I acknowledged the mistake that had been made, exposed how the trick should have been done, and laid the blame upon the shoulders of the old gentleman, who really was the cause. As I expected, they were more delighted at this than they were at the most successful of my experiments. After the performance, I was most hospitably entertained, and was provided with a conveyance back to Kelso the same evening.'

Another well-known feat is the Walking Shilling.

'To make a shilling walk requires a little preparation,

though some people make them fly fast enough, and without much trouble. Get a long hair from the head of a female; to one end of it attach a piece of shoemaker's wax, fasten the other to a pin, pin it to the bottom of your waistcoat, letting the piece of wax dangle about at the full length of the hair. If you wish to perform it as a trick, ask some one to lend you a shilling. During the time they are getting the shilling, endeavour to put the wax between your finger and thumb. Take the shilling, and stick the wax to it, which may be easily done while you are examining it, pretending to see whether it is a good one. Take care to fix the wax to the under part of the shilling, so that it may not be seen, then throw it carelessly on the table. Move your body from it, and of course it will follow you; hold your hand on a level with the edge of the table, and the shilling walks into it. With practice, you may make it walk from one hand to the other, or throw it into a glass of water, and cause it to walk out. When you return the shilling to its owner, you can easily pick off the wax with your finger-nail.'

The gun-trick is regarded by our author as a small affair, he having often performed it for 'the small charge of one penny;' but he does not offer any explanation of the secret.

Among the numerous shifts to which necessity reduced the author, one was to deliver the bills of a travelling physician, who called himself Dr De Magno. 'This fellow, notwithstanding his kindness to me, was the most cruel impostor I ever met. His mode of doing business was thus. Guided by a chalk-mark I had made on a conspicuous place near the door upon the delivery of the bill, he would thunder a double-rap at the door. Having introduced himself, he would express a hope that all were well in health; he would then inquire whether his servant had left one of his bills. "Beautiful child that," said the doctor, observing a fine, healthy, rosy-cheeked child playing about the floor; "but he has got the worms." The woman said she thought not; but of course the doctor knew best—he

could tell by the appearance of the child's eyes. He then commenced describing the various symptoms attendant upon such a complaint; amongst the rest, he remarked it was a sure sign of worms when children had voracious appetites; and there were few of these poor people who did not acknowledge that their children had tremendous appetites. He generally succeeded in disposing of some of his trash. He would also at times accost an elderly-looking person (when he had observed a young woman in the house whom he had supposed to be a daughter), and after introducing himself as usual with "All well here I hope," would request a private conversation for a few minutes; which request having been granted, he would inquire: "Pray, is that young woman your daughter?" The reply being probably in the affirmative, he would continue: "Well, don't be alarmed, but that young woman is in the first stage of consumption!" "Indeed, sir, she is in excellent health," might be the reply. "Don't tell me," says Dr Magno; "I have had too much experience in these cases not to know my business. I have made consumption my most particular study; in fact, I never lost a patient in its first stages, which, I believe, is more than any other man in my profession can assert. This bottle"—now introducing his medicine—"is invaluable; I usually sell it at ten shillings; but you 'll excuse me for making the remark, but you don't seem to be overrich, and as I consider it a pity so fine a young woman should be sacrificed for a trifle, you shall have it for five shillings." And thus he generally succeeded in obtaining a sale, and often got five shillings for a bottle of trash not worth a penny.'

Disgusted with this charlatan, Miller divulged his imposture to a poor family whom he was about to victimise, and the result was a separation between them.

We now proceed to consider the inner revelations of showman life. One serious class of annoyances to which showmen are exposed, is the brutality of mobs. Thus, when in Newcastle, the author and his partner—commercial, not conjugal—had to watch their humble tent

for whole nights, to prevent the miners from wantonly destroying their little property. On one occasion, the erection was entirely pulled down, and the partner severely maltreated. Leaving this inhospitable district, they went to North Shields; but there the elements proved as hostile as the hand of man: the wind blew down the theatre; and as it had been erected on the quay, a portion of it fell into the water, and was lost for ever. Scotch hurricanes proved equally unpropitious—as at an after-period his theatre in Johnstone, near Paisley, was levelled to the dust by Boreas. But yet another destructive force waged war against him. At Chowbent, near Manchester, he had been warned of the Vandalistic character of the natives, and he endeavoured to soothe them by costume and music. 'Having adorned,' says he, 'my outward man in white trousers and a spangled jacket, I mounted a carpenter's bench which I had borrowed, and immediately began a concert of instrumental music, the instruments consisting of an old tin trumpet, which I blew till I was nearly black in the face, at the same time beating a drum with my spare hand.' Having collected a crowd, he told them that he had too high an opinion of their musical taste to imagine that they believed him to be a superior performer, and that his only object was to raise a crowd—which compliment disarmed their hostility, and he received no molestation.

But, independently of the frowns of nature, animate and inanimate, the everyday hardships of showman life are severe in the extreme. A touching passage in Mr Miller's little work is the loss of the donkey, a story worthy of Sterne, the man 'who wept over a dead ass and neglected a living mother.' After a short run of luck, the author had capitalised to the extent of being able to purchase a donkey-cart valued at twelve shillings. The animal strayed one night from its pasturage on the common, and here are the owner's reflections.

'Imagine yourself to be in my situation—about a hundredweight of luggage, consisting of clothing for myself, wife, and two children, although of a very

humble description; a drum, magical apparatus, a box of mechanical figures, an old scene, and other etceteras that we used in earning our livelihood. A fair on the following day, twenty miles distant; funds very low, not more than sufficient to defray the night's expenses; and no means of getting forward. When this is all taken into consideration, my situation was not to be envied, and certainly no trifle. At length, after several hours' unsuccessful search for the lost animal, I determined to drag the cart along myself, a distance of twenty miles. I perseveringly proceeded with this task of difficulty and fatigue, and by a day and night's excessive labour, I accomplished my purpose..... I could not afford to lose time, as the fair on the following day was all our dependence to procure funds for a fifty miles' journey. My last half-crown was expended for our night's accommodation and a frugal supper and breakfast. My wife having disposed of some article of clothing for half its value, I, as previously determined, packed up our all, took the place of the donkey, and dragged the cart, as before stated, for twenty miles; and if every one knew my situation, they would have acknowledged that I was not such an ass as I appeared to be.

'On the following morning, we arrived at Hanley, in Staffordshire, having travelled all night, both dreadfully fatigued, especially my poor wife, she having assisted in pushing up hills; indeed, without her aid, I never could have accomplished the journey. When we arrived there, we found several exhibitions, in one of which I procured a situation for four days, and for my services was to receive two pounds. Having applied for and obtained a few shillings in advance from my employer, I went to prepare for my day's work, having promised to commence business in half an hour. In the meantime, my wife was preparing our breakfast; but just as I was about to partake, I became dreadfully sick, my head swam, and I fell insensible on the floor. The exertion I had undergone was too much for me, and threw me into a fit of illness, from which I did not recover for several days. Although

showmen do wage war against each other in their professional capacity, there are few who will not assist either one of their fraternity or any other individual in distress. A subscription was made for me, and during my illness, I did not want for anything. Upon my recovery, all the exhibitions had removed; and upon inquiry, I learned that there was some sort of merry-making at a village a few miles from Hanley, and my first excursion after my illness was to this village. I procured a barn to exhibit in; and having attired myself in russet boots, tights, and a Spanish tunic and hat, I sallied forth and blew a blast from an old tin trumpet. I soon collected a crowd, and acquainted them of my intention to exhibit in the barn. I did not make a fortune here. When the performance was concluded, I was only in possession of about seven or eight shillings, five of which I had agreed to pay for the barn; and after doing so, prepared for our journey back to the town we had left. The handkerchief in which I had tied up my clothes was nowhere to be found: some one had stolen them. This was worse than the loss of the donkey. What was to be done? I had no alternative but to walk back as I was. Fortunately it was night, and none could observe the strange figure I cut, and I arrived at my lodgings safe. The next day, my wife walked back again to the village, to ascertain if anything had been heard of my bundle, but without success. My case was desperate. I endeavoured to sell my cart and harness, to procure me some sort of clothing that would escape observation, but could not meet with a purchaser. The people where I lodged were very poor, and could not render me any assistance.'

A kind family in the village, having heard of the loss of the wardrobe, came forward in the most generous manner, and relieved the wants of the showman and his family.

Of the desperate struggle made by strolling players to get up any decent shew of theatrical properties, the following account is given of what we suppose was a real occurrence:—

'Previous to the commencement of the performance,

the place of course had to be lighted; but, although I had been very economical in my outlay, there was only one penny left in the treasury, with which we purchased a candle. This served to throw a light upon the movements of the first *robber* (the money-taker); but what was to be done for candles, as the room was in darkness? At length, a gentleman presented himself, and tendered sixpence for a seat in the pit. Pit and gallery were both alike, being composed of forms which we had borrowed from a schoolmaster, on the promise of returning them next morning before school-hours. The sixpence I seized with alacrity, and immediately called out: "Dear me, what a time the boy is gone for the candles: here, go and fetch a pound; he'll be all night," addressing myself to Mr Black, who, by his grins and sly winks, seemed to congratulate me upon having procured the means of lighting the place. The pound of candles having arrived, they were very expeditiously stuck into a wooden chandelier, constructed of six pieces of lath nailed across, and nails driven in for sockets. One gentleman, who sat under it, would be saved the expense of bear's grease for a long period, if he had been accustomed to use that article, his head having been well anointed with melted tallow, which at intervals dropped upon him; his coat receiving a greater share than might be deemed desirable. A numerous party assembled; in fact, I was very much elated with my success, having nearly two pounds in the house, which, considering all circumstances, was excellent business.

'I adopted rather a novel method of announcing the entertainment. We had no bills; and the watchman's rattle I had used at the fair was the property of the Punch-and-Judy-man. I tried to borrow a bell, but without success. Where I lodged, I perceived in the kitchen a brass pestle and mortar, which I got the loan of from the landlady; and issued forth, with the mortar slung to a piece of string. With the pestle, I made noise enough to collect a crowd, to whom I thus addressed myself: "Ladies and gentlemen, you will think it strange, no doubt, that I should be kicking up such a row with the

pestle and mortar, and some of you may think I am mad, or have lost my senses, which is nearly as bad; but a peculiar circumstance—that is, the want of funds—has prevented me from announcing in the usual way a talented performance, which is to take place this evening, in Mr Smith's granary; and necessity, which has no law, and is the mother of invention, suggested that I should borrow my landlady's pestle and mortar, and by these means apprise you of my intentions."'

After enduring a variety of hardships, Mr Miller started a theatre in Glasgow, at which Macready, Fanny Kemble, Mrs Charles Matthews, and other dramatic notables starred; but as he infringed the patent of the previous Glasgow manager, he became involved in litigation—dark clouds came over the western drama, and, like Mr Owen, he was immured in a Glasgow jail. On being liberated, he turned vintner, but again fate predominated, and again he was placed in durance vile. Set at liberty a second time, he resumed the showman life, his booth being erected on a site in Glasgow Green, exactly opposite the theatre lately tenanted by him. In inviting the public to behold the penny wonders in his new establishment, he adverted to former days with a philosophy truly admirable; and to the call the people of Glasgow, whose kindness of heart is well known, liberally responded. Unfortunately, this new enterprise came to a sudden and melancholy end. The theatre was one night destroyed by fire; nothing was insured; and poor Miller was once more a ruined man. After this incident, he began a wandering life, making a public appearance here and there, and in this pursuit he is probably still engaged.

It is impossible to peruse the memoirs of this unfortunate individual without pitying the writer, and wishing him well quit of a line of life which seems beneath his varied talents. If his little book has the effect of deterring young men from plunging heedlessly into a theatrical career, it will not have been written in vain.

A SPORTSMAN IN INDIA.

HAVING in my young days acquired a taste for country sports, I carried this with me to India, where field recreations, in the way of extirpating wild animals, were of a more serious kind than I had been accustomed to. Not at all daunted, I became expert at hunting the jackal, the leopard, and the tiger. I had frequently heard of elephant-catching, and resolved to enjoy that noble sport also. To secure the accomplishment of my wishes, I sought an intimacy with the most expert hunters; and the little knowledge I possessed of the language, enabled me to explain my wish to accompany the next hunting-party. I professed willingness to obey every rule and instruction—I gave assurances of my courage and contempt of danger; which, accompanied with certain gratuities, obtained me the confidence of Tagore, one of the most expert and courageous elephant-hunters in India. Accordingly, I received his instructions how to act under various circumstances which might arise during this dangerous enterprise. In my earnestness, I frequently anticipated my tutor's instructions, and came to such just conclusions under difficult and trying occasions of probable danger, that Tagore seemed to place great reliance on my coolness and judgment. It was therefore arranged I should have the management of a female elephant with the next hunting-party.

Week after week passed in exercises occupying my thoughts by day and my dreams by night, until I verily believed I was master of all that could be required in the capture of an elephant. By kindness, and by often presenting favourite food to the female elephant I was to mount, I became familiar with her peculiarities, and secured her attachment, which I considered important, since, in cases of extreme danger, the elephant often

preserves her rider. She would raise her leg for me to mount, caress me with her proboscis, and attend even to my whispered commands. Tagore noticed all these particulars, and confessed he had no doubt of my competence to meet any emergency. At length the day arrived, and our journey was commenced. We had to recruit ourselves at a distance from our starting-point, which required eight hours' travelling to accomplish. I was liberal to my elephant, as if she had been an Italian marchesa, whom I could captivate with *bon-bons;* and my expectation was answered. Tagore was surprised and gratified. Often while I was applauding her, I saw her little sparkling eyes turned upwards, and her proboscis came regularly over her broad forehead to receive my tribute of acknowledgment. I practised dismounting slowly, and regaining my seat expeditiously, to the entire satisfaction of Tagore.

In this way we travelled through jungles, over tracts of sedgy grass, up mounds, and down ravines, till we came into an open level country surrounded by gently-rising ground, covered with wood. We were approaching a grove with our minds raised to the highest pitch of excitement, when Tagore uttered an exclamation, and pointed to some straggling trees; my heart swelled with rapture, but I could not discover to what he would call my attention, till, shading my eyes from the sun's rays, and the heat refracted from the yellow dry jungle-grass, I saw a tremendous elephant! 'Excellent,' cried I; 'that is the fellow we must capture!' 'We will attempt it,' replied Tagore. We slung our cables and small cords on our arms, covered ourselves with cloths the colour of the elephants, and couched close on their necks. 'Follow me,' said Tagore; 'the animals know their business; do you be steady and act with me.' 'Proceed,' said I. As we jolted along, I perceived the huge elephant was very dark, with remarkably clean tusks of surprising length. I felt an indescribable sensation of delight at being about to enjoy what I had so long and so ardently desired. In perfect dependence on the skill of Tagore,

and confidence in myself, I recalled the directions I had received.

Tagore slackened pace as he approached the monster, which seemed not to regard us, but continued to pluck branches from the limbs of a tree which stood in front of others that straggled on the edge of a neighbouring forest. Our elephants made a slight curve in their line of approach, and took some of the torn branches, at which the monster snorted so loud that my beast trembled. I was in a profuse perspiration, not altogether from alarm, but from being confined beneath my cloth, and receiving the humidity of the animal. I soon found myself on the left side of the monster, and my beast caressing him by rolling her proboscis over his head and shoulders. Tagore and his elephant were entirely hidden from me by the enormous bulk of the male, but I found by the gradual sidelong movement of the whole group, that we were placed so as to bring the legs of the male elephant near the trunk of a large tree. This was the moment to be seized. I slid cautiously down with my ropes, and found Tagore had already fastened his strongest rope round the tree. Our elephants became more assiduous in engaging the attention of the monster, or, as it were, more eloquently speaking the prologue of their loves. Tagore, with his finger on his lips and a nod to me, placed a noose round one leg of the enormous beast; the leg was raised, and kept suspended during a minute. It appeared an hour of the greatest excitement; and when the foot descended, the ground shook beneath us. I looked at Tagore; he was collected, but the pupils of his eyes were unshadowed by their lids, and large drops of perspiration trickled from his brow. During this period, his elephant rubbed the leg of the monster with her proboscis, as if to disguise the application of the ropes. This was the act for which Tagore waited: he drew the noose tight; in an instant we doubly secured it from slipping with smaller cords, and retreated to the rear. Our beasts immediately came jogging towards us. We regained our seats, covered ourselves with our cloths, and took a triumphant look

at our tremendous captive. He was struggling with violence, and bellowing like thunder. We made towards the edge of the forest, with the intention to take a little refreshment after our arduous task, and wait till our captive was exhausted. I turned to congratulate Tagore on our success. 'Make for the nearest tree!' cried he, urging his beast forward. My heart nearly leaped from my breast.

The enraged monster had disengaged himself, and was following us. I gained the nearest tree, and had sprung from my elephant's neck to one of the extended branches as the monster came roaring up, his proboscis elevated within two feet of my body. Terrified as I was, it is surprising I did not lose my grasp, and fall a prey to his vengeance. I saw his fiery eyes directed towards me, and shook with horror, but managed to ascend a branch higher, and there sat in breathless agitation. I perceived my elephant lying near the tree with my cloth on her neck. Tagore's beast was hastening away; he was not on her neck, but, horrid sight! I saw his cloth fixed on the monster's tusk. Tagore has fallen, thought I; and what is to become of me! But these speculations were stayed by the return of the bellowing monster. He looked at me; then, as if studying revenge, surveyed the body of the tree, and, like a battering ram, drove his immense weight against the trunk, with such repeated violence, that I was nearly shaken from my hold. He paused, and then commenced tearing the earth from the root of the tree with such vehemence, that I saw no possibility of escape when the tree should fall. My fortitude seemed to forsake me, and I contemplated casting myself to the ground, that my misery might not be protracted. Meanwhile, the small inflamed eyes of the monster were at intervals directed towards me as he pursued his attack, alternately tearing away the earth and straining his head against the tree. Heavens! what I felt as it yielded to the pressure. I prepared to render my almost lifeless being to the infuriated beast. The tree fell! but, by the eagerness of the exertion, in a

slanting direction, and its summit became entangled with the lower limbs of an adjoining tree. Hope revived; not a moment was to be lost: I hastened from my post; the enraged monster watched me from limb to limb, waiting, as it were, to catch me on my passage to the other tree. I gained it with incredible rapidity, dreading another touch might bring the suspended tree to the ground.

I perceived my new resting-place was much stronger than that I had quitted, and began to breathe, as if I had some prospect of retaining life a little longer. The roarings of the beast became less and less terrific, and I could contemplate his actions in comparative security. The survey he took of the tree seemed to inform him it was too powerful to be overthrown. He snorted, glared around in fierce disappointment, and passed sullenly into the forest. I saw his huge form occasionally between the trees, and continued to watch him until the thickening foliage intervened. I then reflected on the great danger I had escaped. Escaped! the word dwelt on my mind, my escape being cut off by an enraged elephant. By remaining, I should be starved to death. The thought was distracting. My brave companion lost! my elephant gone! I looked around: nothing remained of our outset. I was wretched, and a revolution seemed to have taken place in my ideas respecting hunting. Man, thought I, considers the whole of the creation under his dominion; but let those who are thus arrogant be placed on a falling tree, with a furious beast beneath seeking their extermination, and I think they will ever after be inclined to admit they have overrated their powers. This was elevated philosophy, for I dared not descend; yet alarmed and exhausted as I was, it occurred to me that I had taken out my flask and refreshment at the moment we discovered the male elephant at liberty, and such was the force of hunger, that I contemplated venturing to search for them before night came on. The jungle-grass was high, but the tracks of the elephants remained evident; in one of them I hoped to gain what I so much

required. I watched the declining power of the sun, and, summoning the shattered remnant of my fortitude, secured the branches of the trees where they crossed each other, so that, in case of necessity, I might ascend to my place of security. All was still. I descended, and proceeded in the track which I judged to be that made by my elephant, and at about thirty yards off discovered my flask. I grasped it as an inestimable treasure; but I could not perceive any other portion of my stock. Like a bird, picking, and searching, and watching, while on ground unsafe, I became alarmed at the noise made by the rustling of the dried grass, and at my remoteness from the tree, the protector of my life.

Hurrying back, I stumbled on my cloth, and, by a kind of presentiment, caught it up. Just as I had regained the tree, a noise of something approaching almost deprived me of motion. I, however, saw, before I had reached my elevation, a boar rush rapidly along. I was out of reach, and, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness, raised the flask to my mouth; in the act, my arm came in contact with a broken branch, and the flask was forced from my hand. Oh! with what dismay did I witness it bound from limb to limb, until it reached the ground! Farewell to the consolation that it might have afforded. The loss was irreparable.

Night was coming on apace, and, that the dews might not seriously affect me, I tied my cloth so as to permit its being put on my head in the manner of an extinguisher on a lamp. Alas! thought I during the act, the light now obscured may never shine on me again; yet, to render all secure as possible, I fastened myself to the upright stem of the tree, and sat astride one of the branches. Fatigue and silence induced a drowsiness, which I welcomed as a restoring balm to my harassed mind; a few sighs seemed to give me relief; yet the thought of perishing intruded itself. This dreadful passage into cold obscurity startled the remaining energies of my mind. How celestial is hope! what will it not enable us to endure! I thought it possible that Tagore's

elephant might return, and that her sagacity might lead to this spot those who were interested for our fates. There existed the possibility of his escape from the enraged elephant, although I had seen a cloth on its tusk.

The beast I had ridden was nowhere to be seen: she must have recovered from the shock, and hurried home. In these and other conjectures I indulged, till I sank into a repose, of what continuance I know not; for I was awaked by a sudden weight pressing on my shoulders, and depriving me of motion. I uttered a yell of horror: no cause presented itself to my confused mind. In imagined security I had, by cloth and cords, prevented my seeing or moving. In this state of helplessness I remained till the cloth was gently raised. I groaned aloud, and, in an agony approaching to desperation, tore the cloth from my head. I felt at liberty, and saw the moonbeams playing on the branches beneath me, amongst which I thought I could perceive a moving object. No, nothing moved; nothing could I hear; even sunrise was wanting. Straining my eyes on every side, and listening in utmost anxiety, I unsheathed my dirk, till now forgotten in my cumberband, and sat till my tortured imagination and shattered nerves were sinking under this new accumulation of horrors. Again I saw an object moving. Danger, thought I, is deprived of half its terrors if we can meet it face to face. In a moment, a frightful countenance came close to mine from the other side of the tree. I struck my dirk into a body; as it fell, I knew by the chattering shriek it was an ape. This is not hunting animals, thought I. Man should profit by experience. These *noble sports*, this seeking danger on an enraged elephant's tusk, is folly—infatuation—madness! During these cogitations, just as morning dawned, I heard Tagore's voice in the distance; he had brought both food and security in a strong party.

On our journey to the rendezvous, I learned that he had escaped by the manœuvres of his elephant and his own dexterity: that he had seen me ascend the tree

when my elephant was borne down by the monster; but that she had escaped unhurt. 'So,' said Tagore, 'we have you, and all is well. When will you go hunting again?' 'Never—never more! I shall exhibit the effects of my last excursion by wrinkles on my face, which add twenty years to my age in appearance, and by the change of black hair into a spotless white; and on my mind there is impressed what no language can describe, nor time eradicate. I shall never more take to the hunting of elephants.'

END OF VOL. VI.

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